The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

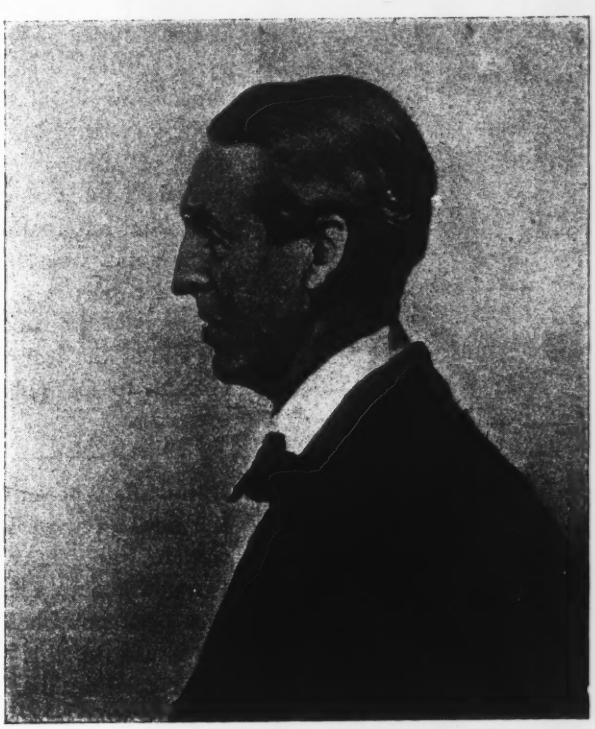
News Notes.

The portrait of Colonel John Buchan on our cover is from a photograph by Bassano.

A collected edition of the poems of Captain Charles J. B. Masefield, M.C., will be published this month by Mr. Blackwell of Oxford. Captain Masefield was killed in action, in France, in July, 1917.

"The Nelson Touch," edited by Walter Jerrold, which has just been published by Mr. John Murray, presents in biographical order brief, pointed and character-revealing things said and done by Nelson from his early boyhood to his death, and shows that the "Nelson Touch" may be interpreted in relation to the whole battle of life. Mr. H. W. Wilson has written an Introduction for the book.

Mdlle. Odette St. Lys has made a very admirable translation into French of FitzGerald's 1859 edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and it is published in an artistically produced little volume by Messrs. Skeffington.



Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P.,
whose book of personal recollections, "Press, Platform and Parliament," has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet

A collection of stories by the late C. H. Bovill will be published immediately by Messrs. Pearson, under the title of "The Giddy Life." They are stories of theatrical Bohemia, and Mr. George Grossmith has written a Foreword for the book.

Mr. Sydney Lee's vigorous and stirring ballad of the great raid on Zeebrugge, "Well Done, *Vindictive*!" has been published at sixpence, by Messrs. Paine & Co., in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors.

All his many friends, whether they are Freemasons or not, will congratulate Mr. Louis William Oxley on his recent installation as Worshipful Master of the St. Bride's Lodge. The Lodge was constituted in 1900, and all its members are engaged in the printing and allied businesses. Mr. Oxley has been connected with the publishing and reproduction trades for over thirty years, commencing in Paternoster Row in September, 1888. For the last sixteen years he has represented the well-known Strand Engraving Company.

Sir Oliver Lodge has written an Introductory Letter to "Claude's Book," edited by Mrs. Kelway-Bamber, which Messrs. Methuen are publishing. It is the revelation to his mother by a young airman, who was killed in the war, of his new life in the next world.

A new romance by Rex Beach, "The Winds of

Chance," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The homely and poignant war verses in Mrs. May Kidson's "Memory's Voices" (West Australia: Gordon & Gotch. 1s. net) were written and published in memory of her youngest son, Sergeant Edric Doyle Kidson, of the 12th Batt., 3rd Brigade of the 1st Australian Division. He fell at the head of his men, leading a screening party on the heights of Gallipoli after the memorable landing.

Mr. Sax Rohmer, whose latest novel, "The Orchard of Tears," was published last month by Messrs. Methuen, is an Irishman In private life he is Arthur Sarsfield Ward, and traces his descent from Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He started his career at an early age in the office of *Commercial Intelligence*, and it is not strange that, with his romantic temperament, he soon wearied of the ways of commerce, and wandered into more picturesque paths. For a while he wrote comic songs for the music halls, some of Mr. George Robey's most famous character songs among them. With the writing of "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu" he found his true vocation, and his record since then has been one of rapidly increasing popularity. He is a firm believer in the doctrine of reincarnation which plays so large a part in his new story, has studied exhaustively the lore of the Eastern magicians, and experimented in the practice of some of their arts; moreover, he is so convinced of the inspiring influence of objects and places associated with strange deeds of the past, that he has gone in quest of atmosphere into some of the most perilous haunts of eerie characters East and West, and habitually works amid a collection of Oriental vessels and implements formerly used for purposes of sorcery. Sax Rohmer was invalided out of the Army shortly before the end of the war, and is not yet sufficiently himself to be able to resume his normal activities.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Sax Rohmer.**

The Hon. Julian Grenfell
(Captain, Royal Dragoons, D.S.O.)

From a photo taken at Taplow Court. The dog is the original of his poem, "The Black Greyhound."
From "The New Elizabethans" (John Lane).

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who from February last until a few weeks ago was engaged on war work in France, is at present staying in London. Her new book, "The Worlds and I," which has just been published in America, will shortly be issued in this country. It is a prose work relating the story of the spiritual influences that have shaped her life. The portrait of America's most distinguished woman poet, which appears as one of the special

Photo by Miss K. M. Fiske. **Lance-Corporal J. H. Dowd,** whose new book, "The Doings of Donovan" (*Country Life*), is reviewed in our Supplement.

supplements to this Number, was taken last August at Tours.

Mr. Eric S. Robertson, whose volume of poems, "From Alleys and Valleys," was published last month by Mr. Erskine Macdonald, tells a story against himself, or against the reading public, in his preface. "When the closing words of 'The Lost Ideal' chanced to be quoted by Kipling in a poem contributed to *The Times*," he writes, "a money prize was offered by the *Westminster Gazette* for the reader earliest to discover who wrote the phrase. Amusedly the phrase's author noted that the problem lapsed unsolved." The words in question come at the close of a sonnet of Mr. Robertson's that was included in William Sharp's well-known anthology of "Sonnets of the Century":

"Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings."

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel, "The Throw Back," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, is the story of an Englishman who, disappointed in love, exiles himself in a Turkish village and "throws back" to Mohammedanism.

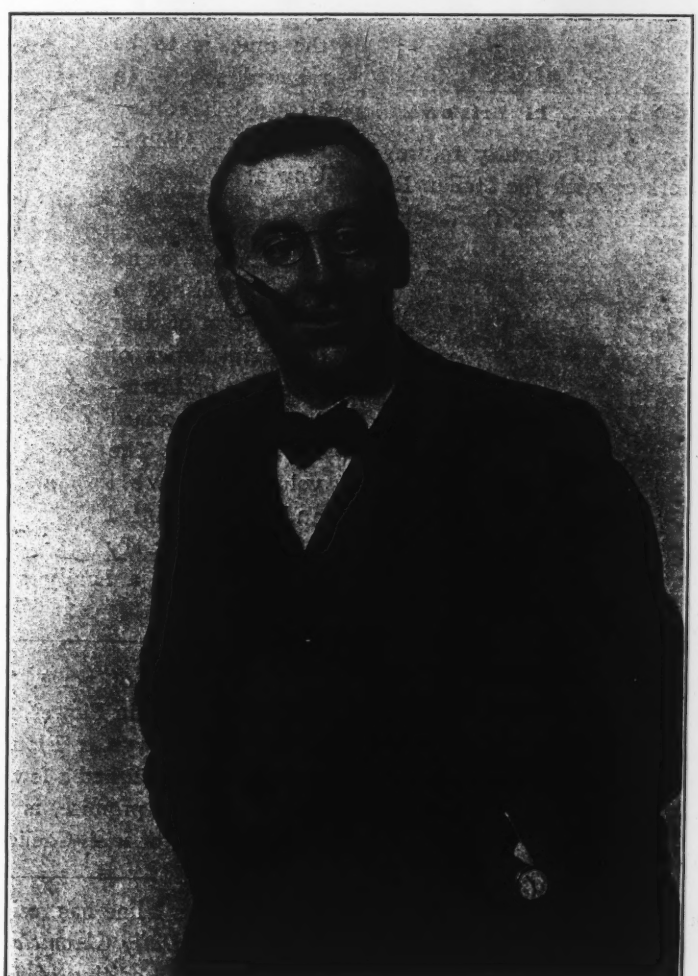


Photo by Swaine, New Bond St., W. **"Artemas,"** whose two Books of Artemas (Westall) have made him one of the most popular of modern humorists

We learned with much regret, during the last week of the war, of the death in the fighting on the Western Front of Sergeant Eric Purvis, of the Queen's Royal West Surreys (formerly of the Oxford and Bucks Regiment). Sergeant Purvis, who was the son of the well-known journalist, Mr. William Purvis, was the author of a number of amusing sketches of Army life which appeared in the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle* early in the year, and were written whilst he was in Ireland recovering from wounds. He was keenly interested in farming, wrote a good deal on that and other such subjects, and succeeded Tickner Edwardes as "Beemaster" of the *Smallholder*. Sergeant Purvis, who was only twenty-two at the time of his death, was regarded as one of the coming men in agricultural science, and had made the beginnings of a reputation in plant and animal breeding. He was known as an all-round athlete in Buckinghamshire before he joined the Army in September, 1914.

Photo by Seaman & Sons. **Sergeant Eric Purvis.**

Mr. John Murray is publishing a new collection of tales by Sir A. Conan Doyle, entitled "Danger, and Other Stories."

Miss Sybil Bristowe.

Mrs. Walter Tibbits, who has recently returned from Italy, has been working with the Italian Red Cross, under the command of H.R.H. the Duchess of Aosta (Princess Helène of France), the Inspectress General. Mrs. Tibbits, who is known as the author of "The Voice of the Orient" and "Cities Seen," belongs to an old Irish family, the Peppers of Lisaniskea. Some of the soldier sons of the house were leaders of the Irish Brigade under Marlborough and Wellington, and one fell in action in France during the great war.

Photo by Reginald Harding, Salisbury.

Mrs. Walter Tibbits.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written a Preface for a new book of verse, "Provocations," by Miss Sybil Bristowe, which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

"The Twilight Drummer," by Ashley Gibson, which was published a year or two ago in Ceylon, where Mr. Gibson was living at the time, is to be reissued shortly in an English edition by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

Lieut. C. D. Prangley.
From "Quis Separabit?" (Jarrolds), reviewed in our Supplement.

Messrs. Warne have published a new edition of their delightful series of "Cameos of Literature from Standard Authors." The volumes are well and clearly printed and artistically bound, and in a handy size for carrying in the pocket.

A new book of verse, "Hymenæa, and Other Poems," by Robin Flower, will be published shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. Mr. Flower, whose first poems, published a few years ago, showed more than ordinary promise, is engaged on a study of the evolution of Irish-Gaelic poetry.

Mr. James Milne has resigned the literary editorship of the *Daily Chronicle* and will devote himself entirely to the editing of *The Book Monthly*, which will reappear again every month, instead of quarterly, with the beginning of the new year.

XUM

"The Amazing Interlude," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, which Mr. Murray has in the press, is a story of an American girl in Belgium, in war time, and of the two men who loved her.

Mr. Laurence Binyon's new collection of war poems, "The New World," is to be published this month by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1918.

As we are compelled to go to press with the Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN early in November the announcement of results in these Competitions is unavoidably held over for our January issue.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

J. S. FLETCHER.

GOD gave all shires for men to love, and circumstance or chance has fixed our predilections. Ingenious arguments have been devised to show why a man should love the place of his engendure, whether kindly or not; and why he should prefer it, like the mother-ape in Æsop, before rivals of manifestly higher attractions. Chateaubriand turns the problem to account as a plea for faith in a supreme wisdom. Nothing, he said, but an invincible and inexplicable passion like patriotism restrains mankind from crowding the places that are favoured in scenery and climate and fertility beyond the rest. But the philosophy of the matter is not half so enlivening as the results. Who, for instance, ever knew any company fail to revive, however dull, when some rash spirit challenged the rest with a superlative about his native wilds? I have known a sane and well-read man bestow the palm on a notoriously ugly borough in the Midlands, and this without provocation, while we were looking on the blue waters of Garda in the early calm of a cloudless August morning. Perhaps it served me right for choosing him as a travel companion—in any region but the Black Country. On our return I sought the "Anatomy," to see if Burton had as much to say about the whimsicalities of patriotism as he has of the eccentricities of lovers; I forget with what result, and indeed it hardly matters. The best cure for these æsthetic kinks is to keep an open mind, and to admire the man who can give a reason for the faith that is in him. Under these conditions patriotism is not merely a virtue, it is a canonisation. And if Yorkshire does not enter the name of J. S. Fletcher upon the permanent calendar of its heroes and benefactors, it does not deserve the long tale of patient service he has done it with his pen.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. S. Fletcher.**

Being the conscientious chronicler he is, he would hardly thank me for casual appreciation of this kind without some biographic detail. He confesses to a Halifax parsonage for his birthplace, something more than half a century ago, and this perhaps is why he keeps an eye to the cloth in so many of his thirty books. He fledged his pen in journalism to some purpose, and for years did sound individual work in the leading and "special" columns of the *Leeds Mercury* and other first-class papers, besides any amount of magazine skirmishing and commissioned writing in responsible fields. Before he left the trenches of the press for the no-man's-land of authorship, he had made himself a reputation long to be remembered as a thinker on rural problems, over the signature "A Son of the Soil," and in the post-war reconstruction of this country and its agriculture, his ideas should assuredly find a hearing. It was inevitable in a period like ours and with his genuine gifts of imagination that he should turn to fiction, and over twenty novels bear witness to the successful court he has paid romance, which we may take to be the shadow

of the great adventure, Life. Most of us harbour grateful recollection of stories like "David March" and "Daniel Quayne," studies in our native character that could only have proceeded from a true humanist with a keen sense of incident and temperamental conflict. "Highcroft Farm" and "The Harvest Moon" sufficiently voice his love of the English countryside and the patient heroism that colours and enriches it. But the last of these stories is something more than a rural idyll, and I know no novel except Fogazzaro's "Santo" that dips so deeply into the sombre picturesqueness of Bruges or the heart-swelling splendours of Rome, not as mere scope for word-play but as the sympathetic environment for profound emotions.

One has to allow not only for a man's patriotism, but the proportion of warrantable pride in his different lines of achievement. It may be that Mr. Fletcher is more enamoured of his fiction than he is of his topography—that hideous and barbaric term. There have been cases aforetime of men setting store by books of theirs such as other men could write, rather than by worthier books that made them unapproachable. Personal foibles like these compel attention, if not respect, especially from a stranger who has never met our author or seen a line of his handwriting, and who knows him only through the medium of print. But my debt to him personally is all the greater. There can hardly be honester witness, after all, than the man who has been led to tramp the Yorkshire dales through two men's enthusiasm for that wondrous county—or continent, whichever it is. Certain desultory rambles in nearly a dozen lands have left impressions that are ineffaceable, and I hope their total is not ended yet; but I doubt if any of them, past or future, can beat a lonesome trudge that took me through the uplands of Craven six or seven years ago. My way lay up Wharfedale, under Whernside and Stake Fell, over the Cray and down by Semmerwater into Wensleydale, and then from Swaledale over the hills into the dales lying north—so many furrows left by uncouth titanic agency æons before time was born. Natural theology and Pantheism are beyond me, but one has to wander through Pennine scenes like those, remote from public haunt and petrol fumes, to trace the various stages from a primeval wild to the village community and the brimming town, and read the drama of social evolution that a richly-varied district like the West Riding has to show. You may read it in an armchair, if you will, with Mr. Fletcher or Mr. Keighley Snowden as your guide, but the better way is the knapsack one, believe me, and their books taste all the better if you read them beforehand, or afterwards, or both.

Maitland in a lecture somewhere speaks of the way in which a crowd of mediæval petitions would be inscribed upon one parchment and then cut into strips as required. This does credit to the business-like methods of our ancestors, but it is a pity that this separatist habit has descended to so many modern scribes. Too often writers on places are content to rifle our records and scatter them piecemeal as their special weakness may decide to the winds of archæology, institutionalism, parochial history, ecclesiology, or folk-lore. The right plan surely is to build up with due respect to roundness and proportion, and this is the course that has usually commended itself to Mr. Fletcher at his best. If one could acquit him of yielding to a popular demand for the miscellaneous, this praise might stand with no reservation, but let it pass. After all, it may very well happen that the average reader's fancy is caught by an anecdote or the sparkle of a curious trifle in a guide like "Nooks and Corners of Yorkshire," or a larger circuit like "The Enchanting North," before he proceeds to really constructive work like "A Book About Yorkshire" or "Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish." The first is a broad and admirable survey from nearly every human aspect; the second a Fabre-like study of a hamlet with a history and a place upon the Great North Road. Roads are eloquent at all times to our author, and he delimits modern England from the past at the middle of the eighteenth century. Then the Yorkshire worthy, Metcalf, and his peers and successors put a network of sound engineering upon the face of this island, and brushed the old jungle of traffic disability away for ever. "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," as Metcalf was called, is only one of a host of Yorkshire worthies who people Mr. Fletcher's pages, each with a halo of hero-worship, from Caedmon and Alcuin, Frobisher and Cook, Flaxman and Etty and Leighton, to Miss Jane Harrison and Sir William Watson in our own immediate day, all proud of their rise from the shire of broad acres, and duly rewarded by its honourable pride in them. Truly, if one owed no allegiance to some other corner of the island (and mine is Warwickshire), a "Browdie" is what Mr. Fletcher's books would make one most desire to be.

It is when you come to "The Making of Modern Yorkshire" that you wonder if our author, after all, has taken the region that he knows, simply to make it a lantern-slide for illustrating his theory of mankind at large. For he makes his story of the Four Ridings a compendium of British sociology, and few men have better struck the balance of judgment on what we owe the Puritan era, that period which we may well call the Dark Age of so much that makes for the amenities and the "unbought grace" of life. He elects either for an enlightened day that is ahead, or else for the pre-Reformation time before our grammar schools were robbed of their endowments, the abbeys and cathedrals were despoiled, workhouses and poor laws were set up, and the best estates in the kingdom were handed over to palace flunkeys who turned them to shepherding and hunting and starved agriculture into beggary. Those who talk so glibly of the "good old days," confining the phrase to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had better read Mr. Fletcher to be reminded what an era of misery and indigence they brought the poor of our rural areas. Things culminated in a stage when four thousand Acts of Parliament were passed for dividing up six million acres of common land among the undeserving, while Hodge, the real owner, was disinherited for all time, and has not realised the fact even yet. It makes one feel, reading so much here to similar purpose, that journalism and fiction have been simply the cover for a great and strenuous humanist. Or is it that the many beguiling articles and stories Mr. Fletcher has written have educated us up to the nobler message he has kept in his heart all along?

J. P. COLLINS.

THE READER.

POETS IN KHAKI.

SOME SOLDIER POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA, AUSTRALASIA, SOUTH AFRICA AND AMERICA.

By A. St. John Adcock.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Asquith, Herbert. Lieut., R.F.A. "The Volunteer, and Other Poems." (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Bewsher, Paul, D.S.C. Capt., R.A.F. "The Dawn Patrol." (Erskine Macdonald.) "The Bombing of Bruges." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Brittain, Vera M., V.A.D. "Verses of a V.A.D." Foreword by Marie Connor Leighton. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Brown, J. L. Crommelin. Lieut., R.G.A. "Dies Heroica: War Poems, 1914–1918." With Foreword by John Kelman. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dearmer, Geoffrey. Lieut. "Poems." (Heinemann.)

Frankau, Gilbert. Capt., R.F.A. "The Judgment of Valhalla"; "The City of Fear." (Chatto & Windus.)

Gosselin, G. Lieut., Royal West Kent Regt. "Bits and Pieces." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Graves, Robert. Capt., Royal Welsh Fusiliers. "Fairies and Fusiliers." (Heinemann.)

Gurney, Ivor. Pte., Gloucestershire Regt. "Severn and Somme." (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Harvey, F. W., D.C.M. Lieut., Gloucestershire Regt. "A Gloucestershire Lad at Home and Abroad"; "Gloucestershire Friends: Poems from a German Prison Camp." (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Hennesley, Edmund. Sergt., Hon. Artillery Company. "Erotia." (Erskine Macdonald.) 'Love Songs of a Soldier." (Nisbet.)

Herbert, A. P. Lieut., R.N.D. "Half Hours at Helles." (Blackwell.) "The Bomber Gipsy, and Other Poems." (Methuen.)

Holmes, W. Kersley. Captain. "Ballads of Field and Billet"; "More Ballads of Field and Billet." (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

Hueffer, Ford Madox. Lieut., Welsh Regt. "On Heaven, and Other Poems." (John Lane.)

Kennedy, G. A. Studdert, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie.") Chaplain of the Forces. "Rough Rhymes of a Padre"; "More Rough Rhymes of a Padre" (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lee, Joseph. Lieut., K.R.R.C. "Ballads of Battle"; "Work-a-day Warriors." (John Murray.)

MacGill, Patrick. Sergt., Irish Rifles. "Soldier Songs." (Herbert Jenkins.)

Nichols, Robert. Lieut., R.F.A. "Invocation: War Poems and Others." (Elkin Mathews.) "Ardours and Endurances." (Chatto & Windus.)

Owlett, F. C. R.A.F. "Kultur and Anarchy." (Elkin Mathews.)

Pitt, Bernard. Lieut., Border Regt. "Essays, Poems, Letters." (Francis Edwards.)

Russell, Edward Stanley, M.C. Capt., 1st Herefordshire Regt. Memoir by Rev. Arnold H. Lewis, and selection of Poems in preparation.

Sassoon, Siegfried, M.C. Lieut., Royal Welsh Fusiliers. "The Old Huntsman, and Other Poems"; "Counter Attack, and Other Poems." (Heinemann.)

Waugh, Alec. 2nd Lieut., Dorset Regt., attached M.G.C. "Resentment." (Grant Richards.)

Alfred Clark,
Captain, N.Z.M.C.

CANADA.

Brown, Frank S. Sergt., Princess "Pat's" Canadian Light Infantry. "Contingent Ditties, and Other Soldier Songs of the Great War." Edited, with Preface by Holbrook Jackson. (Sampson Low.)

Girling, T. A. Capt., 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade. "The Salient, and Other Poems." (Palmer & Hayward.)

Harrison, Stanley. Lieut., C.E.F. "Songs of the Prairie, and the C.E.F." (Erskine Macdonald.)

McCrae, John. Lieut.-Col., C.E.F. "In Flanders Fields, and Other Poems." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Roberts, Charles G. D. Major, C.E.F. "War Poems" (*Westminster Gazette*, etc.).

Roberts, Theodore Goodridge. Capt., C.E.F. War Poems in "Canada in Khaki," etc.

Scott, Canon F. G. Major, Senior Chaplain, 1st Canadian Division. War Poems in "Canada in Khaki," etc.

Service, Robert W. Anglo-American Red Cross. "The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," etc. (Fisher Unwin.)

AUSTRALIA.

Burns, James D. Corpl., 21st Batt., 6th Brigade, A.I.F. Poem in "The Story of the Anzacs." (Melbourne: Ingram.)

Gellert, Leon. Sergt., 10th Infantry Batt., 1st Australian Division. "Songs of a Campaign." (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Oxford Press.)

Matthews, Harley. Pte., 4th Batt., A.I.F. "Under the Open Sky." (Erskine Macdonald.)

Skeyhill, Tom. Signaller, 8th Batt., A.I.F. "Soldier Songs from Anzac." With Introduction by Major-Gen. J. W. McCay, C.B. (Fisher Unwin.)

Turner, W. J. Lieut., A.I.F. "The Dark Fire." (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Wall, Geoffrey. Lieut., R.F.C. "Songs of an Airman." With Memoir by L. A. Adamson; "Letters of an Airman." (Melbourne: Australian Authors Agency.)

Westbrook, Frank E. Gunner, A.I.F. "Anzac and After." (Duckworth.)

NEW ZEALAND.

Clark, Alfred. Capt., N.Z.M.C. "My Erratic Pal." (John Lane.)

Lea, Donald H. Pte., N.Z.E.F. "Stand Down!" (Elkin Mathews.)

SOUTH AFRICA.

Johnstone, G. Murray. Capt., South African Forces. "The Avengers, and Other Poems from South Africa." (Erskine Macdonald.)

AMERICA.

Lippmann, Leonard Blackledge. Air Service, A.E.F. "From France." With Introduction by Edmond Rostand. (Erskine Macdonald.)

XUM

SEEGER, ALAN. Pte., Foreign Legion of France. "Poems." With Introduction by William Archer; "Letters and Diary." (Constable.)
VAN NOPPEN, LEONARD. Lieut., U.S.N.R. "The Challenge: War Poems." (Elkin Mathews.)

"When our children's children shall talk of War as a madness that may not be;
When we thank our God for our grief to-day, and blazon from sea to sea,
In the name of the Dead, the banner of Peace . . . *that will be Victory.*"

ROBERT W. SERVICE—*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.*

UNTIL Thomas Hardy wrote "The Dynasts," no poet had attempted to fashion into one great poem the epic story of the Napoleonic wars. There had been odes, lyrics, sonnets, narrative and didactic poems innumerable on Waterloo, and other famous battles by land or sea, on dramatic or sentimental episodes in the fighting, on the aims or personality of the Emperor himself, but the theme as a whole had seemed too vast and too complex even for epic treatment and had been left to the plodding Muse of History. Nor has Hardy welded it all into anything like another Iliad; there is something more in his verse than that "horror of arms endlessly thundering, piety, justice, valour and royalty" which Chapman found in Homer's. He has not the simple directness of the story-tellers of the ancient world, because he has not their simple faith in the glory of war nor in the warrior as the loftiest of heroes. He relegates the supreme war-maker to his place in the universal scheme of things, puts him in relation to the spiritual significance of life and human progress, and recognises that he merely fulfils his destined functions,

"Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves."

Photo by Walsham. **Leonard Blackledge Lippmann,**
American Air Force.

Photo by Sherwood. **Murray Johnstone,**
Captain, South African Forces.

The pomp and circumstance of war are the business of both "The Dynasts" and the Iliad, but Hardy has a habit of looking through the dazzling pageantry to the underlying wrong and individual suffering, to the squalor, the cruelty, the tragedy, the stupid and piteous waste of it all, and shows you his defeated hero at the finish, stripped of his childish splendours and dignities, foreseeing the coming of a day when, despite the showy and noisy wonders he has done:

"I shall be nothing . . .
To shoulder Christ from out the topmost niche
In human fame, as once I fondly felt,
Was not for me. I came too late in time
To assume the prophet or the demi-god,
A part past playing now."

His pinchbeck imitator in Germany must, by this, have arrived at the same self-knowledge. The warmonger has become an anachronism in the modern world that, from hard experience, has got sense enough to know that if stealing a man's purse be a vice, stealing his country can scarcely count as a virtue; that it is a hypocritical mockery of justice to build a gallows for the man who slays one of his fellows, and a throne for the man who slaughters millions. That was the great argument at issue in the latest and, one hopes, the last of wars, and the free peoples of the world have risen to the height of it. Their aim was to put an end for ever to government by autocrats and the rule of the sword. They did not fight for any imaginary divine right of kings but for the common natural right all humanity has to freedom, to self-government, to immunity from depredation and enslavement at the hands of imperfectly civilised survivals who would revive the bloody tyrannies of a day that is dead and ought to be buried. I am not offering this as a pious and original opinion, but as the plain gospel to be distilled from almost all the multitude of books that have been written by the men whose opinions on this subject count—the men who so believed in the hope of the world that they were ready to die in its defence and by fighting for it manfully have saved that which must otherwise have been lost.

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The Napoleonic wars were not so immeasurably vaster than the siege of Troy as the present titanic struggle is than the far-flung wars of Napoleon; and the probability is that it will take more than another century to produce the poet who shall be fitted to put the full story and significance of Armageddon into one tremendous song. Meanwhile, to say nothing of what has been done by civilian poets, the soldiers themselves have written such an enormous body of verse touching on its infinitely varied aspects that it would be possible to compile from their ballads, lyrics, sonnets and miscellaneous rhymes a sort of composite epic which, in range and variety, in poignant truthfulness and intimacy of experience, would excel anything that any one poet could compass. That is an undertaking far beyond the scope of a magazine article, but we may get a glimpse of what is possible in that direction by supplementing here our last Christmas article on the British poets who have fallen in the war with a consideration of what the war means or has meant to soldier poets, living or dead, of the English-speaking nations.

Photo by Edith Bushell.

W. J. Turner,
Lieutenant, A.I.F.

The dominant note in the writings of those other poets, most of whom fell in the earlier stages of the war, was of a triumphant idealism—a love of justice and liberty in which even the love of country was but part of a greater love of mankind. They died not merely that England might live, but that France, the very Mecca of the free, might be saved; not merely to rescue and avenge Belgium and Serbia, but for the redemption, once for all, of all mankind from the horrors and iniquities and outrageous folly of war.

These, too, were the ultimate ideals that led hundreds of young Americans to anticipate the decision of their own country and enlist in the French and Canadian armies immediately the war was upon us; and one of these hundreds was Alan Seeger. His was an old New England family, and he was born in New York in 1888. Two or three years' residence in Paris had inspired him with a deep love and admiration of France and her people, and when the Huns were swarming into Belgium, the menace to Paris, the prospect that France might be broken and humiliated again as in 1871 so wrought upon him that he promptly joined the French Foreign Legion. Rupert Brooke's ideal of self-sacrifice was not higher nor Julian Grenfell's joy of battle keener than are the idealism and the eager, soldierly spirit that are alive in Seeger's letters and diary and poems. He claimed to share with Sidney a devotion

"To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song";

but, like the friend he honours in "Champagne, 1914-15," he went to his heroic martyrdom, not for military glory, but

"That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness."

"Nothing but good can befall the soldier, so he plays his part well," he writes in his diary; and in a letter to his mother from the front he says:

"You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. . . . If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be in so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life."

"It is the slackers and shirkers alone in this war," he writes again to his mother, in 1915, "who are to be lamented. Had I the choice, I would be nowhere else than where I am." He notes in his diary that he is glad to be fighting with the French, who have the admiration "of all who love liberty, and heroism in its defence. . . . Whatever be the force in international conflicts of having justice and all the principles of morality on one's side, it at least gives the French soldier a strength that's like the strength of ten against an adversary whose weapon is only brute violence." And in a last letter, to a friend, written on June 28th, 1916, the night before he was killed in a victorious charge, he rejoices—"We go up to the attack to-morrow. We are to have the honour of marching in the first wave. . . . I am glad to be going in the first wave. If you are in this thing at all it is best to be in to the limit. And this is the supreme experience."

A delight in the loveliness of nature, a passion for life and all the beauty and mystery of it find expression in the sensitive music and jewelled phrasing of the poems he wrote at peace in his homeland or in Paris; but there is a deeper note of feeling and a more passionate sincerity in the verses that he wrote after he had started on his last great adventure, down the Valley of the Shadow. I think if he had lived until now he would have revised some bitter passages of his "Message to America" and of his glorious ode, "In Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," but assuredly he would have left untouched, in the former, his call

to his countrymen to pay homage to the French, who "wanted the war no more than you," but will fight heroically to the last "for their hearths, their altars, and their past." Nor would he have found it necessary to take anything from his triumphant eulogy of those Americans, his friends, who had died for Liberty:

"Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise,
Nor to be mentioned in another breath
Than their blue-coated comrades whose great days
It was their pride to share—ay, share even to the death!
Nay, rather, France, to you they render thanks
(Seeing they came for honour, not for gain)
Who, opening to them your
glorious ranks,
Gave them that grand
occasion to excel,
That chance to live the life
most free from stain
And that rare privilege of
dying well."

And as surely he would have taken no word from his appeal to America to be proud of those dead sons of hers:

"And cry: Now heaven be
praised
That in that hour that most
imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who
foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of
freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the
antique debt,
Came back the generous path
of Lafayette;
And when of a most formidable foe
She checked each onset, arduous to stem—
Foiled and frustrated them—
On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers:—
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours."

All America, since then, followed Seeger and his comrades and went "back the generous path of Lafayette," to take their stand by the gallant legions of France. The compelling causes that so transformed the peaceful Republic into one of the mightiest of war machines find eloquent and vigorous expression in the long series of sonnets that fill the larger part of Lieutenant Van Noppen's book of war poems, "The Challenge." The martyrdom of Belgium, the ravaging of Serbia, the murder of Nurse Cavell, the sinking of the *Lusitania*—these and the Hun's defiance of all law human and divine set the tocsins sounding that called America to arms; these and the menace to freedom, to civilisation itself, and a love of France and a love, too, of England:

"Burn up the world, and yet that living spark
Which once was England would for ever shine
And be a star. It would be as a sign
Hung on the silent forehead of the dark,
A light for them who listen and cry 'Hark!'
Hoping for hope. And to the holy shrine
Of her dear name, by dying made divine,
Would come the pilgrim ages. Like an ark
Would float her memory upon the flood
Of Cosmic change Great deeds would enter there:
Deeds of great daring, consecrate with blood,
Immortal fames and grandeurs, words sublime
That like strong eagles soared above despair,
And thoughts beyond the highest reach of Time."

Harley Matthews,
Australian Expeditionary Force.

It is good to read these, and, again, this American poet's glowing words of

"England, the home of
poetry; the hearth
Where the world's heart
so often warmed its
hands...."

and his confident faith that she would never break before Germany's onslaught:

"Never to such shall England
bend the knee;
Never so long as England
has one arm,
One sword, shall she sur-
render."

There is a quaint, transatlantic humour in some of his sonnets, but most of them are too fierily in earnest even for satiric laughter; again and again he returns to the agony of Belgium, the heroic endurance of France, and in "Can Any Hell," "The Martinet," "Es Ist Verboten," "The German's Secret Shame," he fashions the most scathing indictments of Germany and its Kaiser into most masculine and splendidly rhetorical verse. Lieutenant Van Noppen has long since, as a poet, won recognition in his own land, and these war poems have carried his fame across the water into Europe.

Leonard Lippmann's poems, "From France," have received and are fully worthy of the accolade of Edmond Rostand's praise. If some of Lieutenant Lippmann's charmingly fanciful lyrics and sonnets of love and happy memories soar above the stress of war and forget or only half remember it, his "1918" throbs with the passionate exultation of the heroes who are in their graves that their ideals will go marching on to victory in their living comrades; the agony and something of the revolting foulness of battle are in his "Elegy, 1914"; and "The Still Night" is poignant with the simple truth that it is hypocrisy for either side to talk as if war was not made on women as well as men. For "somewhere up the Harrow Road," her eyes swollen with weeping,

"Staring at a letter, is some bloke's girl,"

while:

"Somewhere out in No Man's Land, half-way twixt the
trenches,
Swathed in sodden khaki, is a corpse with stiffened arms,
Arms that thrilled and tingled once to battle and to
wenches,

"Boyish lips that stumbled
o'er a Cockney maiden's
charms,
Hardy lips that echoed to a
sentry's hoarse alarms—
Pallid in the star-light, fouled
with blood and smoke,
Groping toward the God-
Head, is some girl's
bloke."

All the seamy side of war—the side which the glory and glittering shows of it may hide but cannot cancel—is one way or another turned to the light by almost every present-day poet who has served as a soldier. It is significant that the prevailing note in the songs that were sung in the first red dawn of Armageddon were the joy of fighting for a just cause, of self-sacrifice for freedom and humanity, and that, through the burden and heat of the long day, that note has deepened and hardened into a stern revolt against the beastliness of the carnage, a bitter anger that so many young lives should be so thrown away, a flaming indignation that the madness and greed of a few should make so vast a sacrifice necessary. It is significant not of any faltering idealism, but of an idealism matured, grown practical, passed into such a familiar, everyday habit of thought that it is less concerned to express itself than to reveal the naked horror of the realities that the world has blindly idealised too long.

Geoffrey Wall,
Lieutenant, R.F.C. (Australian).

II.

Probably the most popular Australian poet to-day is C. J. Dennis, author of the inimitable "Sentimental Bloke," and there are some of the quaintest, liveliest, most picturesquely colloquial of Australian war ballads in his "Ginger Mick," but, so far as I can learn, he is not in the Army. Henry Lawson is, like me, too old for a campaigner, but his name has so long stood as the representative name in modern Australian poetry that it would be inexcusable not to pay a passing tribute here to the stirring, virile things in his "Song of the Dardanelles, and Other Poems," which Harrap published in London last year. There is humour and pathos and a right democratic fighting-spirit in them; and in "The Vanguard" and at the close of "Fighting Hard," written while the Anzacs were hammering the Turks in Gallipoli, you have a hint of his feelings at being "out of the hunt":

"Rolling out to fight for England, singing
songs across the sea,
Rolling North to fight for England, and to
fight for you and me,
Fighting hard for France and
England, where the storms
of death are hurled;
Fighting hard for Australasia
and the honour of the
World!
Fighting hard! . . .

"Fighting for the Pride of Old
Folk, and the people that
you know,
And the girl you left behind
you (ah! the time is
passing slow);
For the proud tears of a
sister—come you back, or
never come—
And the weary Elder Brother
looking after things at
home—
Fighting hard! *You lucky
devils!*
Fighting hard!"

Frank Brown,
Sergeant, Princess "Pat's" Regiment.

The same breezy, racy, hardy spirit sings in ruggeder verse through Signaller Skeyhill's "Soldier Songs from Anzac," and it is not the elder brother but the younger, the slacker, whom he scarifies, in "Me Brother Wot Stayed at 'Ome," as having less pluck than the Turk, since he leaves his pals at the front to struggle against overwhelming odds.

"Well, I've picked up me old Lee-Enfield,
And buckled me Webb about;
I'm only a bloomin' private,
An' I've got to see it out;
An' though he shames 'is manhood,
And stains 'is pedigree,
Thank God, we are still in the trenches,
An' we'll fight until we're free.
But if I do get shrapnelled,
Though I die without a groan,
Well, the one who's really killed me
Is Me Brother Wot Stayed at 'Ome."

He sings of no romance or splendour in the war except, as in "Fallen Comrades," the unshakeable courage of the men who fought beside him, but he bares the filth, and horror and misery of it with a queer, careless drollery, and you have to turn to the preface to learn of his own heroism—how he landed on Anzac Beach on April 25th, 1915, took part "in the fighting of that first fierce week," and how in the great charge of the 2nd Brigade on May 8th, "a high explosive shell burst beside him, and sent him to hospital, a blind and helpless man."

Harley Matthews fought at Gallipoli and in France. He told me when I happened to meet him on leave in London some two years ago that he had written a record of his experiences at Gallipoli which was so uncompromisingly and realistically truthful in its detail that he had been advised not to publish

it till after the war; but there is curiously little of the war in the lyrics he has included in "Under the Open Sky." There is a fanciful mysticism in "The Quest of Love," which tells of a vision which passed before him at Gallipoli when he woke at night among his sleeping comrades; but the more striking things in the book are the vividly imaginative lines on "The Breaking of the Drought," the graphic sketches in "A Bush Mood," two memories of Australia, and in such charming lyrics as "The Mirror," dated from France:

"My love looked in her looking-glass
And I looked in to see,
And there beside her face mine was;
My eyes smiled happily
To see such beauty close to me. . . .

"I in a mirror look these days
And see myself alone.
If I went mad I'd gaze and gaze
Till in the glass had grown
A face that smiled beside my own. . . ."

The war is only an occasional intruder, too, in "The Dark Fire" of W. J. Turner, and under his touch its ugliness grows beautiful. His descriptions are often as clear and sharp-edged as delicate carvings in ivory. It is so you see the squads drilling in "Death's Men"; and the scene and the human figures in "Soldiers in a Small Camp":

"There is a camp upon a rounded hill
Where men do sleep more closely to the stars,
And tree-like shapes stand at its entrances,
Beside the small, dark, shadow-soldiery. . . .

"Then in the awful beauty of the world,
When stars are singing in dark ecstasy,
Those ox-like soldiers sit collected round
A thin, metallic echo of human song:

Donald H. Lea.
Private, N.Z.E.F.

Stanley Harrison,
Lieutenant, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

"And click their feet and clap their hands in time,
And wag their heads, and make the white ghost-owl
Flit from its branch—but still those tree-like shapes
Stand like archangels dark-winged in the sky.

"And presently the soldiers cease to stir;
The thin voice sinks and all at once is dead;
They lie down on their planks and hear the wind,
And feel the darkness fumbling at their souls. . . ."

This curious, haunting dream-like quality characterises all Turner's poems; even the tale of "The Shepherd Goes to War"—from the opening, where, while he tends his flock on the hill-side:

"The days and years, half life slips by
Under that bright Australian sky:
The gum trees are a rustling dream
Upon the sunshine's golden stream. . . ."

till, when fifty of his years have gone by, come rumours of war and a voice that calls him out into it. The swift glimpses of his fighting in Gallipoli and in France are strangely quiet, like violent things seen happening from a distance: then he is wounded on the Somme, sent to a hospital in England, and after he learns he is to be invalided home gives himself up to visions of the placid old life to which he will return, which yet will not be quite the same again because he will take back with him memories of the horrors he has seen.

No such subtleties of fancy, no bizarre atmosphere of enchantment soften the harsh outlines of reality in Gunner Westbrook's "Anzac and After." There is noise enough for him in Gallipoli, and nothing of beauty in

"All the foul man-killing terrors and the ripping shot and shell,"

which make "Home, Australia, and Lindenow," his

XUM

native place, seem heaven by comparison, when he thinks of them:

"Here where the Goddess of peace and quiet
And Muses all from the place have fled."

He writes with a lusty, soldierly heartiness, finds comfort in "The Music of the Guns" that are hurling death among his enemies, and sings as simply and with genuine feeling of "The Fallen" and, in "Good-Bye," of the thoughts that pulled at his heart on the evacuation of Gallipoli:

"It has come to the last and it's good-bye, Bill,
I am sick at the heart and sad
To leave you sleeping, old Cobber, the best
That ever a swaddy had.

"Somebody's bungled the job, it is said,
Who, it isn't for me to know,
But leaving the place where you fought and died
Is stabbing my heart to go. . . ."

Theodore Goodridge Roberts,
Captain, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Two books from Australia that have particularly interested me are the "Songs of an Airman" and "Letters of an Airman," by Geoffrey Wall, a young Australian who died in an aeroplane accident whilst he was training in England. He was born at Liscard, in Cheshire, but went with his family to Melbourne when he was ten years old. The war came while he was still at school there, and in 1915 he offered himself for enlistment, but fell short of the standard chest measurement, and was rejected. Towards the end of 1916 he came to England, bent on joining the Royal Flying Corps, and after surmounting the usual War Office obstacles succeeded in getting into the Service, and qualified as a pilot. He narrates his experiences in England and expresses shrewd and frank opinions on some of our national institutions and things in general in his letters home and in the diary he began to keep in the last year of his life. He took the rough as cheerfully as the smooth; was full of pluck and energy and eager to play his part in the war, but he saw the absurdities as well as the necessity, in the circumstances, of Army discipline. "How do I like it?" he wrote to his mother. "Well, frankly, I hate it. I was never cut out for a soldier and have no desire to be one longer than I can help. . . . It is easy enough to theorise and idealise at a distance, but when you get right up against t you begin to see that absolutely nothing can justify war."

There is an extraordinarily graphic account of his sensations on his first flight alone in an aeroplane; and that he enjoyed life in England, even the slack days when he was loitering in London whilst the War Office tried to make up its mind about him, is evident all through his diary and his letters. He got a thrill out of recognising Kipling seated near by him at an Albert Hall concert; and replying to an inquiry from his father as to what literary work he had been doing lately, he says, "I shall never write in the proper sense. For one thing, between them, Chesterton and Rupert Brooke have left nothing for me to write about." And he goes on to give a capital sketch of his only meeting with Chesterton. "Did I tell you I had met him—quite unofficially? It was at the War Office. I was waiting for an interview with some person Sir Astley Corbet gave me an intro. to—I forget his name—and while I was waiting G. K. C. came in and sat down heavily opposite me. It was unmistakably himself—with a cape thrown across his shoulders and a soft felt hat over his eyes. He picked up a couple of papers, grunted, glared at me (I was the only other occupant of the waiting-room), then regarded the chandelier fixedly for about ten minutes, and suddenly heaved himself up on to his feet again and remarked sonorously, 'My God! am I to wait here all day?' and lumbered out."

When he died, in August, 1917, Geoffrey Wall was only twenty. He had shared his ambitions chiefly between literature and mechanics; built himself a motor-car; took an early interest in aviation developments, and in the first month of the war wrote in praise of Wilbur Wright—that he had toiled, not for gain, and, indifferent to the sneers of the doubters, was the first who shaped "the burden of an age's thought" and fearlessly navigated the air:

"Because of these his name shall sound
Till, gleaming like a comet's tail,
Across the dark that knows no bound
We ply the Inter-Planet Mail. . . ."

He poured his keen delight in life into such ringing songs as "The Road," "The Call of the Road," and "Moonshine"; his sorrow for those who had died in the war, as he was to die, and his confidence that a better world should rise out of the chaos which had engulfed them, into his "Requiem":

"Yet not in vain that final sacrifice,
For when Australia's sons have shed their blood
The petty bickerings that, 'neath peaceful skies,
The people's weal, the Nation's wealth withstood,
Shall cease; through sorrow Unity shall rise:
There shall Australia come to Nationhood."

So far as I have seen, no singer of the younger nations has been more terribly conscious of that revolting, inglorious underside of war than have certain soldier

poets of the old country that has perhaps known enough of it in the past to have grown more completely disillusioned; but only one or two of these latter have revealed it and denounced it with a sterner sincerity than has Leon Gellert in certain of his "Songs of a Campaign." Gellert is a born Australian. He had entered upon the Arts course at the Adelaide University, and August, 1914, found him training for the teaching profession. But he had no doubt where his duty lay, and as a corporal of the now famous 10th Infantry Battalion, he sailed for Egypt with the First Australian Division; fought his way ashore with the first landing party at Gallipoli, and in the early days of the desperate fighting that followed was made sergeant of his company. After nearly three months in the firing line, septic poisoning succeeded by an attack of enteric broke him down. He was transferred to England, but his health remained so hopelessly shattered that he was invalided back to Australia. Not from any love of war, but from a conscientious objection to staying safely inactive whilst his comrades were still fighting, he re-enlisted as a private as soon as he was apparently recovered, at the end of 1916; but the stress of military service proved too much for him and he was presently discharged again as unfit.

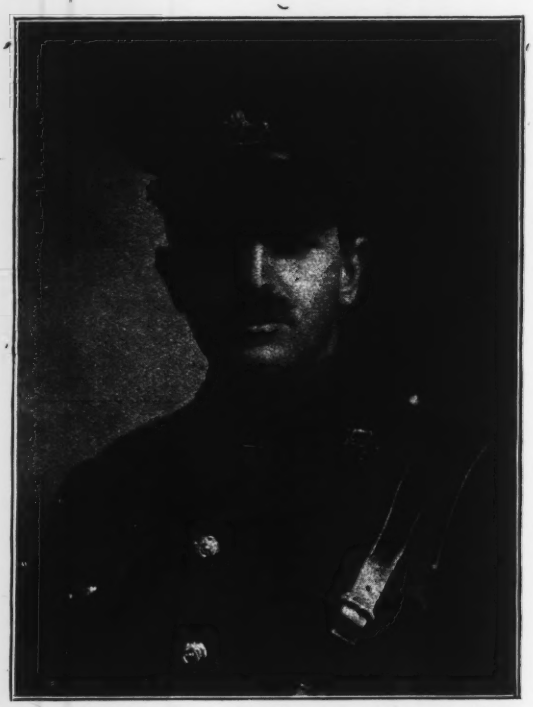


Photo by Hill & Saunders.

E. Stanley Russell, M.C.
Captain, 1st Herefordshire Regiment.

His "Songs of a Campaign" were written while he was in Egypt, in the Gallipoli trenches, in hospital, and some few after he was back in civilian life. He opens with a sonnet sequence in which he mercilessly pictures the gross materialism into which we had all fallen in the years that led up to the war. Then he sings of the thoughts and dreams that came to him during the spell of waiting in Egypt, and gives a third section of his book to songs of the voyage to Gallipoli and the fighting there. But he writes nearly always introspectively and with an air of detachment. In "Before Action," "The Attack at Dawn" and "A Night Attack" he is not concerned to describe the actual conflicts, but lays bare starkly and simply the thoughts and feelings of the men as they wait tensely for the order to go over the top. The fight matters less to him than its searing before-and-after effects on the mind and body of the man who has to go through it.

In the two last sections, "Songs of the Sick" and "Afterwards," are the poems I would commend to those fire-eaters who have never eaten of the fire themselves and so are still obsessed by the ancient delusion that war is the manliest, most splendid of sports. It is true of the brave dead that they have enriched the world, that their pain is past and they sleep in honour, that—

> "These were they who lost their everything,
> Gave all, and left the earth a vaster sphere
> In memories";

but "The Consumptive," "The Epileptic," "The Blind Man," "The Cripple" show you something of the piteous wreckage of humanity that is flung aside along the path of glory. What can you ever make again of lives that are so broken beyond hope? When peace that is now returning laps us once more and it may not seem to matter so much whether or not the tragedy that is ended was a war to end war, it is good that we should have these songs to reproach us with memories of those who have been so maimed in our service that they feel, like the man in "Fever":

> "Everything seems lost and gone.
> The world seems void, and I alone
> To mourn its emptiness, that am too weak to mourn."

III.

Nor is it strange that this darker mood colours intermittently so much of the vast body of verse that has been written by the men of the greater Britains overseas, if you remember that, for all the eager, careless spirit of adventure that was rekindled in some of them, they were not professional soldiers, but civilians who went to war as lovers of peace, and because the hopes of a free people are irreconcilable with the obsolete aims of a conquering dynasty; and if the homeland, with all its faults, had not stood for the same ideals of liberty and righteousness, her danger could not have appealed to her far scattered sons with such a compelling force.

There is a song by Corporal James Burns, who was killed in action in September, 1915, which voices the heart of Australia in the hour when she heard the far off reveille:

> "The bugles of England were calling o'er the sea,
> As they had called a thousand years, calling now to me;
> They woke me from dreaming in the dawning of the day,
> The bugles of England—and how could I stay? . . .
>
> "O England, I heard the cry of those who died for thee,
> Sounding like an organ-voice across the winter sea;
> They lived and died for England, and gladly went their way,
> England, O England—how could I stay?"

A feeling as deep, an impulse as irresistible swung the men of New Zealand into the battle line. One of

New Zealand's soldiers, Donald Lea, tells, in his "Maoriland," how they had heard at their mother's knee of the old grey Isle that was their home, of how it had fought and suffered that freedom might endure, and they had grown up in the creed that it was "New Zealand's part to guard the Empire whole," to take up arms for it "should circumstance give just and righteous cause":

"And you, the old, grey mother Isle,
Will surely understand
That that which makes
the Creed worth while
Is love of Maoriland:
We love you too, and
you are Home,
But there is this beside:
There is a Home across
the seas
Round which at eventide
The robes of Night so
softly fold,
The hills in silence
pray;
Our West is also rimmed
with gold,
Our seas are turning
grey,
Murmuring sounds at
Night arise
There, where the flax-
swamps are;
Deep in the Bush the
weka cries;
Quiet is the Maori
pah. . . .
These are the things for
which we die. . . ."

A brave, soldierly ballad is "The Regiment's Name"; there are lighter humours of campaigning in other of Donald Lea's poems; and in "Gold Stripe" as strong a protest against the injustice and filth and torment of war as any that Gellert has written. "I was a private all through the war," he tells me (until he was wounded and invalided out of it); "and as 'a private ain't serposed to think,' it gave me something to think about. I should like to make one remark about the verse and poems this war has brought forth. Many think it strange. I do not see that point of view. When the deepest emotions of a man or woman are stirred, from time immemorial, poetry seems to have been the only form of expression that met all the requirements. And verse writing is to verse writers, I take it, what poetry is to poets." And sometimes the simple verse is more significant than the poetry, more spontaneous, more heartfelt, as the peasant in his homespun may be a truer man than the prince in his purple.

Alfred Clark ascribes the verse in "My Erratic Pal" to his friend "Jim," and, linking the poems together with a brief prose commentary, lays bare the soul of a man who is intensely human—follows him, through the bliss and disappointment of first love, through the thoughts and emotions that grow out of his Bohemian life in England, and then away to New Zealand, where he falls passionately in love with a girl whom another man had wronged. Then the cynicism goes out of his songs for a while, except for his lampoon on "Celebrities," and they breathe of his love for her and for New Zealand. But the girl, whom he calls by no other name than "Mate," falls ill and dies of typhoid, and his verse reflects his gloom and despair, till the sudden outbreak of Armageddon shocks him into sanity, and gives him a new purpose in life. He enlists in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, goes into the war, his peace of mind restored, and wins back to spiritual communion with the girl he has lost:

Photo by Langfier.

Bernard Pitt.
Lieutenant, Border Regiment.

"You never died to me,
dear Mate,
The grave holds not one
thought of you. . . ."

Camped in the desert, he can be breezily humorous on "The Egyptian Thirst," and sturdily serious on his reasons for going soldiering:

"I've swapped the peace
of Auckland,
The drowsy peace of
Auckland,
The drowsy peace and
comfort
Of the land I call my
own
For the desert sand of
Egypt,
The sand and sun of
Egypt,
The sand and sun and
vermin
Of the land God leaves
alone. . . .
For I heard the cry of Belgium,
The wailing cry of Belgium,
The sobs of little children and the shrieks of outraged
life,
And peace and comfort pained me,
And humanity arraigned me,
Till I left my haunted corner and entered in the
strife. . . ."

And he shares the common determination of the English-speaking troops at the front:

"But till the game is ended,
The ghastly game is ended,
I'll keep that sense of humour which the devil so much
hates."

Love and loyalty to England ring triumphantly again through Captain Murray Johnstone's "Poems from South Africa." His "Marching (South-West Africa)," "Marching (East Africa)," and "The Flag and the Guns," "Picket," "The Soldier Born," and "One of

the Mounted Police" are virile, spirited things that smack of the fierce suns and winds and rough adventure in the outlands of the Empire. South Africa, too, has her "memory of many gallant gentlemen" who, "laying their daily work aside," fought and died to ransom their fellows from a future that would have been worse than death. They were of those who yearned "for one long sight of England" and were impatient for the sailing of the homeward bound transport in the red dawn of the war; they were of those toasted in "Comrades All," for whom have arisen:

"The cross that marks the hill-side,
The cross that marks the plain."

To them, and to such as they who have lived to com-

Photo by Sydney A. Pitcher, Gloucester.

Ivor Gurney.
Private, Gloucestershire Regiment.

plete the great redemption, we owe it that the prophetic cry in Murray Johnstone's "Not By Each Conquest"—

"We have overcome
The darkness of a world's despair"—

is fulfilling itself in these hours that are passing over us.

IV.

While I am writing these words, a sudden, swiftly increasing clamour breaks upon the air—from near and far, one after the other, the syrens are sending a long-drawn cry into the November mists. The last time they sounded, there was a note of terror in their call, for then again they shrieked the familiar warning along the sea-coast, here, that enemy air-raiders were winging through the night toward us. To-day they are echoing along the countryside news that the Armistice is signed, the reign of blood ended, and there is a new and uplifting significance in their uproar that fills the grey, rainy morning with such gladness as no sun has brought into our days these four years past.

Scarcely are they fallen silent, when the bells catch up the message and clash and chime in their steeples with the very madness of joy. Here, at last, we have reached that hour foreshadowed in "A Prayer" of Geoffrey Dearmer's:

"When all the world is free
And, cleansed and purified by floods of pain,
We turn, and see the light in human eyes;
When the last echo of War's thunder dies,
Lord, let us pause again
In silent memory"—

and, so remembering, our thoughts go out with an intenser gratitude and affection to those brave men, living and dead, who by their heroism and self-sacrifice brought this happiness to pass. One saddens for

"The unreturning army that was youth;
The legions who have suffered and are dust";

and thinks how the indomitable victors were, less than a year ago, as they are pictured in Sassoon's "Prelude":

"Disconsolate men who stamp their sodden boots
And turn dulled, sunken faces to the sky
Haggard and hopeless. . . .
Yet these, who cling to life with stubborn hands,
Can grin through storms of death and find a gap
In the clawed, cruel tangles of his defence.
They march from safety, and the bird-sung joy
Of grass-green thickets, to the land where all
Is ruin, and nothing blossoms but the sky
That hastens over them where they endure
Sad, smoking, flat horizons, reeking woods,
And foundered trench-lines volleying doom for doom."

Such stubborn endurance of such men and the wry humours and pity and agony of war are the themes of Joesph Lee's "Ballads of Battle"—some of them as terse, as artless, as poignant in their stark simplicity as those old ballads that are the glory of Scottish literature; but at this moment one could sooner forget the bitterness of "The Green Grass" and the genial satire of "The Penitent" than the pathos of that "Home-Coming" of the dead whom "no strange soil might hold" from the land they had loved and died for:

"When the bells shall rock and ring,
When the flags shall flutter free,
And the choirs shall sing
God save the King—
They shall be there to see";

or than "La Croix Rouge," with its vision, before the wayside Calvary in Flanders, of Christ crucified again and of the judgment that should fall and has now fallen on the man who has been "Judas, Pilatus, Peter—three in one":

"O King in name, who might have been in deed,
Who chose the darkness rather than the light:
I see thee go
Forth from thy foe—
And it is night!"

Somehow, now, the years, that seemed so endless while they were passing, dwindle to a span in memory, and coming to the end of the war we are drawn also nearer to the beginning. Almost it seems only yesterday when that morning enthusiasm swept over England and the young men of all classes, rich and poor, plebeian and patrician, rose with the clean-handed ardour of

those old crusaders who went forth to their Holy War against the enemies of God. There have been many songs of that supreme uprising, and none that more finely interpret what the great adventure meant to certain of the homely heroes of it than "The Volunteer" of Herbert Asquith:

"Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

"And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus, he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt."

And this, from the same poet's "On a Troopship, 1915," thrills to the quickening spirit that ran like a flame from end to end of our islands in those first days of our renascence:

"Now England stirs, as stirs a dreamer wound
In immemorial slumber; lids apart,
Soon will she rouse her giant limbs attuned
To that old music hidden at her heart.
The small occasions and the menial cries
Fade fast away: the little men beware:
She rises in her circuit of the skies,
An eagle drinking of the mountain air."

That song of awakening was sung, too, of Australasia and South Africa, and, by Robert Service, of Canada, in "The Call":

"Rich and poor, lord and boor,
Hark to the blast of War!
Tinker and tailor and millionaire,
Actor in triumph and priest in prayer,
Comrades now in the hell out there,
Sweep to the fire of War!" . . .

For such an acceptance of the challenge was common to all our race everywhere, and inspired much of the first war-poetry of Canada as of the rest of the Empire.

V.

It is in Lieutenant Stanley Harrison's "Canada Calls"—the battle cry of a free and mighty spirit born of the prairies and forests and smiling homesteads that give their colour and atmosphere and vigorous life to so many of his lyrics and ballads. The rugged virility of the backwoods is in "The Pioneer" and "The Open Trail," the loyal love of Canada for the homeland in "From the Canadian Front," and in "Vox Clamantis" is the natural, human appeal of the brave man who was not bred to the trade of war:

"Lord, grant me the spirit of soldiers,
Strength for the task that I dread"—

and the idealism that lifted him and his like above primitive savagery and gave them something nobler to fight for than booty and the boast of conquest:

"Give me, Lord, strength to remember
Thy teaching on Calvary Hill."

Sergeant Frank Brown, of the "Princess Pat's," son of an Ontario clergyman, and a schoolmaster until he marched out to the war from which he was never to return, repeats the deathless story of Canada's awakening in "Fall In!" and "The Call." The doughtiness and breezy humour of the sons of the Dominion are as native to his "Contingent Ditties" as to the more deftly finished songs of battle in "The Salient" of Captain Girling, one of that gallant company who marched "from Poperinghe to Ypres,"

"To shed fresh glory on their sign,
Borne bravely in the fighting line,
Canada's maple leaf. . . ."

I have seen in divers journals and miscellanies memorable poems of the war by Lieut.-Colonel Canon F. G. Scott, who was wounded at Cambrai while serving as

Robert Graves.
Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Chaplain with the Canadian forces; and by Captain Theodore Goodridge Roberts, one of Canada's most distinguished novelists. These have not been collected into any book I have been able to lay hands on, but Captain Roberts's ballad of "A Canadian Day (September 15th, 1916)" is as sure of a place in the war anthologies as was "Dargai Ridge," his stirring ballad of a great moment in one of our earlier, smaller wars, for it glows as that does with the old heroic ardour of Britain's fighting men:

"The word was said, and they moved up and over,
They topped the ridge, and clear in the morning glow,
Beheld the war-torn wastes, the puddled trenches,
The pitted and deadly strongholds of the foe. . . .

"Into it, through it, they flamed like fire through stubble,
With death before them, behind them and swift in the air.
They struck stark fear to the hearts of the craven foemen,
With bomb and steel they dug the Beast from his lair

" September the Fifteenth! That was the day of glory.
With blood, with life, they captured the fortress town—
While far away, in the dear land they died for,
In frosty coverts the red leaves fluttered down. . . ."

Also among these uncollected war poems, I recall the restrained pathos of " The Silent Toast," by Canon Scott, and his fine tribute " To France " :

" What is the gift we have given thee, Sister?
What is the trust we have laid in thy hand?
Hearts of our bravest, our best and our dearest—
Blood of our blood—we have sown in thy land. . . .

" Sorrow hath made thee more beautiful, Sister,
Nobler and purer than ever before;
We, who are chastened by sorrow and anguish,
Hail thee as Sister and Queen evermore."

One of the chief of Canada's living poets, better known over here, perhaps, for his brilliantly imaginative animal stories, is Major Charles G. D. Roberts. He has been on active service, first in an English regiment, later with the Canadian troops, since the beginning of the war. Some of his war lyrics and ballads are in the newspaper files, and I am glad to hear that a book of them is in the making. It should include his address " To Shakespeare, 1916 " :

" . . . How must thou burn to have endured
The acclaim of these whose fame unclean
Reeks from the *Lusitania's* slain,
Stinks from the orgies of Malines.

" But surely, too, thou art consoled—
Who knewst thy stalwart breed so well—
To see us rise from sloth, and go,
Plain and unbragging, through this hell. . . ."

and his vibrant and vividly realised " Cambrai and Marne " :

" Before our columns at Cambrai
We saw their columns cringe away,
We saw their masses melt and reel
Before our line of leaping steel.

" A handful to their storming hordes,
We scourged them with the scourge of swords;
And still the more we slew, the more
Came up, for every slain a score.

" Between the hedges and the town
Their cursing squadrons we rode down;
To stay them we outpoured our blood
Between the beetfield and the wood.

" In that red hell of shrieking shell
Unfaltering our gunners fell;
They fell, or ere that day was done,
Beside the last unshattered gun.

" But still we held them, like a wall
On which the breakers vainly fall,—
Till came the word, and we obeyed
Reluctant, bleeding, undismayed.

" Our feet, astonished, learned retreat.
Our souls rejected still defeat.
Unbroken still, a lion at bay,
We drew back grimly from Cambrai.

" In blood and sweat, with slaughter spent,
They thought us beaten as we went,
Till suddenly we turned and smote
The shout of triumph in their throat.

" At last, at last we turned and stood,—
And Marne's fair water ran with blood.
We stood by trench and steel and gun,
For now the indignant flight was done.

" We ploughed their shaken ranks with fire.
We trod their masses into mire.
Our sabres drove through their retreat
As drives the whirlwind through young wheat.

" At last, at last we flung them back
Along their drenched and smoking track;
We hurled them back, in blood and flame,
The reeking way by which they came.

" By cumbered road and desperate ford
How fled their shamed and harassed horde!
Shout, sons of Freemen, for the day
When Marne so well avenged Cambrai!"

A day to remember proudly and thankfully while these bells are shouting their joyous message far and wide, for without that hard-won victory we might, long since, have fallen to a fatal peace for which the bells would not have pealed from any steeples of our Commonwealth.

No Canadian poet has a wider popularity with civilians and soldiers than Robert Service. I have heard ballads of his recited in huts behind the lines in France, and could have found it in me to envy him the laughter and tears and the thundering cheers that greeted them. Though Service has developed into one of the most typical of Canadian writers, he was born at Preston, in Lancashire, forty years ago, and spent much of his youth in Glasgow. He was a bank clerk there; but the office routine wearied him; he saw himself " growing bald and paunchy in a halo of respectability," and rebelled. At twenty-one he " kicked over the traces, and precipitated himself violently into the Wild West." When he arrived, by steerage, at Vancouver, his whole wealth amounted to five dollars. He picked up any odd job that was going, tramped the country and worked on the land for a living. Then, when he thought to settle down again as a bank clerk, and let the life adventurous slide, gold was discovered at Yukon; the bank sent him up there to a branch that was opened for the diggers: and readers of " Songs of a Sourdough," " Ballads of a Cheechako," and other of his books, know what tales he drew from his experiences in that wild and glamorous region and how cunningly he has steeped his verse in the bizarre atmosphere of it.

The war was not many weeks old before Robert Service was in it, at the front, with the Second French Army Corps, as an Anglo-American Ambulance chauffeur, and his " Rhymes of a Red Cross Man " take you through many and various of its phases. They cover the widest range of experience and emotion, from the drollery of " The Haggis of Private McPhee " to the passionate earnestness of " The Song of the Pacifist "; the humour and queer pathos of " The Volunteer " to the picturesque romanticism of " The Man from Athabaska "; the quiet tragedy of " The Convalescent " and the grim grotesquerie of " The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins." " Tipperary Days " catches the fire and buoyancy of the glorious Old Contemptibles:

" Fighting-mad and mirth-mad, music in the feet of them,
Swinging on to glory and the wrath out there ";

and the charming idyll of "Fleurette" contrasts sharply with the "Song of Winter Weather" in the trenches, when

"It isn't the foe that we fear;
It isn't the bullets that whine;
It isn't the business career
Of a shell or the burst of a mine;
It isn't the snipers who seek
To nip our young hopes in the bud:
No, it isn't the guns,
And it isn't the Huns—
It's the MUD,
MUD,
MUD."

But through all his Rhymes Robert Service carries the banner of that ideal which lifted the peoples of our race to spiritual heights at the outset and transfigured the war into a conflict between the powers of darkness and of light, the old-world tyranny of barbarism, and the love and fellowship of the new democracies. Says his soldier in "A Song of the Sandbags," the talk of "Empire and 'igh destiny be damned!"

"There's only one good cause,
Bill, for poor blokes like
us to fight,
That's self-defence for 'earth
and 'ome, and them that
bears our name,"

and you leave him,

"Dreamin' 'ere by the sandbags
Of a day when war will cease,
When 'Ans and Fritz and
Bill and me
Will clink our mugs in
fraternity,
And the Brotherhood of
Labour will be
The Brotherhood of Peace."

Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Robert Nichols.
Lieutenant, R.F.A.

Which is only a rougher way of adumbrating the League of Free Nations and expressing the aspiration that is Service's own in the sonnet, "Faith":

"... Then let's have faith; good cometh out of ill;
The power that shaped the strife will end the strife;
Then let's bow down before the Unknown Will;
Fight on, believing all is well with life;
Seeing within the worst of War's red rage
The gleam, the glory of the golden age."

The glory and gleam of this hope in which such myriads have died is implicit in that undying song of John McCrae's which stirred the hearts of our people, the world over, like a prayer and a prophecy from the grave:

"In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

"We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. By yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields."

Nearly a year has gone since McCrae laid down his life in France for Canada, and he and his gallant brothers-in-arms may sleep well. The living have kept the faith; they caught up the torch that fell from the dead hands and have carried it forward till it is lighting us at last into the morning.

V.

It was impossible that the altruistic enthusiasm which nerved and ennobled us in the hour of our setting forth on the great quest could remain burning at white heat through the hardship and disillusion, the wearing agony and inhuman horrors of the four long years of the war. After the eager swiftness of the onset, our soldiers settled down to a dogged endurance of the filth and peril and tedium of trench warfare, to a fixed determination of "seeing it through" which, let me emphasise again, was only the old enthusiasm adapting itself to circumstances and manifesting itself in a sober and more durable form. This change of mood which came over the soldiers, came also over the songs which many in their ranks were writing. These no longer, or seldom, reiterate the shining ideals for which they are fighting, but instead expose and denounce with a stern outspokenness the injustice, the madness, the tragic misery and indescribable beastliness of war, and so revealing it justify and insist upon the realisation of that ideal of ending it for ever which still lives in their hearts unquenchable and has become the more potent because they have done with clothing it in words and are stubbornly putting it into action.

The idealism that rings like a trumpet call through so much of the earlier poetry is a heartening note in the scholarly verse of Captain Stanley Russell. He had trained for the Nonconformist Ministry, and from 1910 to 1913 was successively Assistant Minister and co-Pastor of Ullet Road Church, Liverpool. After his marriage, in 1913, he devoted himself to literary work and occasional preaching. In September, 1914, he enlisted as a private in the Liverpool "Pals" Battalion and presently, having received a commission in the 1st Herefordshires, went with his regiment into the inferno of Suvla Bay; whence he was invalided home

suffering with enteric. Later, he served in Palestine; received the Military Cross for his gallantry in the first attack on Gaza, in April, 1917, and was killed in action on November 6th, 1917. The Rev. Arnold H. Lewis, who is writing a Memoir of Captain Russell, describes him as "a man of great personal charm and variously gifted: an accomplished reciter, a speaker and preacher of originality and power, a clever writer. He was unusually handsome and of a most engaging address. Unfailing good temper and a deep understanding of and love for human nature and an indomitable spirit gave him influence and leadership alike at the university, in the Church and in the Army."

Another poet, Bernard Pitt, who went to war in the same fine spirit, is as idealistic in some of his letters and poems as Rupert Brooke or John Streets, yet at times he is almost as bitterly resentful as Siegfried Sassoon of the hideous realities of battle. He was Assistant Master at the Coopers' Company's School, and conducted a tutorial class in English Literature at the Working Men's College in London. The men of his class at the college, says a prefatory note to his "Essays, Poems and Letters," are "still in love with Pitt and hankering after the return of their lost leader." He obtained a commission in April, 1915, before the end of the year was in France serving as a trench mortar officer, and in February, 1916, was given the command of a battery. In the following April he was killed by a shell. Lively, high-spirited gossip alternates in his letters with wryly whimsical descriptions of his surroundings that are nakedly and startlingly realistic. Nevertheless—"It rains nearly all of every day and the mud is vile," he writes to his sister, "but I am so glad to be out here." He writes to a friend of how "the ground round about is poisoned with human relics, limbs and bundles of clothes filled with rotten flesh," and adds, "Sometimes one has great need of a strength which is not in one's own power to use, but is a grace of God." If he is happy, it is largely because, "Never have I been with such men, keen as the steel of their bayonets and as staunch. Officers without 'side,' and men with ideals." There is a real feeling for beauty in his verse and a sense of the magic of words; but instead of quoting the gracefully fanciful "Aphrodite in the Cloister," or so charming a love song as "After Evensong," I select as more appropriate to my purpose, "The Wood of Souchez," which he writes into one of his letters. It follows after a hauntingly terrible chronicle of a journey that took him past naked bodies and the rubbish and charred rafters of a shattered village—sights to which, he says, "we harden our hearts. . . ." "I have looked at the wreck until my imagination is obsessed with it, but verse can purge the soul of much dangerous thought":

"The coppices of Aylesford are beautiful in Spring;
Anemone and primrose delay the careless breeze,
The throstles try their grace-notes while woodland freshets sing,
The dewy catkins glisten on virgin-slender trees,
And England, my dear country, has many walks like these.

"No flowers bloom in the ruins of this accursed wood,
Through writhen, splintered branches the shrapnel bullets hiss;
There are no leafy nooks where a bird may rear her brood;
The reek of rotten flesh taints the pools where water is—
But England, my dear country, shall know no wood like this."

Love of home strong and tender as this and the love of a man for the one woman who is at the heart of his love of home make an intermittent music in the war poetry that has come from most of the soldiers; they are the two strings of Sergeant Hennesley's lute—the music of his graceful and fanciful "Love Songs of a Soldier" are all of them; and all of them, also, except for a warm-hearted eulogy of "Tommy," are Lieutenant Gosselin's joyous or thoughtful "Bits and Pieces"—such intimate snatches of song about everyday dreams and emotions as a man might send to one of whom he could write:

"You understand (you always do)
The little things I write to you:
And ah! it's such a sweet relief
To tell you all my joy and grief,—
You understand!"

Photo by Debenham, Gloucester.

F. W. Harvey, D.C.M.
Lieutenant, Gloucestershire Regiment.

The "Verses of a V.A.D." have grown out of what a girl in khaki has seen of the war and suffered from it. They are, says Mrs. Leighton in her preface, "the outcome of things very deeply felt," and it is not hard to understand that their sympathy with the broken lives that come into the care of the hospital worker is intensified by the immeasurable personal loss that finds utterance in the touching lines, "Perhaps——" addressed to R. A. L.:

". . . There is one greatest joy I shall not know
Again, because my heart for loss of You
Was broken long ago."

XUM

Photo by Houlton Bros., Trowbridge.

J. L. CROMMELIN BROWN,
LIEUTENANT, R.G.A.
Author of "Dies Heroica: War Poems, 1914-1918."

Photo by W. W. & R. Dowly, Worcester.

REV. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C., C.F.
("WOODBINE WILLIE")
Author of "Rough Rhymes of a Padre."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

GILBERT FRANKAU,
CAPTAIN, R.F.A.
Author of "The Judgment of Valhalla" and "The City of Fear."

JOHN McCRAE,
LIEUT.-COL., CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.
Author of "In Flanders Fields."

The real but curiously unconventional religion of the soldier, his attitude toward God, and the bloody business of war that has been thrust upon him, are interpreted with shrewdest humour and understanding in the "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," that have helped to make their author's pseudonym, "Woodbine Willie," extraordinarily popular with all ranks of the army. He is as cunning as Kipling in his use of the vernacular, but his present-day soldier is not of the Kipling type: he is a homelier human creature who can imagine amid the carnage and the thought of the mothers' tears that—

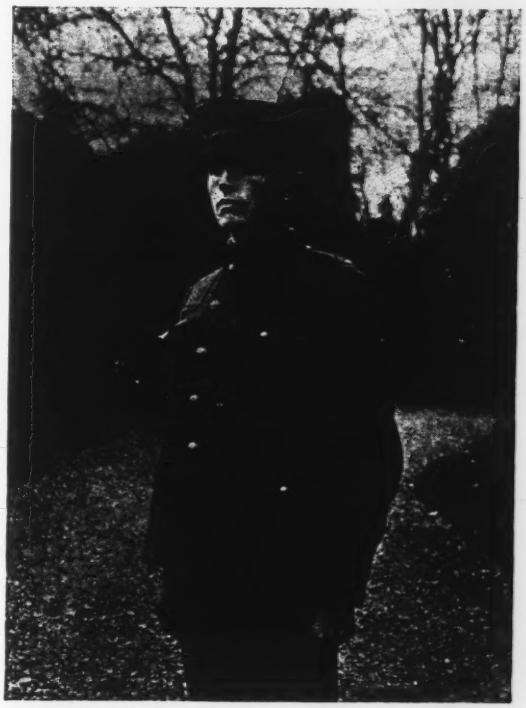
"The sorrows of God mun be
'ard to bear
If 'e really 'as Love in 'is
'eart,
And the 'ardest part i' the
world to play
Mun surely be God's part";

and he is so far from being a militarist or an Imperialist that he wishes those who "gas of war and glory" could "come and 'ave a taste"; he knows why he is fighting; "it's to put an end to war"; not to win riches and power over other nations:

"Not to boast of Britain's glory,
Bought by bloodshed in her wars,
But that Peace may shine about her,
As the sea shines round her shores."

Nothing but burning rage and indignation against the pride of kings whose state and splendour are paid for with the blood of their people lightens on you from the thunders of F. C. Owlett's "Chant Regal"; and though the "Soldier Songs" of Patrick MacGill are leavened with the grimly irresponsible humours of the march and of life in the trenches, he does not edge the raw and haggard facts of war with any light from heaven. An unflinching realist, he paints the thing as he saw it, and whatever of charm is in his lines comes of the love of comrades, of joy in their stubborn courage, of some incongruous glimpse of beauty in the sky over him or in the desolated scene around him.

You cannot draw distinctions between the realist and the idealist, for the same poet is generally both. Captain Bewsher, of the R.A.F., gets the rush and ecstasy of flight into "The Dawn Patrol," and into some of the verse of his new volume; "The Bombing of Bruges" itself is in its revelation of sensation and emotion and in sheer descriptive detail sharply and vividly realistic, yet not more so than are the lighter pictures of those joy-rides in the sunshine. Its narrative has atmosphere; and affects you with a sense of limitless space, and height, and speed through cloudy darkness, till presently the glimmering lights of the sleeping city grow out of the blackness below, and the airman making



Patrick MacGill,
Sergeant, Irish Rifles.

ready for his dreadful work is touched with compunctions:

"The men whom I must kill
in slumber lie . . .
And Death is creeping to
them through the sky!
I know them not, and I will
never know
That I have killed them . . .
and the bitter woe
Which I must bring to many
a happy heart. . . ."

The whole grim adventure is etched with a wonderful vividness: the scream, and roar and glare of the dropped bombs, the flashing searchlights that blind and entangle him as in an impalpable net, the burst of shells about him, the nerve-shaking excitement of it all, the desperate escape and the blessed relief of soaring at last beyond reach of the lights and the guns, and the joy of having "passed through Hell" and come down, "unscathed, untouched," to home and safety. In emotional power and pictorial effectiveness "The Bombing of Bruges" is one of the most remarkable of recent war poems.

Memories of civilian life (that is a charming fancy of the girl who now sits on his office-stool doing his work), the darker as well as the lighter side of the fighting-man's experience are soberly or laughingly pictured in Kersley Holmes's graphic, many-coloured "Ballads of Field and Billet." Gaiety and gravity meet in Lieutenant Herbert's "Half Hours at Helles," and a witty and mocking spirit runs riot nimbly in most of his "Bomber Gipsy, and Other Poems," but he lays aside the cap and bells to write his grim recollections of "Beaucourt Revisited," and that prevision of "The Coming of Peace," when

"Pale children play at battle about the hamlet's bones,
And old men come with ploughshares to turn the fields
again."

Sentiment and laughter and the daintiest, airiest fantasy are the key-notes of Robert Graves's "Fairies and Fusiliers," but the gaunt spectre of war haunts his elfin garden of verse and, moving across it here and there, brings

"The eternal note of sadness it."

There are sharp contrasts of light and darkness. The soul of happiness dances in "Cherry Time"; but pity and horror brood in the sombre realism of "The Dead Boche."

The dark realities of war, "the burden and the mystery" of it all are woven into the delicate texture of Robert Nichols' "Invocation"; and if some of his "Ardours and Endurances" strike a harsher note and reproduce in violent phrase and a discordant structure of verse the tumult and confusion of bombardment and

assault, here too he more often falls into the reflective mood that looks through the hideous shows of things to their spiritual significance and draws such consolation from them as sighs through the mystical philosophy of his sonnet on "Our Dead":

"They have not gone from us. O no! they are
The inmost essence of each thing that is
Perfect for us; they flame in every star;
The trees are emerald with their presences.
They are not gone from us; they do not roam
The flaw and turmoil of the lower deep,
But have now made the whole wide world their home,
And in its loveliness themselves they steep. . . ."

Quietness of vision, a sustaining trust in the master hand that is shaping human destiny and a forceful narrative gift that he uses triumphantly in his battle pieces have gone to the making of Crommelin Brown's "Dies Heroica." He clothes with wistfullest beauty that love of country for which men have been so ready to die:

"None ever knew this England well
Who have not known the wood-smoke smell,
Or seen the elm trees' sombre height
Grow solemnly against the night,
With one star tangled in their leaves,
Looming above the cottage eaves.
These he has known who England knows,
And men have died for these and those."

His lament for the dead takes solace in foreseeing the better world that shall be fashioned by their sacrifice; yet when he pictures the ghastly, unburied horrors of "No Man's Land" he has it in him to cry out upon God to restore peace and pity to the ravaged earth,

"Or send Thy thunderbolt and blot it out."

This is the stern, prevailing note in all the later verse of the poets who are also soldiers: a note of denunciation and of protest that the iniquities of war should any longer be possible among civilised men. Ivor Gurney has felt the uplift of the rapt idealism that winged the feet that leaped to meet the barbaric invasion of the aggressor; his "Requiem," his "England the Mother," his sonnet in memory of Rupert Brooke exult with a passion of faith in the cleaner life that he fights for which matches Brooke's own; but his winter "Carol" is of the "strange and fearful ways" in which he goes to serve his country, and "To England" is of the heroes who sing under joyless skies and

"In the height of battle tell the world in song
How they do hate and fear the face of War."

Hatred of war there has been from the beginning, but in the beginning there was not the ruthless exposure of its revolting details, the angry or scornful indictment of the system and the forces that foster it—a realisation of the madness and crime that war is which grows in power and volume in the later verse of the soldier poets. Those who sang before the long-drawn agony had blunted their enthusiasm took the evil and horror of the battle-field for granted and were more preoccupied with the shining hope that beaconed them from the farther side of it. But the men who have lived and fought on till their enthusiasm has become too much of a habit to be so much of an inspiration are apter to dip their pens into their hearts and write as Lieutenant Harvey wrote while he lay in a German prison and had leisure to look before and after:

"But O you piteous corpses yellow-black,
Rotting unburied in the sunbeam's light,
With teeth laid bare by yellow lips curled back
Most hideously; whose tortured souls took flight
Leaving your limbs all mangled by the fight,
In attitudes of horror fouler far
Than dreams which haunt a devil's brain at night;
Because of you I loathe the name of War."

Three poets who I think do represent as faithfully and potently as any the later, essentially modern attitude towards war are Gilbert Frankau, Alec Waugh and Siegfried Sassoon—the latter perhaps the truest and most imaginatively realistic poet this war has produced. The searing irony of Waugh's "Joy Bells" would, if we faced the truth of it, shrivel all our peace rejoicings into a mockery of happiness; his "Cannon Fodder" and "The Other Side" strip the romance of war to the bone and leave it a senseless huddle of mud and blood and putrefaction that no sane man could glorify. The profound spiritual insight of Sassoon is not often revealed with such grace and tenderness as in "Absolution," or with such charm of fancy and feeling as in "To Victory." More characteristic of his moods are the bitterly satirical "Lamentations," "The Fathers," "They" and "Blighters"; the merciless realism of "Died of Wounds," "The Hero," "The Working Party" and "Golgotha"; the scorn that has tears in it, as in "Suicide in the Trenches." Finer than any heroics about the splendour of war is "The Dream," with its brotherly compassion for his tired, cheery, muddied troops stumbling into comfortless billets:

"Can they guess
The secret burden that is always mine?—
Pride in their courage; pity for their distress;
And burning bitterness
That I must take them to the accursed Line. . . .

"That I must lead them nearer, day by day,
To the foul beast of war that bludgeons life."

The wind of autumn laying waste the woods is in his ears,

"a voice that grieves—
For battle's fruitless harvest, and the feud
Of outraged men. Their lives are like the leaves
Scattered in flocks of ruin, tossed and blown
Along the westering furnace flaring red.
O martyred youth and manhood overthrown,
The burden of your wrongs is on my head."

He sees too clearly and is too terribly conscious of the heartbreak and squalid wretchedness of war to be able to mask the abhorrent truth of it in dazzling tropes and gracious imagery, so that even when, in "The Redeemer," he is stirred to touch with a reverently transfiguring imagination the heavy laden soldier floundering in the momentary flare of a rocket through the filth and mirk of the trenches. . . .

"He stood before me there;
I say that he was Christ; stiff in the glare,
And leaning forward from his burdening task,
Both arms supporting it, his eyes on mine
Stared from the woeful head that seemed a mask
Of mortal pain in Hell's unholy shrine.

"No thorny crown, only a woollen cap
He wore—an English soldier, white and strong,

Who loved his time like any simple chap,
Good days of work and sport and homely song;
Now he has learned that nights are very long,
And dawn a watching of the windowed sky.
But to the end, unjudging, he'll endure
Horror and pain, not uncontent to die
That Lancaster or Lune may stand secure.

" He faced me, reeling in his weariness,
Shouldering his load of planks, so hard to bear.
I say that he was Christ, who wrought to bless
All groping things with freedom bright as air,
And with his mercy washed and made them fair. . . ."

then in the last lines he abruptly shatters the illusion and brings you with a shock up against the gross reality, as if he laughed sardonically at his own lapse into sentiment.

Another might have made the maimed soldier in " The One-Legged Man " a pathetic figure haloed with lofty or pensive sadness, but Sassoon puts the plain truth into a dozen lines and makes him simply and wholly human —shows him back in England looking out over the fields and hedges, hearing the farmyard fowls and barking dogs again, and feeling it is all more desirable than ever :

" Splendid to eat and sleep and choose a wife;
Safe with his wound, a citizen of life,
He hobbled blithely through the garden gate,
And thought: ' Thank God they had to amputate! ' "

The simple truth, and the unobtrusive sympathy that enable him to realise it, turn the veriest facts into poetry in " Dreamers." The soldiers are the dreamers, he says :

" When the guns begin
They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

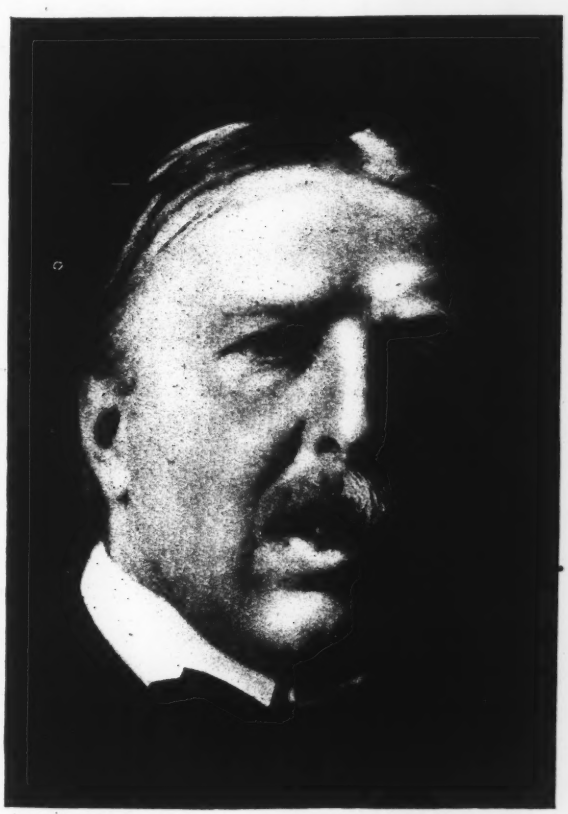


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Ford Madox Hueffer.
Lieutenant, Welsh Regiment.

Alec Waugh.
2nd Lieutenant, Dorset Regiment.

" I see them in foul dug-outs, gnawed by rats,
And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,
Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,
And mocked by hopeless longings to regain
Bank-holidays, and picture shows, and spats,
And going to the office in the train."

And if he girds contemptuously at the home-staying pressmen and politicians who were so bent on a " Fight to a Finish," it is a very different mood that subdues him in " Sick Leave " and " Banishment " and frets him with thought of the men, his comrades, still yonder in that inferno without him, while he is resting in safety :

" When I'm asleep, dreaming and lulled and warm,—
They come, the homeless ones, the noiseless dead ";

and he wakes to think of " the Battalion in the mud " and the " patient men who fight," till—

" Love drove me to rebel.
Love drives me back to grope with them through hell."

It is no cynic who could write that; the harsh truthfulness, the cynicism and satire that characterise so much of Sassoon's verse arise out of a deeper compassion for human suffering than the gentle sentimentalist is capable of feeling.

We are so accustomed to have our poets pass elusively over ugly truths that it shocks some of us to come across Alec Waugh's swift statement of bald details in his sharply-contrasted sketches of what is happening simultaneously at home, here, and on the battle-fields at a distance :

" A thin line swinging forward to kill,
And a man driven mad by the din.

" Music-hall songs about ' Kaiser Bill '
And ' the march through the streets of Berlin.'

" Grey-beards prattling round a fire
Of the good the war has done.

" Three men rotting upon the wire;
And each of them had a son ";

and it may shock us too, that frank picture he draws of the dehumanised body that has been lying for seven days out in front of the lines, but the inherent pity that prompts this unsparing realism reveals itself in his vision of the folk at home sitting by the fire talking of the dead man and not knowing what a thing of horror he has become, and the thankfulness that even when they shall learn of their loss,

"This you are spared
You have not seen what death has made of him."

For these realists are idealists also: they could not love truth so much if they did not love humanity more. Major Average, in Gilbert Frankau's "The Other Side," writing from Flanders to acknowledge a copy of war poems which one of his subalterns has sent him from home, puts their whole case with the bluntest, most devastating simplicity and directness. He wonders, after reading the subaltern's spirited stuff about honour and glory and "gay, jesting faces of undaunted boys," whether he has forgotten what it was really like out there. Honour—that is a matter of course, he says, but the humour is "just the Saxon cloak for fear"; and he proceeds with a dreadful and drastic plain-spokenness to remind the subaltern of the gigantic terror and loathsome uncleanness of war. He spares him none of the worst and ghastliest of it, and clinches his denunciations with:

". . . But War—as war is now, and always was—
A dirty, loathsome, servile murder-job;—
Men, lousy, sleepless, ulcerous, afraid,
Toiling their hearts out in the pulling slime
That wrenches gum-boot down from bleeding heel
And cakes in itching arm-pits, navel, ears;
Men stunned to brainlessness, and gibbering:
Men driving men to death and worse than death:
Men maimed and blinded: men against machines—
Flesh versus iron, concrete, flame and wire:
Men choking out their souls in poison-gas:
Men squelched into the slime by trampling feet:
Men disembowelled by guns five miles away,
Cursing with their last breath the living God
Because He made them, in His image, men. . . .
So, were your talent mine, I'd write of war
For those who, coming after, know it not."

I stress this aspect of the great evil partly because it is the one, as I have said, that all our poet soldiers have shown themselves more or less conscious of from the start, and that, as their knowledge of it grew with the years, has become more and more the compelling influence in their song. But chiefly I have stressed it because it is the aspect we shall now, in our recovered contentment, be readiest to forget, and it is for our own salvation and that of our children that we should never let it pass from our remembrance. If posterity asks, says Frankau's Major:

"What high, what base emotions keyed weak flesh
To face such torments, I would answer: '*You!*'
Not for themselves, O daughters, grandsons, sons,
Your tortured forbears wrought this miracle:
Not for themselves accomplished utterly
This loathliest task of murderous servitude;
But just because they realised that thus,
And only thus, by sacrifice, might they
Secure a world worth living in—*for you*."

And what is that, when all is said, but the pure ideal that called our first volunteers into the breach, and inspired the first songs of the first soldier poets?

JOHN BUCHAN AS WAR HISTORIAN.*

BY DAVID HODGE.

LUCIDITY is the outstanding characteristic of "Nelson's History of the War," written by Colonel John Buchan, and now in its twentieth volume. Undaunted by the immensity of his task, Colonel Buchan has gone fearlessly forward, and over the vast field he takes us as on a perfectly made macadam road. Intricate military operations are expressed in terms of simplicity, and the History is as readable as, say, "Greenmantle" or "Prester John." Authentic Buchan passages abound: this one relates to the "amazing rally of the Empire" in 1914:

"The effect upon the people of Britain . . . was a sense of a new comradeship which brought tears to the eyes of the least emotional. For, consider what it meant. Geographically it brought under one banner the trapper of Athabasca, the stockman of Victoria, the Dutch farmer from the back-veldt, the tribesman from the Khyber, the gillie from the Scottish hills, and the youth from a London back street. Racially it united Mongol and Aryan, Teuton and Celt; politically it drew to the side of the Canadian democrat the Indian feudatory whose land was still mediæval; spiritually it joined Christianity in all its forms with the creeds of Islam, Buddha, Brahma, and a thousand little unknown gods. The British Empire had revealed itself at last as that wonderful thing for which its makers had striven and prayed—a union based not upon statute and officialdom, but upon the eternal simplicities of the human spirit."

The extract gives a fair example of the style of the History, but naturally there are many chapters composed almost exclusively of unembellished narrative. At no point, however, is there dullness, and there are many proofs that the author lost nothing of his zest as his monumental work proceeded.

In a stately Preface, Lord Rosebery remarks that the writer who can disentangle the vast labyrinth of armament, and assist his contemporaries to comprehend the theatre of conflict, undertakes an heroic task, and will be entitled to the gratitude of his country; though the definite history of these simultaneous and colossal wars must still be remote. When his lordship wrote (October, 1914) we only knew something of the first act of the drama. "But it will not be complete till we know the fifth," he says. "If the Prussians are victorious we need not trouble our heads. That supremacy means, it would seem, the end of liberty, of civilisation, and religion as we have understood them to be, and we shall be compelled to kneel before the Dagon of brute force. That contingency, however, we all exclude." What, he asks, will follow the victory of the

* "Nelson's History of the War." By John Buchan. 2s. 6d. per vol. (Nelson.)

Allies? Will it be a cessation of the burden of armaments, and the establishment of a more balanced equipoise of power in Europe? None can tell, says Lord Rosebery, but the answer to these questions, to be unfolded in the fifth act, makes it much the most momentous.

Colonel Buchan's latest volumes may be regarded as dealing with the prelude to Lord Rosebery's fifth act. They are enthralling, but it is probable that the general reader, as distinguished from the informed student of war, will find the early volumes as attractive as any; recalling so much that has been forgotten, and explaining so much that was misunderstood. Essential parts of historic utterances are reproduced, and thus we are given the Imperial Chancellor's infamously famous speech announcing that "necessity knows no law," and that "anybody who is threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought—how to hack his way through."

Photo by Mary Laffan.

Colonel John Buchan.

"This doctrine, if put into general practice," writes Colonel Buchan, "would obviously make a speedy end of treaties and international conventions, and, indeed, of public faith." He adds that the best comment upon it is to be found in an interview between Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Goschen. "Do you mean to say," the Imperial Chancellor asked, with scorn and incredulity, "that you are going to make war for a scrap of paper?" "Unfortunately, sir," the British Ambassador replied, "that scrap of paper contains our signature as well as yours."

Concerning the beginning, Colonel Buchan writes: "Small as our striking force was by comparison with our neighbours—a mere spearhead to the shaft which was the man-power of Britain—it was not to be compared with any continental army of the same size." Colonel Buchan explains why: "Our troops were without question the most professional in the world." It may seem a bold claim, and to the Germans before they were beaten it would have seemed a preposterous claim, but the training of our Regulars, both in duration and thoroughness, was far beyond anything known in the short-service German army. Furthermore, the fact that we had had usually to fight our wars in desert and ill-provided countries had compelled us to bring our transport and commissariat arrangements to the highest point of perfection, and the same held true of our engineering and medical services. Also, most officers over thirty had gone through the South African campaign, which a Kipling character called, with customary Kiplingesque prescience, "a full-dress parade for Armageddon."

Justice is done to the retreat from Mons, and the real story is given of what happened at the Marne. But there are those who will regret to read that it is only "alleged" that the Kaiser, in an order at Aix, on August 10th, 1914, declared: "It is my royal and imperial command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon one single purpose, and that is, that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers, to exterminate, first, the treacherous English, and to walk over General French's contemptible little army." "It is almost certain," says Colonel Buchan, shattering for the public an illusion shattered for Fleet Street long ago, "that this order was apocryphal."

An achievement on which the historian is to be congratulated is that although—unlike the majority of classic war histories—written while the battles were still in progress, the History makes no important statement that calls for re-writing in view of subsequent developments. It is a remarkable feat, having regard to the astounding surprises that have marked the progress of affairs since August, 1914. Colonel Buchan, of course, like all critics and commentators, could not foresee the Russian debacle; but even what he has to say of Russia's early part in the hostilities remains sound. This is true also as to the attitude and activities of other nations which have undergone amazing and unforeseen changes during the past four years.

XUM

IRISH AND OTHERWISE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

MISS GORE BOOTH is an essential poet. The skies and the winds and the bogs and hills of Ireland are in her dreams and her poetry. In poetry one can say what it would be difficult to say in prose; the spirit goes on a free wing. Perhaps the Censor has turned the blind eye to these Sister Songs. So much the better for poetry. "Broken Glory"[1] might carry for its motto:

> "Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage."

It contains beautiful poetry; nothing better than "To Constance in Prison":

> "Outcast from joy and beauty, child of broken hopes forlorn,
> Lost to the magic mountains and parted from all flowers;
> Robbed of the harvest moon that shines on far-off fields of corn,
> Bereft of raindrops on green leaves, bright wrecks of fallen showers.
>
> "Nay, not outcast while through your soul a sudden rapture thrills,
> And all your dreams are shaken by the salt Atlantic wind;
> The gods descend at midnight from the magic-hearted hills,
> And there are woods and primroses in the country of your mind."

A love song of lost causes.

The lover of poetry turns to a book by Seumas O'Sullivan with a sense of lively anticipation which "The Rosses, and Other Poems"[2] will satisfy. After Yeats Mr. O'Sullivan is most perfect in technique of all the Irish poets, and he has the dreamy enchanted atmosphere, the "gramarye" of "The Man Who Dreamed of Fairyland." Mists and magic lie over all he writes. This tiny book, like Miss Gore Booth's, bears the inscription, "Passed by Censor," which is to say that here is another poet of lost causes. When the world lacks lost causes and the poets to sing them the world will be in a bad way. These are very brief songs, many of them just an epigram or an impression. I am not sure that I do not like Seumas O'Sullivan better when he has less grip on real things; when he is in the clouds and dreams. But here is a song for Thomas MacDonagh full of the old wistful and haunting beauty:

> "Youth who had garnered all that old song could give you,
> And rarer music in places where the bittern cries,
> What new strange symphonies, what new music thrills you,
> Flashing in light-loud magic beneath wildering skies?
>
> "Singer of dawn-songs you who drink now at the fountain
> Cry out as your own poet of the bittern cried,
> Flood that new song, deep, drunken, rapturous, about us,
> So shall these parched, sad hearts, drink deep, be satisfied."

[1] "Broken Glory." By Eva Gore Booth. 1s. net. (Maunsel.)
[2] "The Rosses, and Other Poems." By Seumas O'Sullivan. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

The poet has the old spell to lay upon us in these new poems.

"First Songs"[3] will not be last songs. Mr. Allen has a real gift of poetry. That such delicate things should spring among the whirring looms of Belfast, is one of the miracles which are so thick around us that we often fail to recognise them. Mr. Allen, as he says himself,

> "Has walked the streets of Babylon,
> Seeing the purple wares of Tyre";

but, indeed, he has seen better things than Tyrian purple. He has seen the woods fretted with primroses, and love and the innocence of life, and he has made gentle poetry of it which is cool as dew in these heated days. Neither purple of Tyre nor fine linen of Belfast is this, but just fields and streams and the hills.

"Thyrea, and Other Sonnets"[4] by John Ferguson reveals a poet who can give life to the sonnet form, and that is somewhat rare. Nothing can be duller than the respectable sonnet which is far more exacting than the lyric form; for what would pass for a pretty thing in a lyric may be absurdly inadequate and attenuated in the statelier form. Mr. Ferguson brings to the sonnet what it needs, a rounded thought or experience in the octet, the passionate summing up of the thought in the sestet, therefore he is successful in the medium which so many of the great poets used with such splendour. His hospital sonnets have life and actuality, though they lack the brilliance of Henley's sonnets on the same theme with which Mr. W. L. Courtney, who writes an amiable preface to the little collection, compares them. But they are good sonnets as are the musical ones which catch often the surge and thunder of the music they commemorate.

"Wine and Gall,"[5] by L. and R., is one of those clever and deft little books of more or less light verse of which Mr. Blackwell sends us so many. They are much defter and they have much more substance than the light verse of Victorian days, for in these Georgian times the jester jests with a poignant underthought that roses die and girls must fade. Here is an example of the very pleasant deftness, of the mingled lightness and seriousness of this handful of verse:

> "Love, you are like a row of limes
> With murmur of many bees:
> From golden bells their honeyed chimes
> Are borne upon the breeze.
>
> "But in your still autumnal times
> You are like the olive trees
> On some cool peak the chamois climbs
> With enviable ease."

Miss Bradford's "Solitude and Other Poems"[6] contain many pleasant fancies and some deeply-felt thoughts.

[3] "First Songs." By Anthony Allen. 4s. net. (Maunsel.)
[4] "Thyrea, and Other Sonnets." By John Ferguson. 1s. net. (Melrose.)
[5] "Wine and Gall." By L. and R. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)
[6] "Solitude and Other Poems." By Florence M. Bradford. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

These verses, which have appeared in the serial press, will have made a public for their writer which will rejoice to have them gathered into more durable forms. They are not exacting either for the writer or the reader.

"Lazarus, and Other Poems,"[7] by M. Winifred Hughes, has a manner of stateliness in the title poem which befits the subject. The other verses have the merit of a clear diction, an easy flow of music and a delicate colour sense.

[7] "Lazarus, and Other Poems." By M. Winifred Hughes. 2s. net.

J. M. BARRIE AS DRAMATIST.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE drama is not as good as it used to be. It never was. Its decay has been the theme of recurrent lamentations from the days of Euripides down (or up) to recent outbursts in the newspapers. Take any journal and glance through the advertisement columns. Except at that gallant outpost on the infinite, the Old Vic, there is, at the moment of writing, not a single play of classic rank being acted, there is not a single modern play of real value to be seen, and there is no author of importance represented, save Brieux rather precariously and Arnold Bennett below the level of his best. The stage is dominated by the medley, whose nature it is to be without form and void. On the other hand—for we must be as fair as we can—there never was to be seen on the English stage such a large number of soundly competent and intelligent players. True, there is no outstanding figure of genius like Henry Irving, no embodiment of sheer, irresistible, radiant womanliness like Ellen Terry; but we must not expect such portents more than once in a lifetime—we must beware of the common, critical fore-shortening that looks back into the "palmy days" (whatever they were) and sees the stage of the past peopled entirely by Garricks and Siddonses and Kembles and Keans. It is only too probable that these rare and remarkable people were great in a way of super-rant that we should now find it hard to tolerate; and it is only too certain that the general rank and file were barnstormers and buffoons of the most malignant type. On the score of acting, the stage of to-day has nothing to fear from a comparison with any former period.

It would appear, then, that we are in the melancholy position of having delightfully competent actors, and nothing for them to act in.

And yet . . .

The stage is the home of false values, and we must not let them deceive our critical vision. We can remember a past century more easily than the last decade. Nothing seems so dead as that which died yesterday; that which we see in the long perspective of years stands out with a clearness that is a kind of second life. To denounce the stage of the moment for its lack of masterpieces is to take the stage's own short view, and to cut off the prospect with a back-cloth. Go back two dozen years, and you will find in the lighter productions worse rubbish than we are getting now, and in the star pieces—the plays of the regular practitioners—nothing that would be endured by an intelligent audience of to-day. Perhaps "The Case of Rebellious Susan" may be excepted; but for my own part I am doubtful even of that.

Now consider what we have had in more recent times—the plays of Galsworthy, Masefield, Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw, St. John Hankin, Stanley Houghton, Gilbert Murray, Arnold Bennett and J. M. Barrie—plays that bear seeing and reading again and again; and surely no one will doubt that "The Decay of the Drama" is merely one of those little outbursts of pessimism into which we are all betrayed at times. I chose the year 1894 as my horrible example simply because it is the earliest in my own memory of which I have any record. It happens to be a lucky choice; for positively the only productions that redeem it, to our eyes, from utter blankness are pieces by two new men—"Arms and the Man" by G. Bernard Shaw, and "The Professor's Love Story" by J. M. Barrie. The modern stage had produced its typical man of talent and its typical man of genius.

Neither was the author's first play. A year before, "Widowers' Houses" had been performed by the Independent Theatre. Earlier still, Barrie's "Walker, London," had been played by Toole in the now vanished theatre bearing his name. In a sense, Shaw and Barrie were dramatically born together. But what a difference! Shaw at once exhibits the easy accomplishment of cleverness, Barrie the stumbling diffidence of genius. Shaw has written few better plays than "Arms and the Man," Barrie few worse than "The Professor's Love Story." In Shaw's first efforts you have the man complete—brilliant, confident, voluble, witty, vain, hard, efficient; in Barrie's you have the incomplete youth—hesitating, awkward, unshapely, simple, sentimental, yet enchanting, because young. Shaw has never changed; he was mechanically complete from the first. Like Pitt, he did not grow, he was cast. Barrie has gone on from strength to strength, exhibiting glimpses, always new and always startling, of a delicate, disconcerting and almost disquietingly ingenuous nature. In brief, Shaw is the man who never was young; Barrie the boy who will never be old.

Barrie's earliest plays disclose very few specific symptoms of his real dramatic genius—excepting always his humour. All true humorists are individual; all wits are alike. "Walker, London," as I recall it—I was a mere boy when it was played—had the sunniness and gaiety of youth, the freshness of a young mind trying to talk in the hoary idiom of sentimental farce. "The Professor's Love Story," which has endured the ordeal of a recent revival, was a patchwork of old stage devices and genuine humour. It illustrates at once the author's main defect, his refusal to keep his fantasies always true to their own world. As I remarked in these columns recently, there is no meaning in the stock demand that art shall be "true to life," for the truth of life is infinite. But we have a right to insist that a work of art shall be true to its own life. The artist may create what

world he will; but he must stay in it. I quoted Shakespeare before, so I will quote Dickens now. The world of "Pickwick" is not the world of "Copperfield"; the world of "Great Expectations" is not the world of either; and the world of "A Christmas Carol" is different yet again. But how wonderfully true each is to its own world! The most unsatisfactory parts of "Pickwick" are the intercalated stories like "The Stroller's Tale" and "The Convict's Return," not merely because they are bad in themselves to modern taste, but because they are utterly alien to the world in which they are thrust. Barrie's absent-minded Professor is a dear fellow, and his love for the pretty secretary a sentimental fairy-tale told with delicacy, humour and quite legitimate touches of exaggeration. But into this pretty game of make-believe (and we were better dead if we cannot join in the play) there intrudes that malignant and melodramatic spinster with her supposed false lover, and the undelivered letter (providentially found at the last moment behind the zinc of the old post-box), and her resolve, like Hamlet's, that there shall be no more marriages. It is as if, in the story of Cinderella, we had, not the Ugly Sisters, but Goneril and Regan. Result, a dilemma not belonging to the original situation, a dilemma of melodrama utterly untrue to the world of Barrie's humorous fantasy.

Barrie's native woodnotes wild, first heard across the footlights from the rustics of "The Professor's Love Story," swelled into a symphony in his next play, "The Little Minister," taken from the novel which then represented his most considerable work. It is a fixed prejudice of mine that a play taken from a novel is of less importance than a play originally conceived as drama. "The Little Minister" is a case in point. The happy love story of Gavin Dishart and Babbie could not endure the hard glare of the footlights and was almost abandoned. Our interest was concentrated on the speech, humours and manners of that strange foreigner the Scot, and especially on the species of Scot called Elders. I have not the least idea what an Elder is or how he does it; but I know that, by all tradition, from the McNab pictures in *Ally Sloper* onwards, his principal function in the arts is to amuse the English. The traditions were maintained; and "The Little Minister," which, as a novel, narrowly escaped tragedy, as a play scarcely escaped farce. Needless to say it was immensely popular.

So far, the least valuable element in Barrie's contributions to the stage was the stagey; the most valuable his genuine inventions and his native humour. His next play, "The Wedding Guest," produced at the Garrick in 1900, may be called his farewell to the stagey. All Barrie's best plays are, in the only tolerable sense of the term, problem plays; "The Wedding Guest" was a problem play as the nineties understood the term, that is, a play about "a woman with a past"—a past, of course, being a thing that no respectable person would think of having. "Hamlet" is a problem play, because, confronted with the man and his mission, our interest centres in the question "What will he do with it?" To the nineties, a problem play was merely one that raised the question "What will he do with her?"—really not a problem at all, but an embarrassment. How a man will demean himself under the burden of a cosmic duty alien to his nature is an eternal question. What a man shall do with his mistress when he takes a wife is a social embarrassment, temporary and local, depending very largely, as dramatists seem to forget, on the views of the wife; and wives are individual, not typical. The wedding guest of Barrie's play was the husband's unmarried partner, the mother of his child. The situation was handled with a kind of stage strength not found in any other play of the author's; but the ultimate self-effacement of the mistress rather evaded than solved the difficulty. All one can say is that the solution applied to this particular case. "The Wedding Guest" is not down for publication in the present series. I think its omission a real misfortune. It is Barrie's "Troilus and Cressida," entitled to our sincerest interest, though possibly not to our affection. He should certainly publish it for the instruction of those readers who admire him, in the best sense, critically; for it is his first and last "stage play," the boundary between his attempts to give the stage what it wanted, and his attempts to give the stage what he wanted. Up to "The Little Minister" we wonder if stage demands will triumph over the impulses of his genius. With "The Wedding Guest" we exclaim that the stage has subdued him. Thereafter we were to see that it was he who had subdued the stage.

In the year 1902, within a few weeks of each other, were produced "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton." Which was written first I have no means of knowing; but I shall hope it was "Quality Street," as it is much less characteristic. Full though it is of delightful Barrie touches, especially in the printed version, it is not a genuine Barrie work. Its great charm is in its pretty sense of period, and so it is much better illustrated by the pen of Hugh Thomson than by the persons of Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks.

The real Barrie begins with "The Admirable Crichton," for here we get the fabulist, with figures like ourselves to point his morals. It is "The Admirable Crichton" not "The Wedding Guest" that is Barrie's first problem play. At this point, too, we may say, ends the career of Barrie the novelist. Henceforth the best of him was to be given to the stage. Altogether, then, "The Admirable Crichton" is a crucial piece, and it is as admirable as its name. The first act is a flawless piece of fantastic, satirical comedy, and the second a fitting sequel. With Act III. exaggeration begins to set in, and in Act IV. we are on the verge of farce, so that the final touch of emotional drama, almost tragic in suppressed intensity, ends the comedy in a key many removes from its satirical opening. The creatures of the fable suddenly flash into real existence, and disturb our adjustment. Here, as before, for a disconcerting moment, the author is untrue to his world; and we must call this a defect, because in such entirely beautiful plays as "Dear Brutus" and "The Will," and in such entirely satisfying comedies as "Rosalind" and "What Every Woman Knows," the symphonic truth (as one may call it) is maintained.

In truth of character he is more consistent. His later pieces are for the most part thesis-plays, yet the characters are never mere puppets of debate. They

are so full of a whimsical and endearing personality that they almost defy impersonation. But they are not human. They wear our likeness, but they do not share our nature. It has been objected, for instance, that John Shand gives no evidence of his parliamentary capacity and that Maggie Shand's domestic arrangements with her rival lack the true note of a deserted wife's anguish. It must be painful to write for such a literal world. To demand this kind of verisimilitude is to ask that Æsop's characters should speak with ovine or lupine accents, or that jealous Oberon should comport himself like Othello. Barrie is a fabulist, not a realist. Nay, more, he is in essence a poet, although he writes in prose. He belongs to the line of Andersen, not of Ibsen. Lob's wood is near Arden and not far from Athens. Miss Thing's policeman comes from the pantomime, not from Vine Street. In Barrie's world they neither marry nor are given in marriage; they are just children playing at mothers and fathers. The tragedy is not in them; it is in those who look on—and remember.

Photo by Fredk. Hollyer. **Sir J. M. Barrie.**

In one instance Barrie forsakes not merely his world but his thesis. In the days when women went about burning churches, slashing pictures, thumping policemen and padlocking themselves to railings, and actually tried to find modern political reasons for a frenzy as old as Agave's, Barrie wrote a delightful and devastating satire on woman's exquisite lawlessness and man's rather fatuous toleration. He called it "The Adored One," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, that enchantress, played the divine Leonora, who explains with disarming and irresistible sunniness how she had to kill a fellow passenger because he wanted the carriage window down when she wanted it up. The judge and jury were entirely convinced; but the public in front, which likes its caricatures to be coarse, rather missed the point; so the obliging author re-wrote the play with most of the joke left out, and has since, I believe, made even a third attempt to catch the ear of the groundlings. A too delicate fable ought not to be sophisticated because the public taste is dull. What fault there was in "The Adored One" was not in its purpose, proportions or invention, but in its texture, which was too fragile for stage use. That is sound reason for publishing it; but I do not see it in the list of inclusions.

The same defect—if defect it be, for the fault is rather in our gross expectations from the stage than in any delicacy of the fare—the same defect can be found in those delightful inventions, "Little Mary" and "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." The regimen prescribed for the ills of the organ disguised as "Little Mary" is not without resemblance to the cockatrice presented to Ogul by Zadig, and the cures in each case naturally provoke the implacable hostility of the qualified faculty. It is all very delightful, but hardly enough to make a play about. So, too, in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," the satire upon the flappers whose notion of life is derived from the Lewis Waller drama (nowadays it would be from the revue), is exquisite but exiguous. "A Kiss for Cinderella," delicate as any, was fortunately stout enough for a run and a revival. These plays are all down for publication; but I regret to find among the missing, "Josephine," Barrie's one adventure in the direction of political satire. The comparative failure of this piece is to be sought in the circumstances of the usual long-run production rather than in any defect of the invention. Like the others we have named it was rather too thin, and did not last. But it should be excellent reading.

As was said of the author with whom he has something in common, Barrie touches nothing that he does not adorn. Think of the one-act play, the despised curtain-raiser, which in his hands has become a thing of wonder! He began his stage career in 1891 with curtain-raisers; but what a journey he has made from "Ibsen's Ghost" to "The Will," that human tragedy in half an hour, and to "The Twelve Pound Look" and "Rosalind," tiny comedies, but criticisms of life almost without a blemish! He has even descended to revue (with cinema) and satirised the lilies and languors of (stage) virtue and the roses and raptures of (stage) vice in the persons of his Lord Lil Languor and Miss Rosy Rapture. Perhaps in the hands of other comedians the piece might have been more tolerable than I found it. As it was, its Barrieisms (and there were not a few) failed for once to get home. Let "Rosy Rapture" be forgotten, and let us remember instead that Barrie has written the perfect entertainment for children and added "Peter Pan" to the slender stock of Everyman's mythology. In a special sense this play is immortal, for children are the oldest thing in the world, the true conservatives, who ask for nothing better than the good they know; and as "Peter Pan" is a quintessence of childish delights, there is no reason why

it should not go on being played as long as Christmas holidays endure in this distracted globe. And so, with Barrie alive and perennial, and with one of his plays likely to go on running much longer than the youngest of us, we should be careful how we bewail "the decay of the drama."

His latest play, "Dear Brutus," is simply his loveliest. It seems almost too sacred for discussion. The child that can be somewhere discerned in all Barrie's best plays—the child with his intense and penetrating criticism, with his ingenuous joys and his ingenious delights—is still to be seen in "Dear Brutus"; but it is now the child with his laughter smitten into a kind of suffering wonder, the child who can now discern "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn." There is no wisdom like a child's instinct.

"We poor, grown-up, obliterated fools," Stevenson exclaims, contrasting our obtuseness with the delicate perceptions of childhood. Barrie has grown up, but not grown old; he has never become obliterated and never can. Since Shelley there has not been in our literature a mind so essentially innocent, so free from "the contagion of the world's slow stain"; and the strangest part of this pure gift is that it has flowered in the theatre. Into that bedizened world where purity seems a commodity and vice more vicious, he has brought the bloom of a child's unconscious innocence; into a world where feeling becomes rant and emotion rhetoric, he has brought the whispered confidences of loving intimacy; into the world where, having eyes they see not, he has brought the visions that are hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed but unto babes.

New Books.

A WRITER'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

Mrs. Humphry Ward's literary career has been one long specialisation in the *mot injuste*; and hence, as the whole aim of memoirs is to be accurately and vivaciously descriptive, her recollections do not make such good reading as their material promises. She met most of the notable Victorians, she lived at Oxford in the splendid sixties and seventies, she had a unique opportunity for insight into the soul of her time when "Robert Elsmere" became the focus of the great post-Darwinian religious discussion. But nothing of this gets past that style which, in the utter wrongness of all its ingredients, reminds us of nothing so much as grocer's cake. Once more Mrs. Humphry Ward presents us not with a work of art but with the artistic enigma of her own case. We wonder again how it is possible that a person of such vehement energy can pour it out unstintedly on the production of literature and yet never be able to transmute it to creative energy. It seems as if her energy would not rise above the wrist. Indefatigably her hand covers page after page, but her mind takes in impressions without vigour and performs its business of inventing phrases languidly and nervelessly. In these chapters in which she has briskly set about to tell us what she knew of Jowett and J. R. Green and Mark Pattison she mentions them rather than describes them, and conveys hardly as much of their world as Mr. Kenneth Graham does when he writes in "The Wind in the Willows" that "The clever men at Oxford know all that there is to be knowed." Her favourite adjective for the great men she knew is "kind"; and while she proves by an exhaustive citation of the letters they wrote to her about her novels that this description is accurate it remains inadequate. Reading this volume is like watching a very forceful person hanging up faded photographs, which at the best of times can never have been very good likenesses, on all the wrong places of the wall.

Yet certain things emerge. There are one or two interesting anecdotes—most notably that heartrending story of the Shakespearean First Folio with margins covered with contemporary notes which the ignorant Valladolid librarian consigned to his *brasero* when he was clearing his shelves of rubbish—and numerous self-revelations which give us a heightened sense of Mrs. Humphry Ward's personality. There is much that is attractive in the spectacle of the ambitious girl, impressed by the intellectual romance of being an Arnold, casting about for the best way of using her brains, very much as a clever young man might do: working hard at early Spanish history, trying her hand at the Primer of English Literature that was afterwards carried out by Stopford Brooke, contributing to the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," and in later life acting as Examiner for the Taylorian Scholarship. There is certainly much that is honourable in the social work she performed in connection with the Passmore Edwardes Settlement and the Play Centre Movement. And there is something magnificent about her career as a novelist. There is greatness in her assumption of greatness; in the large calm of her burglarious entrance into the hall of fame and the grand manner with which—if one may put it so—she gets away with the swag; in the immodest solemnity with which she refers to her literary processes, and her solid certainty that she is an artist. There is a sublime chapter here in which Mrs. Humphry Ward—although unfortunately unable to recall accurately either the titles of his books or the names of his characters, or to provide criticism of his work which comes up to any adult standard—treats Mr. Henry James with the reverence she owes to an equal. She is quite matey with him. There is also a passage on the novelists of to-day which shows that Mrs. Humphry Ward has caught from Mr. Frederic Harrison the habit of "cheeking" her juniors, and which is unlike anything that ever happened in print before except a manifesto issued to the public some time ago by Miss Marie Corelli, in which that lady declared herself willing to bide her time and establish her title to undying fame when those phantoms of a day, Bennett and Wells and Conrad and Galsworthy, had passed to oblivion. Mr. Galsworthy is patted on the head—that dignified head—and given the critical equivalent of a bun. But "Tono-Bungay" is "a piece of admirable fooling"; and in the ensuing peppery pronouncement on the worthlessness of Mr. Wells's work we stand dumb while Mrs. Ward, who alone among authors writes as though she were carrying an umbrella in the other hand, reproaches a fellow-writer for lack of charm. "The Old Wives' Tale" is "ugly"; and while one hears the noise of a scuffle on Olympus, as though they were finding it difficult to keep order among the Muses, Mrs. Ward informs Mr. Bennett that he "has not justified his method." There is greatness about all this. Even when it is Impertinence it is great.

There is moreover a certain amount of historical interest in these recollections. They illumine a period which it is highly important that we should understand, since so many of our institutions and our beliefs are grown from seed scattered then; and which it is very difficult to understand, because it is so recent and we are confused in our estimate both by the self-flattery of those Victorians who are still

* "A Writer's Recollections." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

with us and the controversial libels of those moderns who were born sufficiently close to it to have to battle with it. Among the most significant things in this book is Mrs. Humphry Ward's pride at being an Arnold. It is something much more than the pride of belongng to a distinguished family; it amounts to a claim of sacred blood. So might Cleopatra claim to be descended from the black kitten of the sacred white cat. She summons Charlotte Brontë from her grave, in a way that suggests that there ought to be a fine for unnecessarily invoking the dead as there is for pulling the communication cord without reason, and trounces her for having dared to express a doubt to a friend whether Mrs. Arnold had a strong character as well as being good and charming. She indulges in an exceedingly rude foot-note about Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose essay on Dr. Arnold she resents with what, since Dr. Arnold died long before she was born, must be the pangs of outraged ancestor-worship rather than family affection. And it recalls to us that in those days there was a real intellectual hierarchy, the members of whom spoke as those having authority to a people who believed in the validity of that authority. Nowadays those who speak to the people would claim inspiration rather than authority, and their audience preserves an open mind until the matter is heard out. But that sense of the necessity of external sanctions ran through all the Victorian world, even to its religious controversy. Not now would a Christian apologist argue, as Liddon in his Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord, that the authority with which Christ spoke must be explained not only by his spiritual majesty but by his divine rank; nor an Agnostic like F. W. Newman be led to question the divinity of Christ by his "self-assertion." These things would seem irrelevant considerations to us now, with our belief that a man must speak as the spirit moves him. We are all Quakers nowadays.

This hieratic society, which seems artificial and arrogant to us, was doubtless necessitated by the different emotional temper of the times. They were always seeking to make institutions that would bind the volcanic will of mankind, that would force its errant spirit to move within seemly limitations because they had hotter blood than ours. They were more subject to and more impressed by emotional explosions. That Mrs. Humphry Ward has already shown us in the behaviour of her characters and their extraordinary physical abandonment; Catherine Elsmere, for instance, accompanied her husband's spiritual adventures with an *obligato* of tears and burning flushes and was always, as cinema producers say, "registering" some emotion. So far as that goes Mrs. Ward's novels were evidently a fair enough picture of the world that was convulsed with a fury of religious controversy and was ready to be passionately stirred by the eloquence of such preachers as Stanley and Pusey and Liddon (who "came down from the pulpit white and shaken, dripping with perspiration"). No doubt many of the things that strike us as flaws in Mrs. Humphry Ward's assumptions of Papacy, her narrow political views and her limitless faith in the decency and respectability of reaction, are survivals of a time when intellectuals felt it their duty to live cautiously in a world that seemed changing too rapidly and too radically. We would be willing to pay her a certain honour for her real achievements if it were not for the literary pretensions which she has never shown more brazenly than in this volume. But there is nothing to be said when a sound and serviceable piece of mahogany furniture insists that it is really Chippendale.

REBECCA WEST.

THE WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

In spite of some delicate appreciations, especially of Miss Austen and Fanny Burney, Mr. Brimley Johnson's book is rather a disappointment. For one thing his title rouses expectations which the book does nothing to fulfil. The reader looks either for a considered study of women novelists within a stated period, or else for an essay on the chief names. Mr. Johnson gives us neither. There is a fair amount of desultory writing on the minor novelists, from Mrs. Behn to Mrs. Oliphant—and a more considered study of the work of Miss Burney, Miss Austen and Charlotte Brontë. To these three Mr. Johnson adds George Eliot, and dubs them "The Great Four"—a judgment which, in its exclusion of Mrs. Gaskell, seems to us little short of ridiculous. To the great woman and sincere artist who wrote "Wives and Daughters," "North and South," "Cousin Phillis" and "Sylvia's Lovers," Mr. Johnson, it is true, devotes some ten pages; but they consist of an essay on "Cranford" which, while enthusiastic, gives no idea of the range of Mrs. Gaskell's genius, the breadth of her interests or her supreme mastery in quite different kinds of fiction. Indeed, Mr. Johnson does not seem quite so much at home with good fiction written by women, as with fiction which, by some preconceived test, is regarded as suitable to a woman. A modern woman novelist, animadverting on the praise given by man to Miss Austen, said rather bitterly: "The truth is, work like Miss Austen's is all that men think we are fit for." There may be something in the gibe. Certainly Mr. Johnson, whose enjoyment of Miss Burney and Miss Austen is undoubted and exhibited skilfully, seems uncomfortable with the wilder genius of Charlotte Brontë, and very unappreciative of the great name of George Eliot.

Feminine fiction in the limited sense really ended with Jane Austen: and it was almost an invention of Miss Burney's. It is true that work like Mrs. Craik's and Miss Yonge's seems to belong to the same drawing-room school: but those estimable ladies and their countless imitators are ladylike with a difference. Miss Burney and Miss Austen are limited in themselves; they do not exclude, they are unaware of a great deal of life. Miss Yonge excludes. Her purpose is to be read by young women: Miss Austen hoped to be—and how amazingly she succeeded—a young woman whom men would want to read.

The appeal of all serious women novelists after her, of all serious novelists, is to the great public: there is no appeal either for interest or for approval on the score of the writer's sex.

Mr. Johnson's judgments suffer rather from the fatal tendency to generalise on men and women. For instance, in his amusing chapter on "The Woman's Man," he writes:

> "In all probability, as men will never quite understand women's emotional purity, women will never fully appreciate men's alert sense of honour. Generally speaking, of course, the feminine standard in all things is far higher than the masculine; and the women novelists have done much to pull us up to their level. But there are a few points, which concern deeper issues than social polish, of which few women, if any, can attain to the absolute ideal of chivalry."

It is a little ironical that these complacent sentences should be written as a criticism of Miss Austen's drawing of Knightley and Darcy: there is an air of the Reverend Mr. Collins about the last sentence which would have brought a twitch to the lips and the suspicion of a twinkle to the eye of the creator of Elizabeth Bennett. It is no doubt true that masculine ideas of chivalry have at times found scant and hasty attention from women: but the reason, I think, is to be found in the women's conviction that those same ideas are most convenient for masculine comfort, and frequently inconsistent with both honesty and truth.

Another unhappy generalisation of Mr. Johnson's is to be found in his remarks on George Eliot's humour. He rightly, perhaps, credits George Eliot with wit rather than humour, and then delivers himself of the amazing statement: "The fact is that humour, and even wit, flourish most happily in uncultured fields—for there is only one George Meredith." And one Lucian, one Rabelais, one Erasmus, one Congreve, one Addison, one Swift, one Peacock, one Butler—is there, indeed, any great master of wit or humour, except Dickens, who can be called

* "The Women Novelists." By R. Brimley Johnson. 6s. net. (Collins.)

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uncultured? In a sense the judgment is true of Mark Twain—but, beside those two, every humorist, whether his scope be cynical like Heine's, sympathetic like Lamb's, or universal like Shakespeare's, must jostle George Meredith on the lonely peak which Mr. Johnson assigns him. In an appendix Mr. Johnson gives a list of women writers in his period, 1752–1858. This is not complete, and might be amplified in future editions. Caroline Lamb might find her place, if only for the sake of her strange personal drama; Mrs. Norton, Lady Blessington and Grace Aguilar, all deserve mention at least as much as Anne Elizabeth Bray and Mrs. Bennet. The book, too, would have more coherence and unity if Mr. Johnson could add a chapter to include the earlier Victorians, such as Miss Ewing, Ouida and Miss Broughton, whose work was largely contemporaneous with that of Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Craik and Miss Yonge. They may not be of the same generation, and Miss Broughton is, sometimes, positively Georgian in feeling; but the work of the older women can hardly be properly examined or given its due position, unless the critic remembers that they had as rivals younger writers who looked to the same models and spoke, to different ends, the same language. With the coming of the nineties a different language is spoken; and there is no comparing Mrs. Oliphant and George Egerton.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE GARDEN OF SURVIVAL.*

Mr. Blackwood is taking the traditional doctrine of reincarnation with high seriousness. It is the motive and mainspring of "Karma" and that excellent dramatic recital has been followed almost immediately by the present study, in which the subject forms a background. For the scheme of the former work reincarnation was more than essential, seeing that it was the scheme itself. For the latter it is a good deal less than necessary, since, given a few changes in things that could be varied with ease, it might pass out of view altogether and not be missed. The point is noted because it would appear that Mr. Blackwood is moving towards the idea of rebirth as a matter of personal faith. However this may be, and it is scarcely a reviewer's business except for a note in passing, this "Garden of Survival" is a remarkable psychological study—story it cannot be called—and there are some vital moments towards the end. A little patience is demanded perhaps, more especially at the inception, not because we are dealing with letters from brother to twin-brother but because the character which unfolds therein never moves from its own centre, until the last pages, and almost throughout repels rather than attracts. One is haunted also by a conviction that the woman who loves him and becomes his wife has cast herself away on a personality of too little worth to justify the act, even on the supposition that she has wronged him in some far-away life on earth. It must be said that he improves towards the end, for at least after his own manner he who was drawn to her only in his gross part does come to need and love her—so to speak, in the spirit. In the body she left him after one month of marriage, being killed in a motor-accident. Her last words promise that she will try again, speaking of yet another incarnation. However, in the course of the years she finds a better way, and this is the stage at which the consequence of the narrative emerges and of which I shall forbear to speak—in the main as a matter of fairness, for the rest because it would be difficult in a brief notice. Mr. Blackwood may owe something to Isaac de Loria's "Book of the Revolutions of Souls," or he may have adapted by his own art certain intimations drawn from the mystical doctrine of substitution. It does not signify. He has made it his own marvellously, and he has even changed his letter-writer, not utterly nor fully, but he has made him almost tolerable.

A. E. WAITE.

* "The Garden of Survival." By Algernon Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

TWO WAR NOVELS.*

If there is a title which, above all others, Mr. W. J. Locke would be proud, as he is worthy, to receive, it is that of interpreter of France to English readers. Throughout the war, nay before it, his rôle has been to act as liaison officer of literature, to make the Anglo-French understanding as much a reality in English homes and by English firesides as French peasants and townsfolk feel it to be in the presence of our soldiers. In the case of few of our novelists can the friendship of the two nations have chimed more happily with personal predilections, for France has always been Mr. Locke's spiritual home, and to French highways and French inns he has consistently taken the creatures of his imagination for holiday and happiness. From the days of "The Beloved Vagabond" onwards the lesser frequented districts of France have stood with him for a demi-paradise or fairyland, the mere atmosphere of which works like wine on his style and sets his fancy aflame. Adventure, drama, fun, occur as if spontaneously in the France his art frequents, and when you come to think of it, some of the outstanding characters of his fiction—Paragot and Aristide Pujol, for example—are French or half-French. So it is only fitting that in his new novel, "The Rough Road," he should show us how France, in the person of his delightful heroine, Jeanne, takes the horrors of invasion and ravage and murder, and even worse iniquities which we associate with the Boche. Very unlike the fairy world he has made of it in the past is the France which the hard facts of war oblige him to picture to-day, but none the less adorable in spite of her scars and tragic sorrows.

If Mr. Locke's heroine, so hospitable and friendly to the trio of British Tommies who restore her to joy, is French of the French, his hero starts by being the most ludicrously insular and least heroic type of Englishman. In him the novelist has set himself to effect one of those romantic transformations of character which have always appealed to his Hugoesque temper, one of those semi-impossibilities of self-rebuilding which, after the miracles of the war, no one may now dare to call impossible. Mr. Locke takes a young man brought up in cotton wool, carefully protected from the discipline and bracing influences of life, and pitchforks him, soft as butter, into the rough and tumble of the British Army. What could be expected from such a coddled creature, robbed of public school training, spoon-fed, flabby, and effeminate, but the direst fiasco when, goaded by his sweetheart and his friends, he takes an officer's commission? It is not merely the swaddling clothes of his upbringing that are against him, but the very air of Durdlebury—that sleepy, old-world nook of ecclesiasticism in which he was born. His failure, however, as an officer has its uses in waking up Doggie Trevor to an appreciation of war-time values, and the desperate remedy he adopts, which might almost seem like plunging from the frying-pan into the fire—that of joining the ranks—achieves its purpose just because for his thin skin there is protection in being one of a crowd, and therefore obscure. We watch Doggie, therefore, at the business of saving his soul while hardening his body, and doing it very thoroughly, helped by quaint fellow-rankers—Mo Shendish, the cockney fried-fish seller, and McPhail, the scholar-drunkard, whom Mr. Locke with his instinct for oddities of characterisation makes very amusing company. Amusing and charming, too, is Doggie's cousin and sweetheart, Peggy, the Dean's daughter, who, for all her loyalty to the unregenerate hero, hardly helps him in his task of making himself anew, and rather resents the change when accomplished. But then, of course, she is destined for another lover, the novelist here, as heretofore, transferring the affections of his characters with customary wilfulness, though with all his compelling persuasiveness.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has not only French sympathies but French origins; her new tale, however, has a purely

* "The Rough Road." By W. J. Locke. 6s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)—"Out of the War." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 7s. net. Chapman & Hall.)

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From "The Great War: Fourth Year,"
By C. R. W. Nevinson
(Grant Richards).

RELIEFS AT DAWN,
By C. R. W. NEVINSON.

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From "Salvage," by Sergeant T. Penleigh Boyd.
(British Australasian).

THE DISPATCH RIDER.

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English setting, being placed in what appears to be a south coast village to which a young naval officer takes his American bride before joining his ship because it is "out of the war." Those who know the author and her Gallic gift of irony will be fully prepared to find that just because she gives such a title to her novel, both her heroine and readers far from being taken "out of war" are plunged into the very thick of war-happenings. And so it proves—for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's book turns out to be a spy story, with this strong recommendation that only those with the keenest scent for the enemy alien will smell out, at first contact, the identity of its spy. It is not merely the innocent heroine, not too well up in English ways and even English naval officer ways, who is deceived by Captain Drake's Shakespearean quotations and masquerade of secret service work. And to say that is as much as to say that the novelist has succeeded in her aim, which is to pile excitement on excitement while keeping her listeners mystified. Mrs. Lowndes has written more ambitious things, but this will do to pass the time till she feels the spur of ambition again.

F. G. BETTANY.

MY LIFE AND FRIENDS.*

Professor Sully is one of several notable men who were originally intended for the Nonconformist ministry. His father was a sturdy radical dissenter in Bridgwater, and young Sully, in 1866, finished his theological course in the Baptist College at Regent's Park. But he felt unsettled. "Spiritually, I felt arid and exhausted as by an air-pump. I had acquired the practice of putting questions to myself, and I knew it was impossible for me to fall back into the passive, acquiescent attitude of my old religious days." A course of study at Göttingen, under Ewald and Lotze, followed, with a short tour through Germany and Italy; but young Sully returned as unsettled as ever, and in 1870 accepted the post of tutor to John Morley's stepson. This brought him into literary circles; he began to write in reviews and journals, but the philosophical bent was asserting itself, and a winter spent in Berlin completed his interest in the physiological side of psychology. His book on "Pessimism" was published in 1877:

"Kegan Paul told me that a man he was interested in, who had been troubled with melancholia and traces of suicidal impulse, showed about this time a striking improvement in tone of mind. On Paul's asking him what had led him to adopt a more healthy attitude towards life, he replied, 'Reading Sully's "Pessimism."' I have wondered how many philosophic writers could say that a book of theirs had produced among other good effects, that of prolonging a human life."

Henceforth Sully's life was in London and in London University. He was disappointed in 1880 by failing to gain Bain's Chair in Aberdeen, and two other attempts to win an academic footing in Liverpool and Dublin were equally unsuccessful. But he wrote and lectured indefatigably, and finally succeeded Croom Robertson in the Grote Chair of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College, London.

Reminiscences are treacherous material, for the most part, so far as regards childhood. Professor Sully candidly admits this. But he contrives to give a vivid enough impression of the early surroundings and influences in his career. There is the memory of "a fair young girl," for example, at Westonzoyland, who refused "to use the name 'America,' for which she always substituted 'Columbia,' thereby showing, as I thought, an unusual childish respect for historical fairplay." There is also an unfavourable recollection of Charles Dickens as a reader. "I have never been able quite to shake off the disillusioning and almost nauseating effect of the 'Christmas Carol' coming—with no adequate voice to support it—out of the mouth of that 'get-up' dandified *jeune-vieux*, with the rouge, the limelight, and the rest of it." Still more interesting is the fact that Sully heard Mill make his famous answer to the working men who heckled him in 1865, when he was standing as Liberal candidate for Westminster.

The latter part of the book contains reminiscences of the friends he made at Hampstead and elsewhere, and of notable people whom he met in the course of his career. He was one of Leslie Stephen's "Sunday Tramps," and he knew George Eliot and Herbert Spencer, William James and Henry Sidgwick. One of the best stories in his book is Sidgwick's retort to a German professor who observed: "In England you have no *Gelehrten*, have you?" "Indeed, we have." "So! What then do you call them?" "We call them p-p-p-prigs!" He tells two interesting facts about Cotter Morison's "Life of St. Bernard." One is, that in order to enter into the spirit of monasticism, Morison "obtained the privilege of passing some weeks in a Cistercian monastery, submitting himself to the sternest forms of monastic discipline." The other is, that Morison rewrote his manuscript, in deference to Meredith's criticism that its style was too Carlylese. The reminiscences of Meredith himself do not add much to what is already known of the novelist; they emphasise the impression of Meredith as a masterful talker and, in his latter days, as a man somewhat disposed to praise the past unduly. "He said . . . the Germans would be in England in twenty years. Apropos of military capacity, he remarked that the German had obstinacy, the Frenchman *élan*; that the English soldier used to combine both, but had now lost the old qualities." This sounds strange in 1918.

Altogether, Professor Sully's volume is a readable and delightful record. It takes us back into the life of Hampstead, when that was near London and yet distinctively

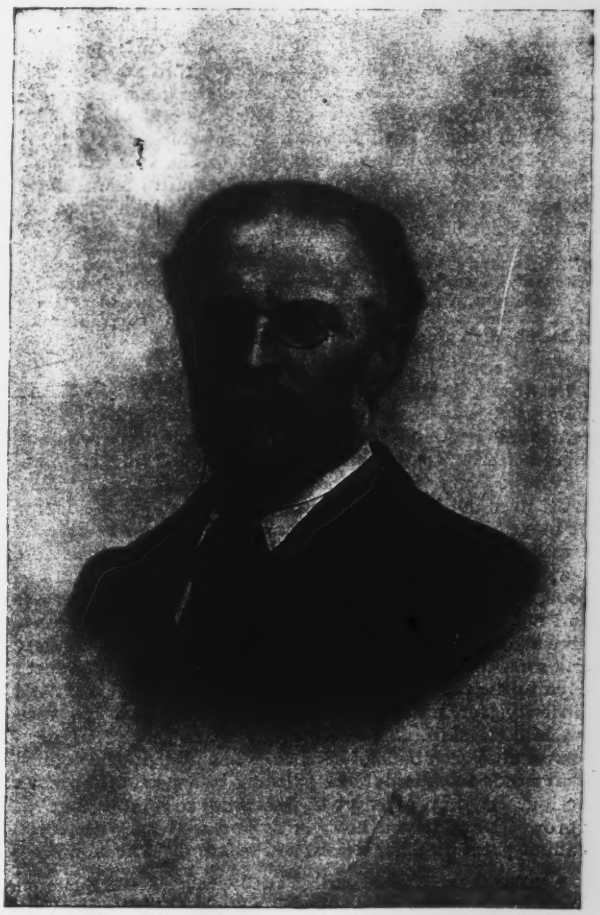

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Professor James Sully.**
From "My Life and Friends" (Fisher Unwin).

* "My Life and Friends." By James Sully, LL.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

literary. It also introduces the reader by side-paths to several of the leading figures in the mid-Victorian era. And the author's unabated zest for life and friendship and philosophy runs pleasantly from page to page.

JAMES MOFFATT.

ART NEW AND OLD.*

Mr. Nevinson's second volume of war pictures may seem perhaps a shade less interesting than the first to those who know both; but this is simply because it does not come with the same shock of surprise. You cannot startle people in the same way twice. In spirit his work is the same, and his accomplishment even better. Look, for instance, at the quality of such things as "The Road from Arras to Bapaume" and "He Gained a Fortune"; the sheer craftsmanship is superb. In the actual matter of his pictures he has "attempted to synthesize all the human activity and to record the prodigious organisation of our Army." Modern war being so largely an affair of machinery, the spectacular battle has gone out of existence; and with the spectacular battle has gone the spectacular picture. The world has no more use for Uccello and his kind, and still less for the Benjamin West or *tableau vivant* school. The Kaiser has tried hard to be a shining anachronism in operatic armour; but, after all, the Kaiser doesn't really matter. In fact, the most disastrous persons of the war, those whose ineptitude has done most to prolong it, are precisely those who are still under the spell of spectacle—the elderly, red-tabbed, gold-leaved, review-day heroes (connected, of course, with the very best people), who cannot think of an army or of war itself except in terms of salutes, spurs, buttons and male millinery. But the really vital person in the army of to-day is the working-man. Perhaps he was a working-man before he got into uniform, and has merely changed his job for a worse one; perhaps he was a clerk or a tailor or a professor; in any case he has had to become a working-man in the literal physical sense. Now, as Mr. Crawford Flitch points out in his very interesting, but not entirely convincing prefatory essay, it is the working-man aspect of the war that has caught Mr. Nevinson's attention—the man in his working-clothes, the machinery in action. This alleged prose of fact does not disconcert the artist:

> "Fortunately," he writes, "I have no literary or journalistic tastes, and I can paint in consequence, without any prejudice or association, a man in a tin-hat or a man in a bowler, being merely interested in plastic form. Only by this happy fortune of having an unjournalistic mind am I enabled to paint war at all."

Let those, then, who expect war pictures to be brilliant, descriptive journalism in paint, refrain from Mr. Nevinson; or, rather, let them go to him and learn to expect something better. You may not like his vision of things. You may urge (very justly) against his apologist that a great artist need not be detached from his subject—that he may be moved by romantic or ethical impulses, and be able to translate his emotions into pure art. You may even add that better reasons can be found for bad pictures than for good, if only because the bad pictures are painted by reason and not by feeling. But such points cannot be discussed here at the moment. Some of the pictures in this volume, and some qualities, indeed, of almost every one, will appeal even to the partisan of the painted anecdote. The artist's sincerity, for instance, is obvious, as well as his very remarkable skill. The best pictures are those that need fewest abstract nouns of defence. The plate in the volume that needs most is not the painting of a person but of an action. It is an attempt to paint, not a bomber, but his throw. Now, if you believe, as you well may, that you cannot paint an abstraction, you will find "The Bomber" mere nonsense. If you are not sure whether a painted abstraction is possible or not, the picture, which is quite good of its kind, will help you to make up your mind—one way or the other! Of one thing you will be very sure, that the soulless desolation of war has rarely been fixed so palpably as in Mr. Nevinson's pictures.

"Salvage," by Sergeant Penleigh Boyd, an Australian artist, will not in any way challenge your opposition or resentment. He does not experiment with Angulism, Cubism, Pyramidism or Sphericism; he seems quite untroubled by Dynamism, Vorticism or Expressionism, and he has no symptoms of Emotional Rhythmism or Rhythmic Emotionalism. His pictures are vigorous, straightforward pen drawings of the old school and will doubtless be the more welcome to most people for their comfortable Traditionalism. The Concussionists and Centrifugalists will give him up in despair. He is quite, quite Static; but he has his merits. His "Dispatch Rider" has not a single point, angle or cube in common with Mr. Nevinson's "Bomber"; and yet he moves! The old style is not yet entirely played out.

Many of the pictures will have a special appeal to folks "down under." They will like the spirited drawing called "The Anzac" and will appreciate the modesty of the artist's apology. The Anzac, he tells us, is credited "with exceptional bravery and dash in battle, but he varies very little from his English brothers; and there should be no distinction drawn between his fighting spirit and the magnificent dogged determination manifested by all the British troops." That is nicely put! Let us say in return that the Anzac of Sergeant Boyd's drawing looks a fit member of the force that has created by its landing in Gallipoli a new standard of human effort and made the name of Anzac immortal in the history of war.

The two volumes afford the means of some very instructive comparisons. Thus, against Sergeant Boyd's Australian trooper you can set Mr. Nevinson's group of British soldiers. Each artist has depicted the canal at Ypres, the Flanders roads, reliefs "going in," and the abomination of desolation left after a push. We do not propose to make any comparisons here, beyond saying that, in general, the Australian gives the views you might expect to find, and the Englishman a stark unexpectedness that repels you. It is from this moment of your emotions that the value of the comparisons would begin. But, different as the artists are, they have one thing in common, their tribute, conscious or unconscious, to human courage, endurance and cheerfulness. The old art and the new unite in a wonderfully moving revelation of dreadful circumstances faced and overcome, of martyrdoms endured with patience or with exultation, and the continuing faith of "man's unconquerable mind."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Great War: Fourth Year." By C. R. W. Nevinson. With an Essay by J. E. Crawford Flitch, R.F.A. 15s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Salvage." By Sergeant T. Penleigh Boyd. 2s. 6d. net. (The British Australasian.)

MISS MURIEL STUART'S POEMS.*

A true poet is manifested in Miss Muriel Stuart, a poet of deep sensitiveness, human insight, and highly imaginative inspiration. Of this there can be no question. She is not a poet of a passing fashion. She bases her appeal upon conscientious, subtle, and often exquisite workmanship. Her fancy is irresistible; her imagery abundant and surprisingly rich. She has almost all the qualities of technical achievement, and she adds to these the poet's final qualification of heart and the interpretative vision. Whatever she may do in the future, she has already done enough to make her place secure among the memorable poets of the younger generation.

The first thing that strikes the reader in Miss Stuart's poetry is the richness and originality of its symbolism; and it may be added that one has to get accustomed to her clustering imagery before the mind can establish complete sympathy with the deep and earnest thought which

* "The Cockpit of Idols, and Other Poems." By Muriel Stuart. 4s. net. (Methuen.)

beats beneath the opulent robes of the poet's expression. Sometimes, in the very finest passages, fancy is heaped upon fancy so prodigally that it is only at a second or third reading that the true beauty of the picture is discerned.

"The day reeled past me, haggarding the night,
Then stayed her breath,
Waiting for an immediate doom to fall
On one whom none may succour or requite—
Doom neither prayer nor pity hindereth.
The loosened ivy cringed against the wall,
The dusk about me drew
A closer noose of gloom; the silence wept;
The lights upon the altar lapsed and leapt
In gusts of gold and blue.
From the night's caravan a beggar-wind
Crept up and listened at the door,
Like some poor outcast creature that hath sinned
And dareth home no more,
But listens to old songs round the old hearth,
Wondering if his forbidden name one saith,
If one be sad, remembering."

In the judgment of the present reviewer that metaphor of the beggar-wind, listening like an outcast at the door, is one of the most striking pieces of imagery in modern poetry; it springs out so vividly, and strikes so sharply on the imagination, that it is only when we begin to know the passage by heart that we recognise that, so far from standing alone, it is set in the midst of an elaborate tapestry of sound and colour, presenting a picture packed with suggestion and with swift, elusive beauty. The fact is that Miss Stuart is one of those intensely sensitive natures that see all material things in terms of the immaterial. The very furniture of life is invested with a soul. She sits in her study, and all the comfortable objects which surround her seem to breathe of the toil and suffering with which they were brought forth—the designer's dream, the craftsman's labour, the sacrifice of the creative soul.

"How can I read while round me swarm
Creatures that wept and strove and died
To make this room, rich, safe and warm,
To keep the weather-beasts outside?

"How can I rest while in the gloom,
From mine and garret, den and pit,
They pass, who built in blood this room,
And with their tears so furnished it!"

And in the same spirit, when she watches the soiled volumes on a bookstall losing shape and colour under the decaying touch of sun and rain, the very hearts of the poets who wrote the books appear to her fancy as torn and outraged by the wrong.

"Dust is deep on Marlowe's lip,
Hell holds Dante in these streets,
Milton takes the gutter's drip,
Mud is on the breast of Keats.

"All the lovely thoughts men think,
All their rapture, love and pain—
God come down in blood and ink—
Sold for sixpence in the rain!"

There is something, of course, of the pagan spirit in this animism of the inanimate;; and Miss Stuart declares her kinship to classical models in more than one of her most characteristic pieces. The yearning, storm-tossed elegy, "Who will remember Heliodore?" is directly Greek in spirit, and so is the eager, questing "Centaur's First Love," which renders the animal side of passion in the form of allegory, with a true poet's avoidance of the common modern fault of gross realism or nude photography.

All these moods are representative of the author; but to find her at her confident best we must wait until the pagan love of beauty has merged itself into a purely human sympathy with all that is sincere, suffering and struggling towards the light; and in the title poem, "The Cockpit of Idols," we are given this clear and penetrating insight into the poet's reasoned attitude to life. The poem tells of a young priest, devoted to the Catholic life, sworn to asceticism and chastity, and yet tortured by the inevitable call of Nature, tossed hither and thither by the pangs of repressed desire. In a night of agony he prays to the Virgin Mother to help him:

"Darest thou listen, Mother-Maid, to me—
Thou who hast listened all these empty years
To the slow fall of tears—
To coward penitence that scarce hath lain
Upon thy breast but hears Sin's whistle shrill,
And cries for her old bedfellow again?"

And suddenly he is aware that the divine Figure has vanished from its pedestal, and, kneeling by his side is a draggled outcast of the streets, who turns to speak to him with the voice of the Mother of God, rebuking his insincerity and self-deceit:

"Son, for whom died my Son, I have come down!
I am the terrible answer to thy kiss.
Behold the graven image overthrown;
Passion at last brings all its gods to this.
What ware is sold more shameful than thine own,
What harlot's house is more profaned than mine,
Whose priests forswear the solemn vows they made,
In whose hands broken is indeed the bread,
And for whose sins shall blush the holy wine?"

And then, as in a vision, he sees how all the pageantry of the godhead of the ages—Zeus, Christ, Dagon, Vishnu, Isis, Athene—is shattered in the cockpit of contending creeds, "till Heaven grow grey against a dead god's mouth"; and lifting his eyes to the hills of human love and sacrifice, he learns to reverence beauty and truth in the wasted wreckage of man's cruelty:

"I saw God die a thousand deaths and rise
In triumph from each yawning sepulchre,
And Summer's hair was gold beneath His feet.
Then lo! She passed before me, and I knew
I might have found, loved, healed and hallowed her
In every violet-seller by the wall,
In pavement-saints, Madonnas of the Shawl,
In Magdalen's hair, in Martha's ministry,
Wherever women's heads were blessed or bowed;
I walked with God in every noisy street,
And saw in every creature that passed by
Christ go forth too and mingle with the crowd."

There is in this noble poem an almost perfect blending of just indignation against the pretences of the world with high dignity of expression and vivifying beauty of imagination. No one with the slightest appreciation for poetry will fail to recognise that it must inevitably assure its author her proper place among the poets of her time.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

LOVE TO THE *N*TH.*

When, after having read several novels in succession, I pass them in mental review, my first instinct is to seek for some connecting link that shall unite them in some way other than that of their common basis—the love of a man for a maid. It is not without significance that our very word novel consists of the letters of love transposed and prefixed by that added letter which raises it to the highest degree. Love is so certainly the theme of the novelists that it may be accepted as the lowest common denominator to which their work can be reduced. Apart from that theme I find no link connecting the five novels which I have just been reading, no *certain* link that is, though it may be possible that all of them are written by women novelists. Four of them are modern stories, but the fifth harks back to the eighteenth century; three of them are stories of English life, while two are of American; two of them are distinguished from the rest by having on their wrappers large notes of interrogation intended to pique the curiosity.

* "Patricia Brent, Spinster." By the Author of ? 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"The Butterfly Man." By Marie Conway Oemler. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Ladies Must Live." By Alice Duer Miller. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"A Pier and a Band." By Mary MacCarthy. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"His Grace of Grub Street." By G. V. McFadden. 6s. net. (Lane.)

XUM

The note of interrogation on "Patricia Brent, Spinster," will doubtless set many readers wondering as to the identity of the author of a bright and entertaining book, and may perhaps lead some to think that the creator of "Bindle" has sought in fresh circles for characters whom he can render in the form of farcical comedy fiction. Terribly bored by the futile fellow "guests" of the Bayswater boarding-house in which she lives, Patricia creates a sensation by the impulsive announcement that she is about to dine at a fashionable hotel with an officer to whom she has become engaged. She knows no officer, and is not engaged either matrimonially or prandially; and when she goes off to keep her non-existing engagement is followed by some of the suspicious boarding-house folks. Thanks to her desperation and the quick-wittedness of the officer to whom she appeals, the situation is temporarily saved—and there follows a series of delightful chapters telling of the highly-diverting consequences that ensued upon the most unconventional of introductions. With its many slightly exaggerated characters, its amusing give-and-take of talk, the book may be heartily commended to the attention of readers in search of light entertainment.

The note of interrogation on the cover of "The Butterfly Man" is placed across a Janus-faced head above implements suggesting the cracking of cribs as well as the capture of lepidoptera. The story is a South American one, supposed to be told by the Roman Catholic parish priest of Appledore in Carolina, and is largely concerned with the remarkable regeneration of a criminal fleeing from the hands of justice. After the man whose leg had been smashed at Deadman's Crossing was brought to the Parish House it was something of a facer for the priest when he established the identity of that man—and something of an inspiration that made him put certain incriminating evidence of that identity in the safe keeping of one of the saints in his church. The man whose occupation had gone with his amputated leg came to play a striking part in the romance of a young couple, and incidentally in the fortunes of Appledore, and the upsetting of certain undesirable plans. There even comes a time when the burglar's tools, put in the keeping of the saint, have to be brought out, and the one-time burglar turns to his nefarious trade once more, but with so holy a purpose that the priest is able to hold a light while the safe is burgled, and the reader is able to look on at the scene without feeling any shock of impropriety. It is a full and well-told story, and for a time almost persuades the reader that the best cure for criminal tendencies is the loss of a limb, and such wonderful human environment as that in which "Slippy McGee" found himself, to his horror and disgust at first, but later to his great content.

It is in a very different America, and among very different Americans that we find ourselves in the company of the author of "Ladies Must Live." Despite flat burglary and other sensations the romance of the man of butterflies is idyllic compared with the movement and "snap" of the New York story concerning the social comedy that may attend upon a match-making hustle. It is a group of well-to-do folks to whom the author introduces us and we are not long in realising that the hand, heart (and dollars) of a certain brilliant young man are the objective of two unscrupulous rivals—a young woman whose duty it is to marry money, and a married woman who is quite ready to qualify for divorce by claiming the wealthy young eligible for herself. The most marked note of the story is that of brisk dialogue—for many shrewd thrusts are exchanged in the contest of the ladies—and this is so entertaining that the book seems to offer all the materials for the making of a stage comedy wherein the heroine finally finds that love is greater than lucre.

The author of "A Pier and a Band" describes her story as "a novel of the nineties," and in it she presents the romance of a girl who is heir to a pleasant estate on the coast and to a father who has let his financial affairs drift into a hopeless muddle. This girl, Perdita Villiers, has a boy chum in Antony Forest, grandson and heir to the owner of a neighbouring property also somewhat financially embarrassed. A third property in the neighbourhood is bought by the newly-rich Tippits who sets things going with his projects of "improvements," and the establishing of a new seaside resort and the "booming" of the place to the due enrichment of the property owners. There is pleasant play in the conflict between the new spirit and the old, though the poor heroine suffers somewhat in it, for her sympathies are with the Forests and her weak father falls in with the schemes of the innovator. Perdita is sent abroad and there are some vivid descriptions of the people about a small German Court before she is led to the inevitable matrimonial close.

By way of contrast with the setting of those four novels "His Grace of Grub Street" takes us back to the London of the second half of the eighteenth century, and to the fortunes of a young man of talent who is dweller in a Grub Street attic. He gains the hatred of a certain unscrupulous and powerful man whose dirty work he has refused to do. Then, by way of sudden contrast, he is sought out by the very man whom he had been asked to malign and made editor of a magazine. Then another dramatic change, very ingeniously contrived, sends him back to Grub Street and misery, heightened by the fact that in his time of prosperity he had learned to love—and the lady not only believed the worst of him but was also plighted to another. Though victim of a deep-laid scheme "His Grace" wins through in the end as so sturdy a friend and so faithful a lover should.

WALTER JERROLD.

TWO WAR PLAYS CONTRASTED.*

A terrace, and below it a garden, in front of "a stately mansion, with pillared portico"—somewhere in Russia on "a clear, sunny day in spring, 1914." Across this attractive scene flits a varied, highly individualised company: Peter Ivanovitch, master of the house and an old soldier, eternally reminiscent of the campaign of '77, eternally snubbed and fussed by his wife Olga; Nina, their daughter, sentimental, "yearning," believing herself very much in love with her husband, but by no means displeased by the attentions of Prince Voronetzky; Vladimir, the husband, rather a commonplace young officer; the ogling prince; Volodia, Nina's brother, the ardent fiancé of pretty Assia; Semenoff, the bitter, consumptive student; Dowe, the musical subaltern. Cultivated people in easy circumstances, some of them charming, some of them talented; but hardly fit to play heroic parts in the calamity which is drawing near. That calamity, of course, is the war. It comes, and one by one the men are taken from the pleasant, trivial scene. First of course go the soldiers, Vladimir and Dowe, bidding a regretful farewell to his beloved fiddle. Then Volodia volunteers, in spite of the passionate protests of Assia and his mother, conscious only of the personal issue, bitterly in revolt. Peter of course is too old to go, and Semenoff too ill. And the prince does not go because, as Volodia says, "he's just a well-fed animal who thinks more about his love-affairs than anything else." He stays, in a word, to court Nina. As for Nina, her parting from Vladimir was desperate; but as the days go by she grows restless, uncertain; now encouraging, now angrily resenting Voronetzky's advances. News comes of Dowe's death, and she drops an evanescent tear over his frustrate ambitions; news of Volodia's death, driving Olga distracted and the widowed Assia to silence, but when Nina hears that her husband is coming home wounded—slightly, she understands—she doffs her mourning and, for all her mother's taunts, cannot restrain her jubilation. Then Vladimir arrives, but he is carried in; and when the rug that covers him slips off, the reason for that is clear. He stretches out feeble hands

* "War." By Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton and Ivan Ohzol. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.) —"The Burgomaster of Stilemonde." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

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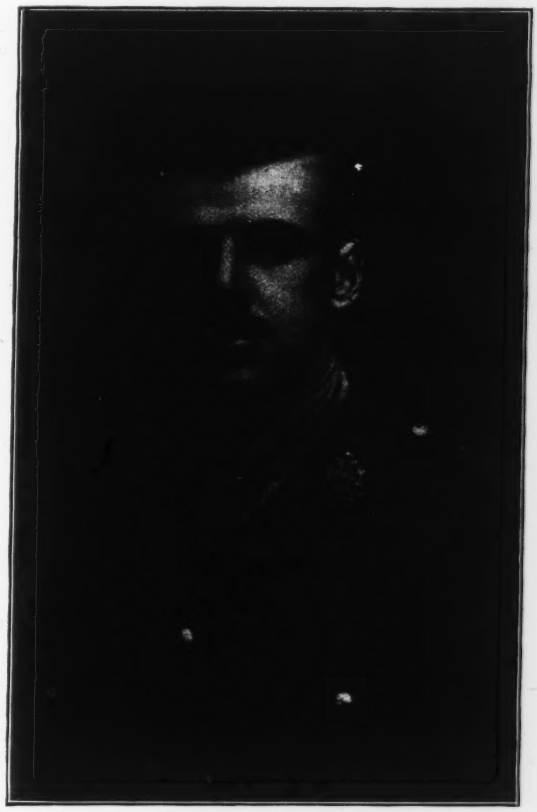
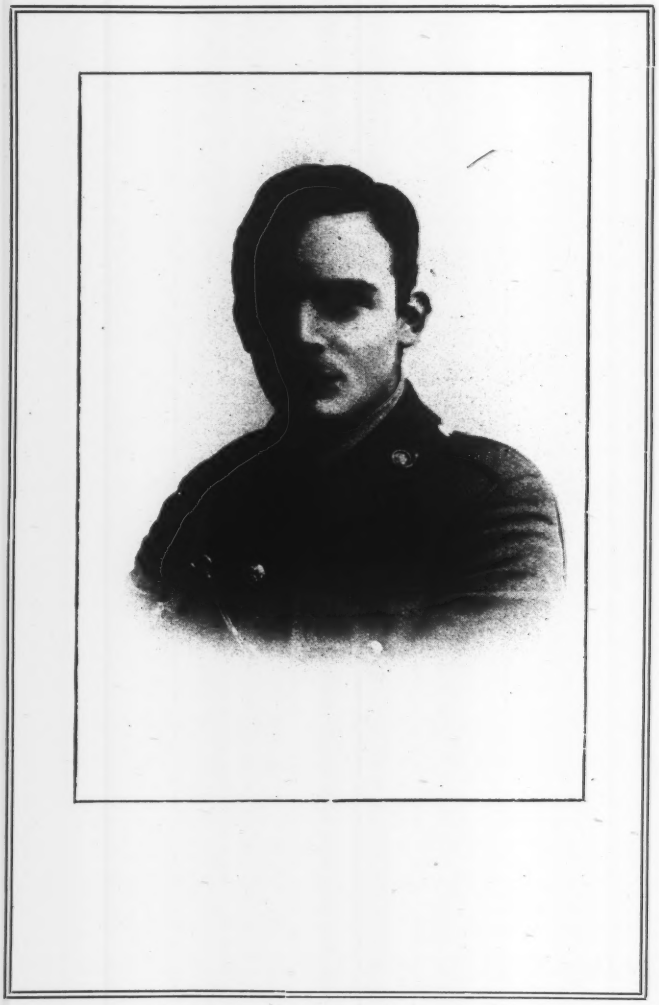


JOHN E. STEWART, M.C.,
MAJOR, STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT
Author of "Grapes of Thorns."



HAROLD PARRY,
2ND LIEUTENANT, KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.
Author of "Letters and Poems."

Photo by Auxiliary Portrait Studios, Westminster.

ARTHUR LEWIS JENKINS,
LIEUTENANT, R.F.C.
Author of "Forlorn Adventurers."

Photo by G. A, Brown, Greenock.

ROBERT W. STERLING,
LIEUTENANT, ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.
Author of "The Burial of Sophocles," etc.

XUM

to his wife; and she "falls back into the arms of the prince."

The comfortable study of the burgomaster of the little Belgian town of Stilemonde, who, in his private capacity, is a very successful horticulturist. The Germans are approaching, and they are under the command of the burgomaster's own son-in-law Otto. But when they arrive there are, besides Otto, not only another lieutenant, Karl von Schaunberg, but also a superior officer, Major Baron von Rochow. According to custom, the burgomaster's life is made surety for those of the invaders. The burgomaster is not much disturbed; it is a mere formality no doubt, especially as all the arms in the town are safely locked up in the Town Hall. But before the Germans have been three hours in Stilemonde, von Schaunberg has been shot dead. An old man, the burgomaster's head gardener, is arrested. There is no shadow of evidence against him; he does not even know how to use a gun. Moreover, von Schaunberg was hated by his own men. But justice, German justice, must be done. Either old Claus's life or the burgomaster's must pay for the lieutenant's, and in spite of the arguments of the German officers, who really cannot see his objections, and in spite of the passionate pleading of faithful Claus when he realises what is at stake, the burgomaster is determined that it shall be his own that pays. He is to be shot at seven o'clock in the evening . . . and Otto Hilmer must superintend the execution of his father-in-law and friend. The major is as immovable as the condemned man. For Otto to refuse, would be death for him too. But Isabelle, his wife, would have him refuse even at that cost. She, her husband, and her father will die together, with their backs to the same wall. Otto, at first hesitant, torn between his sense of duty to the service to which he is devoted and sincere love for his wife and affection for his father-in-law, is at last won by Isabelle's pleading. But once more the burgomaster is inexorable; and in the end, before going to his death, he locks Isabelle in the room. . . . And when the Major enters to inform her that he has done her father the honour of himself commanding the firing party, she turns not only from him, but also from her husband in relentless indignation.

It would be difficult to imagine two plays, having an essential element in common, more different than those here summarised, Artzibashef's "War" and Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stilemonde." Nor is the difference merely incidental to the wide difference in the nature of their respective subjects. It is inherent in the temperaments of the two writers. Had Maeterlinck written "War" he would have reduced the characters to the size of puppets, endowed them with a puppet's irresponsibility and set them against a background of so vast a destiny as would make it absurd to criticise even Nina's frailty. Had Artzibashef written "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde," he could hardly have refrained from making the burgomaster quit the scene with something of a swagger—as Sanine quitted the little provincial world where he had wrought such havoc—instead of with the dignity assigned to him by his actual creator.

Maeterlinck writes as a patriot and a moralist. He portrays a struggle between good and evil, between the noble and the base. Not that his characters are types; they are all very human: the burgomaster loves good living, Otto, though the slave of a system, was born with amiable qualities, and even the major, one feels, would be capable in his own domestic circle of a perhaps rather terrifying bonhomie. But the moving spirit of the play is the unconquerable spirit of man, and especially of the Belgian in August, 1914.

Artzibashef, on the other hand, is pre-eminently an observer of his fellows; cynical, some will say—at any rate not predisposed to discover a superabundance of heroism. He draws what he sees in sharply realised figures, interesting us in them as he is himself interested.

Maeterlinck's play is to be played in England. It is to be hoped that Artzibashef's will be also.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

PERSONALIA.*

The title exactly describes the latest book of Mr. E. S. P. Haynes. It is concerned with men and manners and the spirit of man, and only in a small degree with the author's ideas. Whether he writes of contemporaries or predecessors he writes as an equal, without superiority or adulation, with affection but without affectation. He is at his best in his too-brief memoir of Edward Thomas, an Oxford companion and a life-long friend, who died in 1917 aged thirty-eight, and of George Frederick Pollock, Master of the King's Bench, who died in 1915 aged ninety-three. Affection and admiration combine in the making of two very different tributes. In the case of Edward Thomas Mr. Haynes is aware of a diffident melancholy which has but served to strengthen an intimate attraction; and in the case of Master George Pollock he portrays a character of robust simplicity to which his admiration is no less completely given. It is odd to think that Pollock remembered seeing with astonishment a genial gentleman at Whitehall, King William the Fourth, suddenly look from his carriage window and put out his tongue at certain friends passing by. Of another Pollock, the famous Chief Baron, he is able to relate incidents for which every reader will be grateful; witness that of the burglar who had been persuaded by the prison chaplain to plead guilty. After an interval in the court the burglar returned to the chaplain acquitted, and explained, "When I saw that good kind man sitting in court, I knew I should be acquitted, and I really could not bring myself to plead guilty." Mr. Haynes adds to the precious store of anecdotes of Judge Maule.

"His brother judges would give way to Maule for fear of his ability and sharp tongue till on one occasion Maule, after delivering judgment and then hearing all the other judgments, suddenly remarked: 'After mature consideration, I differ from my learned brothers. I have come to the conclusion that my judgment was wrong, and the first misgivings that occurred to me about it were due to the fact that my brothers agreed with it.'"

Of equal interest are Mr. Haynes's recollection of "Three Men of Peace" who died fighting—Rupert Brooke, Alfred his younger brother, and F. H. Keeling the Fabian journalist; and these recollections give a peculiar significance to his reflections—in "All Saints' Day"—on the question of loyalty to the dead and their survival after death. He fears the enervation of a morbid loyalty.

"The worst wrong we can commit is to allow ourselves to be so obsessed by the idea of death as to lose the idea of life; this"—and it is a wise reminder—"this may well become a stronger temptation to those who are not actually fighting than to those who are."

Probably Mr. Haynes would admit nevertheless that the obsession of the idea of death does not necessarily destroy the idea of life: witness Donne, most passionate of men, who out of the very exuberance of his spiritual vitality, grew to love the contemplation of death, seeking to make that Shade more vivid, to animate it with his own breath, and to enrich it with his own poetry—in a word, at once to intensify and absorb the idea of death in the idea of life. Nor was Donne alone in this. It is the attitude, the passion of that instinctive, imaginative wisdom which we call poetry and which the truest poets present in their images and rhythms and echoes of things only half understood. Materialistic notions of personality and survival—such as Mr. Haynes seems to accept—must needs seem inadequate, making death a worse rather than a lesser evil, and personality itself a little rather than a great riddle.

"Individuality is itself no more than a capacity to assimilate through human intercourse and observations and affections all that enables it to survive; and all that we have assimilated from the dead will for ever remain a part of us."

Every man wants to state his sense of these dark matters in his own terms—more than this the greatest can hardly do. No wise man pretends to solve riddles, and the only

* "Personalia." By E. S. P. Haynes. 4s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

point to be urged against Mr. Haynes's contentions in his thoughtful and all too short essay is that he prefers to state the problem in terms not much above their lowest terms.

Other essays in the book include History and Morals, Teutons and Latins, and Continental England. It is, says Mr. Haynes, necessary to remind ourselves that the English are *English* and not Teutons, and he fears the loss of the "pleasant eccentricity" of the old England that was overwhelmed in 1914. Maybe 1919 will see the miracle of resuscitation beginning.

JOHN FREEMAN.

A STEVENSON BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

This is a new and revised edition of the Bibliography which was first published some fifteen years ago by the late Colonel Prideaux. In preparing it, the aim of the editor has been to bring it up to date, but to change Colonel Prideaux's work as little as possible. "Several interesting discoveries have been made, among them being two editions of 'John Nicholson,' earlier than the accepted 'American Series, No. 60'; the copyright editions of 'The Beach of Falesá,' and 'The Beach of Falesá' with 'The Bottle Imp,' the text of which the first American edition of 'Island Nights' Entertainments' follows; the copyright edition in three parts of 'Weir of Hermiston'; an earlier issue of 'Ticonderoga'; and the first American edition, so long sought, of 'Macaire,' a discovery of special interest to the American collector." The latter, which was published in Chicago in 1895, is described as 12mo in size, but in a recent Goodspeed's Catalogue we notice the announcement of an issue which is stated to be of 16mo size. This also was published in Chicago, and is evidently the play noted as "re-set later in the year with the table-page rubricated."

A work of this kind serves the interests of the collector, the special student, and the general reader. To the latter the Appendix will specially appeal, consisting as it does of a very full list of complete volumes of biography and criticism, and critical and biographical articles in magazines, newspapers, etc. The only additions which we are able to make are a very interesting article, "Robert Louis Stevenson at Barbizon," written by A. J. Daplyn, which was printed in *Chambers's Journal* on July 14, 1917, and an equally interesting account of Stevenson in Samoa, to be found in Mr. Safroni Middleton's "A Vagabond's Odyssey," which was reviewed in these columns in June of last year. It is to be presumed that these articles appeared too late for mention as the editorial note is dated 1917.

That explanation, however, will not account for the omission of any reference to an important publication of that very enterprising and useful body, the Bibliophile Society of Boston, U.S., which published in 1916, in two royal 8vo volumes, the following work: "Poems. Hitherto unpublished, with Introduction and Notes, by George S. Hellman."

Further, no mention is made of "R. L. Stevenson, the Man and his Work," which appeared as a BOOKMAN extra number in 1913. And in the description of two booklets, "On the Choice of a Profession" and "The Waif Woman," first issued as separate works in 1916, a *fleuron* in red on the title-page of each book, has been overlooked. Of course such an oversight may be considered too trivial a detail to be noted, but not, we imagine, will it be so regarded by the collector. In spite, however, of these and one or two other shortcomings, all Stevensonians will be eager to add this most useful and handsome volume to their bookshelves, especially those who are so fortunate as to possess the "Pentland" edition, with which this is uniform in appearance.

* "A Bibliography of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Colonel W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I. Edited and Supplemented by Mrs. Luther S. Livingston. 12s. 6d. net. (Frank Hollings.)

FOR REMEMBRANCE.*

"A man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself," said Marcus Aurelius. Here, surely, is a sentence which passes sentence; here is a pocket edition of the Book of Judgment—a forecast, as it were, of the Day of Judgment—in a phrase!

An answer I received, only yesterday, recalled the saying. "Do you know So and So?" I inquired of a friend. "What sort of a man is he?" "The sort of man, I should think," was the reply, "who collects postage stamps"; and, for the friend who so spoke is not unkindly, I felt that he had, as the cinema advertisements say, "featured" the other fellow for me to purpose.

This is what Mr. Arthur St. John Adcock has done for us in his beautifully-produced, beautifully-illustrated Christmas presentation volume, "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War." Some of his soldier poets were known to me, and so vividly does he recall them that, as I read, I seem to hear:

> "Far voices, out of darkness calling
> My feet to paths unknown."

Mr. Adcock does not attempt personal "impressions" of his forty-four poets.

He does not even invite our admiration of their patriotism, courage and endurance. These qualities are implied by the fact that the poets appear in his book. It is their intellectual and spiritual worth which he seeks to convey and to estimate. A man being "worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself," Mr. Adcock's aim is to show us the man as he was before the war, and to show us, too, the things about which the man then and thereafter busied himself.

First in the list is Captain Brian Brooke, a big-game hunter. "An ardent, downright man of action," writes Mr. Adcock, "full-blooded, intensely alive, simple, honourable, likeable, not troubled overmuch with brooding inspection and the pale cast of thought, but rich in a rugged, common-sense philosophy and a breezy humanity that finds outlet in his stirring ballads of hunting, fighting and adventure. Danger and hardship exhilarated him; he would risk his life in a gamble, as keenly as others risk their money. When we were struggling desperately against the first gigantic onrush of the enemy and voluntary recruiting here was in full swing, he was scathingly contemptuous of

"The courage of the dauntless few who dared to stay behind."

Next comes Julian Grenfell, in whom "the characteristic qualities of the old and new soldier met and were reconciled. . . . Delighting in the profession of arms, he was also something of a visionary, a mystic, and when he came to write of battle and death transfigured them to shapes of spiritual loveliness."

Third on Mr. Adcock's list is the gentle-souled student, W. N. Hodgson. "The difference of attitude and feeling in the new soldier who became a soldier not from predilection," writes Mr. Adcock, "but against it and from a sheer sense of duty, is manifest at once, I think, in his 'Before Battle':

> "By all the glories of the day
> And the cool evening's benison;
> By the last sunset touch that lay
> Upon the hills when day was done;
> By beauty lavishly outpoured,
> And blessings carelessly received,
> By all the days that I have lived,
> Make me a soldier, Lord.
>
> "By all of all men's hopes and fears,
> And all the wonders poets sing,
> The laughter of unclouded years,
> And every sad and lovely thing:
> By the romantic ages stored
> With high endeavour that was his
> By all his sad catastrophes,
> Make me a man, O Lord.

* "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War." By Arthur St. John Adcock. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this;
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord."

I have instanced only the first three of Mr. Adcock's poets in illustration of his method of recalling for us the man as he was, and selecting a representative poem or poems for quotation. This affords an agreeable change from the war anthologies, of which there are not a few, all upon conventional lines. Not all Mr. Adcock's poets were of the first nor even of the second rank, but there is not one who has not some distinction or some memorable word to leave; and in "For Remembrance" we have what was best alike in their life and in their work. If only as a record of affection, the contents and spirit of the book recall Emerson's lines in "Threnody":

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again."

Two of the expressions of "heart's love" are singularly touching. Of his beautiful poet-mother, Pamela Tennant, now Lady Glenconner, Wyndham Tennant, who was only nineteen when he fell, wrote:

"... She is full of love and grace,
A kind of flower in all the place ...
Even the trees give her salutes,
They seem to know who's near their roots. ...
She is something quite divine,
And joy, oh joy, this mother's mine."

Equally lovely is Colwyn Philipps' prose tribute to his mother:

"You have never advised me to do anything because it seemed wise unless it was the highest right. Single-minded you have chosen love and honour as the 'things that are more excellent,' and you have not failed. ... You are to me the dearest friend, the perfect companion, the shining example, and the proof that honour and love are above all things, and are possible of attainment."

There are many similar passages, some of Mr. Adcock's writing, others by his soldier poets, which one longs to quote, if only to illustrate the singular diversity of mood which is here to be found. Even humour of a sort is not unrepresented, as when Clifford Flower, rejected again and again at the Recruiting Offices, wrote to Lord Kitchener: "My Lord, I have answered *your* appeal, will you answer *mine*?" Well might Harold Parry write of "Boys who have gone to the war with laughter in their eyes and God in their heart." Yet as Mr. Adcock finely says: "They descended into the pit, and fought with beasts, but remained unconquerably human." Nor was the sensitiveness of their nature blunted by the bestiality of war;—and if we ask ourselves what is it which most differentiates one friend from another, is not the answer to be found in the fact that it is not moral worth, nor merely intellectual gifts, but *a certain exquisite and receptive fine sensitiveness* which most wins and holds our love? If that be so, Mr. Adcock's book is all the more welcome, for we are in danger, to-day, of overglorifying mere brute courage. We have paid deserved tribute to the "Old Bills," and the "'Erbs," the ne'er-do-wells and their like, who have "made good" in the war, and we do so joyfully. But their unthinking, unimaginative, animal courage is surely less marvellous than that of these highly sensitive, imaginative natures of whom Mr. Adcock writes with that same fine sensitiveness of which I speak. Reading his record of our soldier poets—the sacrifices they made for England, their superb courage and endurance, their cheeriness, light-heartedness, and of their hero death—one does not know whether to be moved the more to gladness or to grief, to the singing of a proud Te Deum or to the shedding of anguished tears.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

Novel Notes.

WALKING SHADOWS. By Alfred Noyes. 7s. net. (Cassell.)

It would be an injustice to say that Mr. Alfred Noyes has acquired the "trick" of the short story, because the art of "Walking Shadows" is not legerdemain but the result of an artist's study of the short-story masterpieces and of a genuine strength for fiction in condensed form. A sea influence predominates, and of course this is not surprising when the author is a poet who has written so much and so comprehendingly about the English mariners of other days. In the majority of the tales we have the war as well as the sea. "The fragrance of fiction is fairest when frayed in the furnace of fact," and it is clear that some of the stories are based on Mr. Noyes's recent experiences as a privileged observer and chronicler on behalf of the Admiralty. "Uncle Hyacinth," for instance, which tells how a secret agent of the German Government endeavoured to come from Buenos Ayres to Barcelona in an Argentine steamer, may well be in large measure true. Once on board and at sea, he found to his consternation on decoding a message to himself that his Government had determined to sink Argentine ships. Eagerly he sought an officer of the steamer and asked, "Will it be possible for me to be taken off and return. I have found amongst my mail an important letter. A friend is very ill." The liar was told it was impossible. He returned to his state-room, almost panic-stricken. He was a slippery creature, and his fellow-countrymen had often admired his "slimness" in former crises; but it was difficult to discover a cranny big enough for a cockroach here, unless he made a clean breast of it to the captain—which, having regard to obvious sequels, was out of the question. The desperation of the spy was grimly emphasised by a cheery smoking-concert at which a fellow-passenger sang, with unconscious appropriateness:

"If they sink us, we shall be
All the nearer to the sea!
That's no hardship to deplore,
We've all been in the sea before.

Chorus.

And then we'll go a-rambling,
A-rambling, a-rambling,
With all the little lobsters
From Frisco to the Nore."

Developments of a kind unforeseen by the agent land him, not in neutral Spain, but in England, where no doubt he got his deserts. ... The humour and ingenuity of the tale recall the early sea-stories of Mr. Kipling. A sharp contrast is provided by "The Lighthouse," which describes the killing of a lone lighthouse-keeper by Germans from midnight submarines, and has the sense of tragedy from start to finish. It is to be trusted that "Walking Shadows" is not Mr. Noyes's last essay in the field of fiction.

A BORED SHIP IDYLL. By C. Brooke Elliott. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

This is emphatically a book to please those who have made long voyages on the sea in war time. Mr. Elliott knows all about life on board, and he must surely himself have come to England from the East while submarines were about, otherwise he could never have written so vividly about the scene on deck when all are warned and prepared for the worst. His proposal scene comes just then: "Mr. Lightfoot was standing near, close by Miss Ireland near the taffrail. 'If it should come,' he said in a low voice, 'I shall most probably not be near you.' 'Come in our boat, if you can,' she said softly. He looked straight at her in the fading light and saw something that gave him immense joy." There are several very amusing and careful character studies in this book—the Major, Mrs. Barker, the mother of soldiers, and the Shy Man. We like the outburst about the smallness of the heroine's cabin. "When will rich shipping companies realise the inhumanity not to say the beastliness of condemning three women to spend weeks together in a kind of glorified coal cellar ten by six?"

THE LEDGE ON BALD FACE. By Major Charles G. D. Roberts. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

These fascinating tales of birds and animals breathe of the open air, rough outlands, and lonely mountainous places, and are told with the power and subtle knowledge of wild creatures which have earned Major Roberts such popularity as a writer of animal stories. The first, from which the book takes its title, describes how Joe Peddler crosses the mountain known as Old Bald Face by means of a perilous ledge-path, where the scanty traffic had "its more or less regular times and seasons. In seasons of drought or hard frost it vanished altogether. In seasons of flood it increased the longer the floods lasted. And whenever there was any passing at all, the movement was from east to west in the morning, from west to east in the afternoon. This fact may have been due to some sort of dimly recognised convention among the wild kindreds, arrived at in some subtle way to avoid unnecessary—and necessarily deadly—misunderstanding and struggle. For the creatures of the wild seldom fight for fighting's sake. They fight for food, or, in the mating season, they fight in order that the best and strongest may carry off the prizes. But mere purposeless risk and slaughter they instinctively strive to avoid. The airy ledge across Bald Face was not a place where the boldest of the wild kindred—the bear or the bull-moose, to say nothing of lesser champions—would wilfully invite the doubtful combat. If, therefore, it had been somehow arrived at that there should be no disastrous meetings, no face-to-face struggles for the right of way, at a spot where dreadful death was inevitable for one or both of the combatants, that would have been in no way inconsistent with the accepted laws and customs of the wilderness." Joe Peddler, being unaware of this mountain law, meets various animals coming towards him and only by pluck and ingenuity contrives to reach the end of his adventurous journey. Another story echoes the thunder of war and tells of the escape of an eagle from the small zoo of a bombarded town. Yet another, "Cock Crow," deals with the experiences of a cock that escapes from the wreckage of a railway smash. There are five tales altogether; the last being a series of ingenious and cleverly-told stories of a dog-detective; and they are original and arresting both in theme and handling. The book is one of quite exceptional interest, and is illustrated with many striking drawings.

TONY HERON. By C. Kennett Burrow. 6s. (Collins.)

There are some carefully drawn characters in "Tony Heron," this skilfully written and phrased tale of a man's life and difficulties before the war. The study of Beatrice and her infatuation for Tony is well done; his attitude and hesitation are very true to life. The story of their dear, hapless little son is presented with real and unforced pathos. All the way through the book we find remarks worth remembering, for instance: "There is a pretty picture of the world as it should be," he said. "The woman waiting, and the man always coming home. There are other things in the world, but perhaps that's the foundation of the best of all of them. There's anchorage there; without that a man's only a poor drifter." We like "Tony Heron," but are convinced that the writer will yet give us a better novel. Let him prune his conversations unmercifully.

MARTIN SCHÜLER. By Romer Wilson. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

Here is a novel dealing exclusively and, let it be said at once, brilliantly with the growth and culture of that peculiarly sensitive plant, "the artistic temperament." It is the story of a German musical genius painfully and deliberately "finding himself," and absorbing for that end alone all that life and love can offer. We meet Martin Schüler as a moony, untidy young man of twenty, dreaming in his Heidelberg attic of writing an opera round an old fairy tale, and the story traces his career from phase to phase, from minor success to major success, patron to patron, love-affair to love-affair, until the night of the production of his big work at the Berlin Opera House where he sits in a box hung with laurel and roses. A remark of Martin's, "I wish I could love deeply and truly. The fact is, all my feelings change into tunes after a little," gives the clue to his character. His music portfolio, indeed, is a record of his *affaires de coeur*. "Martin Schüler" is written with penetrating insight and not a little wit, and holds the mirror up to "genius"—odd medley of god and animal—at a novel and alluring angle.

CANDLELIGHT. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. 9d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

In "Candlelight"—a work originally written under the title of "Round the Corner"—Mrs. Henry Dudeney maintains her reputation as one of the most accomplished women writers of fiction in Britain to-day. As is invariable with her, the technique is excellent, and as is also invariable with her, this is applied to the construction and telling of a tale with a plot sufficiently complex and exciting to satisfy even blasé connoisseurs of present-day novels. "Candlelight" is advertised as "a powerful story of Sin and Retribution that is bound to arouse much discussion," and as presenting a moral problem in an unusual form. The Sin is clearly set forth, but the Retribution is left somewhat indefinite, for in the end we have the sinned against and the sinners established with at least an outward show of possible and probable peace and prosperity. The opening chapters introduce us to the five leading characters—Edith and Wilfrid, who have been married for two years; Billy, their son; and George and Ann, who are "engaged." Wilfrid and Ann are brother and sister; and the families are well-to-do middle-class. From the beginning it is obvious that the relationships between Edith, Wilfrid, Ann and George are not, to say the least of them, normal; and it is with subtle skill that Mrs. Dudeney presents, emphasises and develops the suggestion that there has been—and may still be—a good deal between Edith and the man who is to marry her husband's sister. The reader will suspect correctly that George is Billy's father, but not one in ten score of readers will come without surprise on the bedroom scene in which the truth is conveyed to Wilfrid. Tragedy is an immediate sequel, and it is after the existing calm of the quartet has been dispelled that Mrs. Dudeney proceeds finely and so smoothly with the psychological studies that are a feature of the work. How, twenty years after the blow fell, the boy learns the truth as to his parentage is as dramatic, unconventional and fresh as the method in which the same facts were disclosed to the man who believed himself to be his father. All the leading figures are drawn with sure lines, none of which is superfluous; and incidentally there is an able sketch of a Mrs. Brewberry, a charwoman far removed from the tiresome old women of her calling who provide the comic relief of so many books and plays.

THE CHESTERMARKE INSTINCT. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

An intriguing story written skilfully and with cumulative effect around the sensational disappearance of the manager of a private bank in a country town. At the outset Mr. Horbury's absence from duty does not redound to his credit, for it coincides with the disappearance of a hundred-thousand-pound necklace and other valuable securities lodged at the bank. Fortunately, among those who believe in his honesty is a brisk, business-like niece, who enlists on her side the sympathy (and something more) of one of the bank clerks, and their adventures in elucidating the mystery make a varied and thrilling theme. In the persons of the Chestermarke brothers, the bankers whose double—or rather quadruple—lives give an unusual turn to the story, Mr. Fletcher has created two characters of absorbing interest. "The cleverest man living couldn't tell what either Gabriel or Joseph Chestermarke think about anything. . . . You know what Gabriel's face is like—a stone image! And Joseph always looks as if he was sneering at you, a sort of soft, smiling sneer." The story has the advantage of a highly dramatic climax, which brings with it a solution to the mystery at once satisfying and unexpected.

QUEEN JENNIE. By May Wynne. 7s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Some story settings never grow old, and this is true of those tales which have for stage the long-ago plottings in the Highlands to set a Stuart on the throne. All through Miss May Wynne's spirited story we smell the peat and the heather as we listen to the jingle of spurs, the clash of broadswords and the bonny battle-cry of the Stuarts. In the midst of all—and what better setting could there be for romance?—moves Mistress Jennie Cameron, the wife, in name only, of the so-called King Robert Bruce, but in reality the Queen of his adherents—a woman combining all the gifts in a most fascinating and contradictory personality. Leading the band of Highland rovers on midnight forays, rides Jennie, bridle to bridle with her King, encountering as she goes adventures of love and war, wherein self-sacrifice and the claims of honour play their apportioned part until the great love claims her for its own.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

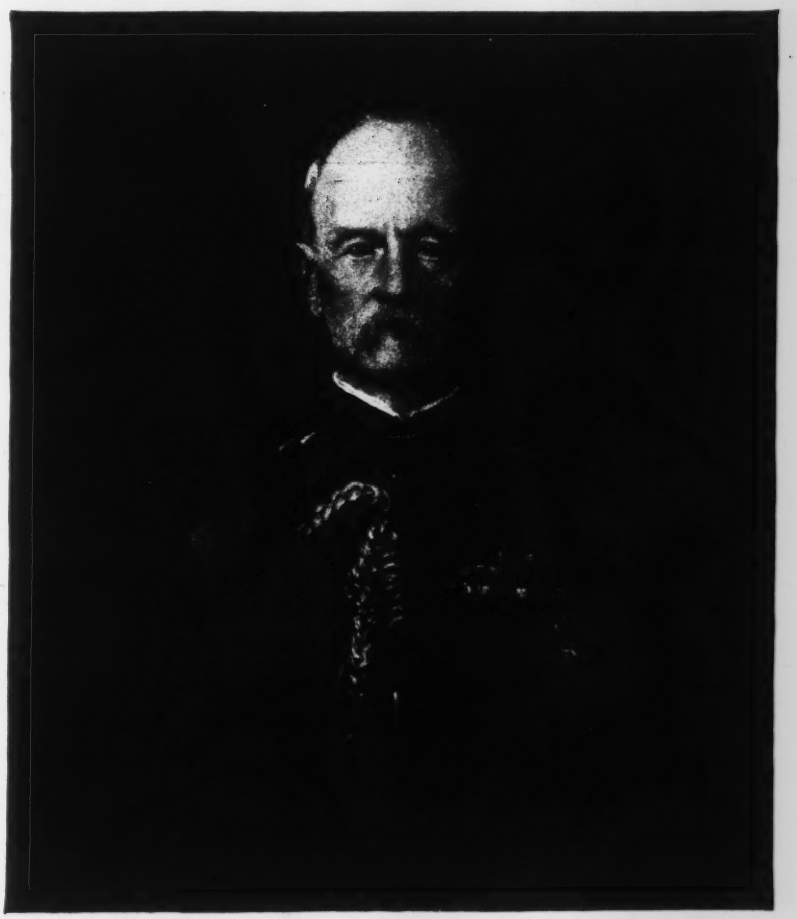
For his new story Mr. Bailey has repeated the title of a scriptural romance popular in the seventies; but as chalk is to cheese, so is that book to this. It is indeed a brilliant tale written with the ease and cunning of a practised writer. From the vivid description of Lady Palmerston's party to the final chapter, wherein is the inevitable love-scene which terminates Pippa's adventures, all things are done as they should be done, so there is little room for criticism. The story is concerned with the making of Italy into a nation, so that the hero, the heroine, and other lesser characters are involved in Garibaldi's Sicilian campaign, enjoying—as the reader will also—many thrills and many surprises. The historical personages, Napoleon the Little, Cavour, Palmerston, Garibaldi, and the rest are all excellently drawn and judiciously brought into the story; there is just enough of them and not too much. Lucius, the hero, is capital, as philosopher and adventurer—a kind of mental mermaid, and Pippa, with whom he begins badly to end well, is a delightful creation. Not less so is Lady Flora with her large mind, and the wonder is that so tolerant a lady should have existed in the somewhat stodgy Albert Era. Winton, Lady Holmbury, Costa, Inspector Poppy—all are excellent. There is not a dull page in the book, and the episodes are sufficiently thrilling to be keenly enjoyed, even in these startling days when Fact has outbidden Fiction in producing the unexpected.

THE HAUNTED SHORE. By Morice Gerard. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Henry Vaux, whose life has been marred by the faithlessness of a fickle woman, has given himself up to a hermit existence, resolved to seal his heart against all future loves. Yet, in spite of his precaution, love finds him out and brings him the happiness he thought he had relinquished for ever. His love affair is by no means of the common order; it meets with dramatic situations and puts his pluck and manliness to hard tests. It is a stirring romance which appeals to the imagination—an ingenious combination of adventure and sentiment.

THE ANCHOR. By M. T. H. Sadler. 6s. net. (Constable.)

In his new novel Mr. Sadler presents a very intimate, complex and absorbing study of a hyper-sensitive young journalist. Notwithstanding his eager, receptive mentality and his ultra-critical attitude toward his own motives and actions, Laddie Macallister is open to, and indeed does not seek to evade, the charge of intellectual snobbery. His adventures belong to the sphere of the mind rather than of the body. "Nothing ever happens to me," he remarks to the wealthy young Socialist with whom he shares house. "It's dreadfully hard to be voluptuous when you hate carpets and smoke 'Capstan.'" His enthusiasms are reasoned yet unreasonable. He even enthuses over Magdala Houses, W.—"the tiers of paintless windows, the heavy porches with their steep flights of steps, the blotched discoloration of the plastered walls." "It's immense! I dreamed of this," he exclaims ecstatically. From the maze of his intellectual difficulties he escapes by way of a London roof-garden and a thunderstorm. "I must go now and find a wife," he announces from the roof; and, behold, on turning, there on the stairs sits Janet, and the love-story begins. It is a tale of temptation and intrigue; Paris and Yorkshire and Golden Square and Germany each have their influence on the development. Essentially a "thoughtful" story, "The Anchor" cuts deeper than most novels, and by the sincerity and strength of its characterisation justifies the high promise of its predecessor "Hyssop."



From a painting by Watts. **Lord Roberts.**

From "A Child's Book of National Portraits." A Christmas book published by the Medici Society.

The Bookman's Table.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By John Drinkwater. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

In the third scene of this play Mrs. Lincoln says to her old servant: "You still say Mr. Lincoln. You should say the President. Everybody calls him the President now"; and Susan replies, "No, ma'am. There's a good many people call him Father Abraham now. And there's some that like him even better than that. Only to-day Mr. Coldpenny at the stores said: 'Well, Susan, and how's old Abe this morning?'" It is Father Abraham whom Mr. Drinkwater has made so vivid in this chronicle drama. He keeps carefully to the records of Lincoln's life, and introduces very little fanciful material. In some chronicle plays the necessary dramatic interest has to be found in the lives of other than the protagonists; but with Lincoln drama is implicit throughout his career. There is drama enough in the strong contrast between the man's simplicity and his high place in the world's destiny. There is tragedy and to spare in the fatal ending, so like and so unlike to the death of other world heroes. There is human comedy in the conflict in Lincoln's own character—his apparent rusticity and his amazing depth and wisdom. And there is social comedy of a high order in the comparison of Lincoln's stronger ideals and single heart, and the mixed motives of the crowd of political rivals who embarrassed and decried him. Mr. Drinkwater is content in the main with the drama of Lincoln's career, and of his character as it appeared to the negroes and their supporters. He leaves untouched that big question, so troublesome to Lord Acton, as to the right of the North to coerce the South; and he has little light to throw on the inner psychology of his hero. It is Lincoln the Saviour of America, Lincoln the friend of the oppressed, Lincoln the shrewd statesman who appears in this play. The other characters are assistants at what is almost a dramatic apotheosis; for Lee, the only man comparable for essential dignity, is only introduced to make his gallant gesture of surrender to Sherman after the battle that ends the war. The play is written in prose; and no doubt it would be difficult to find verse of sufficient grandeur and simplicity for the life of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Drinkwater's prose is supple and easy, and he avoids the trap of mere eloquence with great skill. The best scenes for force and swiftness are that in which Lincoln decides, against his Cabinet, that Fort Sumter must be held, and that in which he confronts and confounds Hook, his chief opponent. The play should advance Mr. Drinkwater's reputation very considerably; and we hope it will find a producer who has the sense to see its great possibilities for the stage.

MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS: Being a Study of Imaginative Literature, 1890-1914. By Harold Williams. 12s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

It was no light task that Mr. Harold Williams undertook when he sat down to write this critical account of "all the important English writers of the period" which began with the virtual end of the Victorian era and closed with the beginning of the war. One is less inclined to wonder at the fact that he has omitted a few authors of note than that he has cast his net so wide and contrived to deal with so many in his careful and judicious survey. Perhaps the only novelists and another dramatist who should have been included, judging them against the size of some who are given place, are Stanley Weyman, Flora Annie Steel and W. S. Gilbert, and when this is the worst one can say it is evident that Mr. Williams has done his work ably and almost as thoroughly as could be expected of mortal man. His introductory chapter on the new influences and tendencies that were manifesting themselves in the latter Victorian days is shrewd and suggestive in its criticism and in its comment on the change that was coming over the literary world which Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray had dominated for so long. Some of us may think he is more than just to Alfred Austin, but here as throughout Mr. Williams stands by his own judgment and has the courage of his opinions. Separate sections are devoted to Poetry, to the Irish Poets and Playwrights, to the Literary and Intellectual Drama in England, and to the Novel. The book is as nearly exhaustive as a book on such a large theme could be; it makes interesting reading, and for purposes of reference will prove invaluable.

RHYME AND REVOLUTION IN GERMANY. By J. G. Legge. 15s. net. (Constable.)

This book, which covers the period between 1813 and 1850, gives not only a vivid picture of the forces then at work in the various German States, but shows us that before Bismarck and his blood and iron, and before the Danish War, the German people were hearing voices that incited them to become that with which the last few years have made us familiar. Fichte with his bombastic eloquence, Hegel the ice-cold bureaucrat, and such professors as von Haller of Berne, have much to answer for; it is interesting to see the latter being rebuked by Treitschke. Mr. Legge has built up this book chiefly by means of long extracts from the writings, lectures or correspondence of Germans—reactionaries and liberals, while his own interspersed remarks illuminate the most ponderous and turgid periods. But he mercifully gives us very little of that quality, and there is hardly a page in all these 572 which does not arrest our attention. We receive both instruction and entertainment, such as when we read the orders issued by Prince Henry the seventy-second of Reuss-Lobenstein-Ebersdorf, and the verses thereon by Fallersleben. It is remarkable with what skill the numerous verses in this book have been translated. One rather objects to the title of the book, in which Mr. Legge scarcely does himself justice—its alliteration is unfortunate, and so is the very word "rhyme." As one would expect, the poets are mostly in opposition, whether they were Heine or Austrian aristocrats like Platen and Grün, or sturdy fellows like the famous Uhland. It is extremely interesting to compare the speeches of William II. with those of his great-uncle, Frederick William IV., who had to be put under restraint; and the very full account of what happened in Berlin in March 1848, with the abject humiliation of the King, is very possibly now passing through the agitated mind of his relative. With regard to Countess Oriola's fascinating story of the Prince of Prussia's flight to England, the present writer was once told by a lady who happened to be lunching *en famille* with the Grand-Duke at Schwerin, that a hay-cart drove into the courtyard of the castle, and that from the middle of the hay there appeared a person who was travelling as Herr Ullman, this being the Prince of Prussia, afterwards Kaiser William I. By the way, it is a pity that Mr. Legge's vivacity sometimes betrays him, as when he denounces as "odious" the name of a gentleman called Schmalz, which being translated means lard or suet.

THE FATHER OF THE RED TRIANGLE. By J. E. Hodder Williams. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Since the first edition of this book made its appearance twelve years ago the Y.M.C.A. has grown a hundredfold in usefulness and importance. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the beneficent work it has done for the spiritual and material welfare of our Armies all over the world throughout the war, and almost as impossible adequately to describe the extent of it. Here in this story of the life of Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A., you are shown this gigantic organisation in its humble beginnings—how the idea came to one business man, was communicated to a few friends, and from a committee of them that met in a small top room developed by degrees the Y.M.C.A. as we know it to-day. Sir George was that combination which is not so rare as some imagine—a great idealist and an able man of affairs; kindly, generous, but thoroughly businesslike. He dreamed of a league of common brotherhood that should unite the young men of the shops and warehouses of the London of seventy years ago, and help them to some better way of life than was open to most of them in those days; and he went to work in the finest practical spirit to make his dream come true.

THE

BOOKMAN

Colonel John Buchan

SPECIAL XMAS NUMBER

1918

NOVEL REVIEWS · CRITICISM · ESSAYS · INTERVIEWS

ETC. ETC. ETC.

The House of Efficiency

FAMOUS in old times the City of London was governed by its merchants and trade guilds. The guild to which printers belonged existed under the name of the Worshipful Company of Stationers long before Printing was invented. The chief aim of the ancient guilds was to foster and develop good Craftsmanship. In the City of London to-day that tradition in the Art of Printing is upheld at the Edinburgh Press, Old Bailey, E.C.4

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ART POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

From English Fairy Tales
(*Macmillan*).

BOWLS.

Art, Poetry and Belles Lettres

From **Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn : With Some Other Phases of His Art,** By Walter Shaw Sparrow. With numerous Reproductions (*Lane*).

EXAMPLE OF PRELIMINARY WORK FOR THE PANELS IN CLEVELAND COURT-HOUSE, U.S.

CANADIAN WONDER TALES.

By CYRUS MACMILLAN. Illustrations in Colour by GEORGE SHERINGHAM and Foreword by SIR WILLIAM PETERSON, K.C.M.G. 15s. net. (Lane.)

Here is a book which deserves to be one of the season—meaning the Christmas season. It is not only very beautiful in appearance, with curious page-plates and its simple, bold printing, but it is a real contribution to our great and ever-extending treasury of wonder-lore and legend. Sir William Peterson, whose Preface—brief as it looks—is no mere formality, tells us that it is "the book of a soldier-student", and that Captain Macmillan has taken down the stories "from the lips of living people." The author, on his own part, says that they are things chosen out of a much larger collection, gathered from nameless Indians, fishermen and sailors, "spinners and knitters in the sun." Doubtless in the time to come he will dip again into his wallet for our delight and knowledge. Here, meanwhile, are old friends in new vestures and world-old myths in a new guise and setting, intermingled with which are not a few which have come out of the wilderness of Canadian cottage hearths, forests and camp-fires—it may be for the first time. "The Star-Boy and the Sun-Dance" is new at least to us, and one of the best in the book. "The Northern Lights" is old as any hills of dream, but it has acquired a tearful pathos and beauty at its close, when the fairy wife in the forest and her boy-husband are carried from the wicked place where men forget, to "the Land of Eternal Memory" and are changed into Lights of Heaven. From the folk-lore standpoint the most important of all are the tales about Glooskap, that "great lord and creator" of the Children of Light, meaning those Indians of Eastern Canada who dwelt nearest to the sunrise in primeval days—long "before the white men came from Europe." He is the Canadian Hiawatha, maker of elves and fairies, bringer forth of men from trees, giver of birds to air, fish to the great waters and beasts to the green earth. That which he made he taught also and ruled, an incarnation himself of the Good Spirit, whose hand and heart were kind. In the end he passed away, precisely as Hiawatha passed; but he will come again like Arthur, overcome the evil creatures and bring back the Golden Age. It will be found that the collector's modern hand has touched up here and there in the telling, but the old roots and the old motives remain. The result is an admirable book of tales for the young, and a myth-cycle of no little value for students.

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THE SPRINGTIDE OF LIFE:

Poems of Childhood.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. With a Preface by EDMUND GOSSE. 10s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Never was more exquisite homage paid to the wonder, the sweetness, the innocence of babyhood and childhood than in the songs that Swinburne sang of them. His verse is filled with their morning grace and freshness; it flowers spontaneously into the daintiest, prettiest fancies, and passes lightly from adoration to playful tenderness or the gentlest laughter. If there were no children in the world, he sings in "The Salt of the Earth":

"This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun";

and in "Three Weeks Old":

"Three weeks old, and a very rose of roses,
Bright and sweet as love is sweet and bright.
Heaven and earth, till a man's life wanes and closes,
Show not life nor love a lovelier sight."

There is no thing sweeter, he says, than a child's ways and wiles, and

"Heaven is every place
Where your flower-sweet face
Fills our eyes with grace."

The poems appeal less to children than to child-lovers, though many of them are addressed to children, and the poet protests, in one of the glowing cycle of songs, "A Dark Month":

"I am only my love's
True lover,
With a nestful of songs, like doves
Under a cover,

"That I bring in my cap
Fresh caught,
To be laid on my small king's lap . . ."

From Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn: With Some Other Phases of His Art, By Walter Shaw Sparrow. With numerous Illustrations (*Lane*),

A STUDY OF MONKS IN BRANGWYN'S CARTOON FOR A PANEL IN ST. AIDAN'S CHURCH, LEEDS.

Mr. Arthur Rackham has caught the very spirit and changing moods of the poems very happily in his delicately finished series of colour pictures, and his many little sketches of children, scattered through its pages as head- and tail-pieces, add much to the charm of one of the most beautiful gift-books that the year has brought us.

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IVAN MESTROVIC.

With Contributions by PROFESSOR POPOVIC, JAMES BONE, DR. R. W. SETON-WATSON, and Others. Preface by SIR JOHN LAVERY. Edited by DR. CURCIN. Illustrated. 25s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Ivan Mestrovic, who is regarded by many critics as the greatest of living sculptors, was born less than half a century ago in the little village of Ottavice, in the Dalmatian mountains. His parents were of the peasant class, but his father, from whom he derives his talent, cared less for agriculture than for the building of houses and monuments. The son was inspired by the hero-tales of his country and religion, and at an early age was finding his bent and carving in such wood and stone as was available whenever he had leisure from his work in the fields or as a shepherd on the mountains. So much promise had he shown that when he was fifteen an unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain a better education for him. Then he was bound apprentice to a master-mason, who soon recognised his gifts and raised him to a position of trust. Presently the friend who had tried to better his chances before tried again and took him to Vienna where, after considerable struggles, he entered the Art School, and so at the age of sixteen entered upon his artistic career. This book tells the story of his life, studies the soul of his nation, and shows how this finds expression in Mestrovic's work. There are some ninety reproductions of his work in the sixty-four collotype plates that illustrate this handsome volume and help to make it a worthy memorial of a great Serbian artist; certainly one of the most original and powerfully imaginative who has ever worked in clay and stone.

From **Ivan Mestrovic** (*Williams & Norgate*).

THE ANNUNCIATION.

WOMAN'S VOICE: AN ANTHOLOGY.

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO. (Boston: The Stratford Company.)

This anthology arrives at a very opportune moment—just when the women of this country have obtained, not only the right to vote, but the right to sit in Parliament; thus very effectually securing means of making women's voice heard after centuries of silence and suppression. In this little volume Miss Josephine Conger-Kaneko has collected quotations from women writers, artists, teachers, actors, organisers and many engaged in other branches of work, expressing opinions on various important matters. As she says in her Preface, the book could have been two or three times its present size, but future editions will be revised and enlarged until it becomes the perfect volume to "take its place in every home as a standard household classic." The Woman's Movement, the Child, the Mother, the Home, Love and Marriage, Woman and Labour, Education, War and Peace, Classes, are among the vital topics concerning which she has gleaned quotations from advanced feminine thinkers of the present time and of previous ages. It is difficult to estimate the value of such a book, or the immense amount of labour it must have involved to compile. The warm thanks of women of all nations are due to her for getting together under one cover and within easy reach, so many fine and noble thoughts that will help women forward in the march of progress. "For," to use her own words, "Upon woman's activity may rest the salvation of the race."

From Ivan Mestrovic
(Williams & Norgate).

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Lilian Leveridge. (Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

The title-poem of this collection strikes the popular note with the personal touch. It is a sister's tribute to a brother lost in battle; and has already "got home," as it was sure to do, to many of those similarly bereaved by the wantonness of war. The "Laddie" of the verses (Corporal Frank E. Leveridge) was a Canadian soldier who died in a French hospital; and the pathos of his fate lends a note of individual sorrow to all the war-pieces. These are at once tributes to the British cause and the British "boys"; of whose valour and endurance, indeed, no praise can be too high; or else they describe the woman's part in the struggle, or embody the writer's sane, sound and cheery philosophy. War poems, strictly speaking, they are not; but they show the war's reflection in human hearts and lives, through a mist of tears often, but lit by a smile of hope. There are pleasant pictures of Canadian life and scenery, of sleigh-rides and hickory-hunts, blue-birds and whip-poor-wills; touches giving Stevenson's poignant phrase, expanded in the title, a new setting. The book is admirably printed and produced. The price, however, is not stated; an omission always irritating to a reviewer.

LETTERS AND DRAWINGS OF ENZO VALENTINI,

Conte di Laviano, Italian Volunteer and Soldier.

5s. (Constable.)

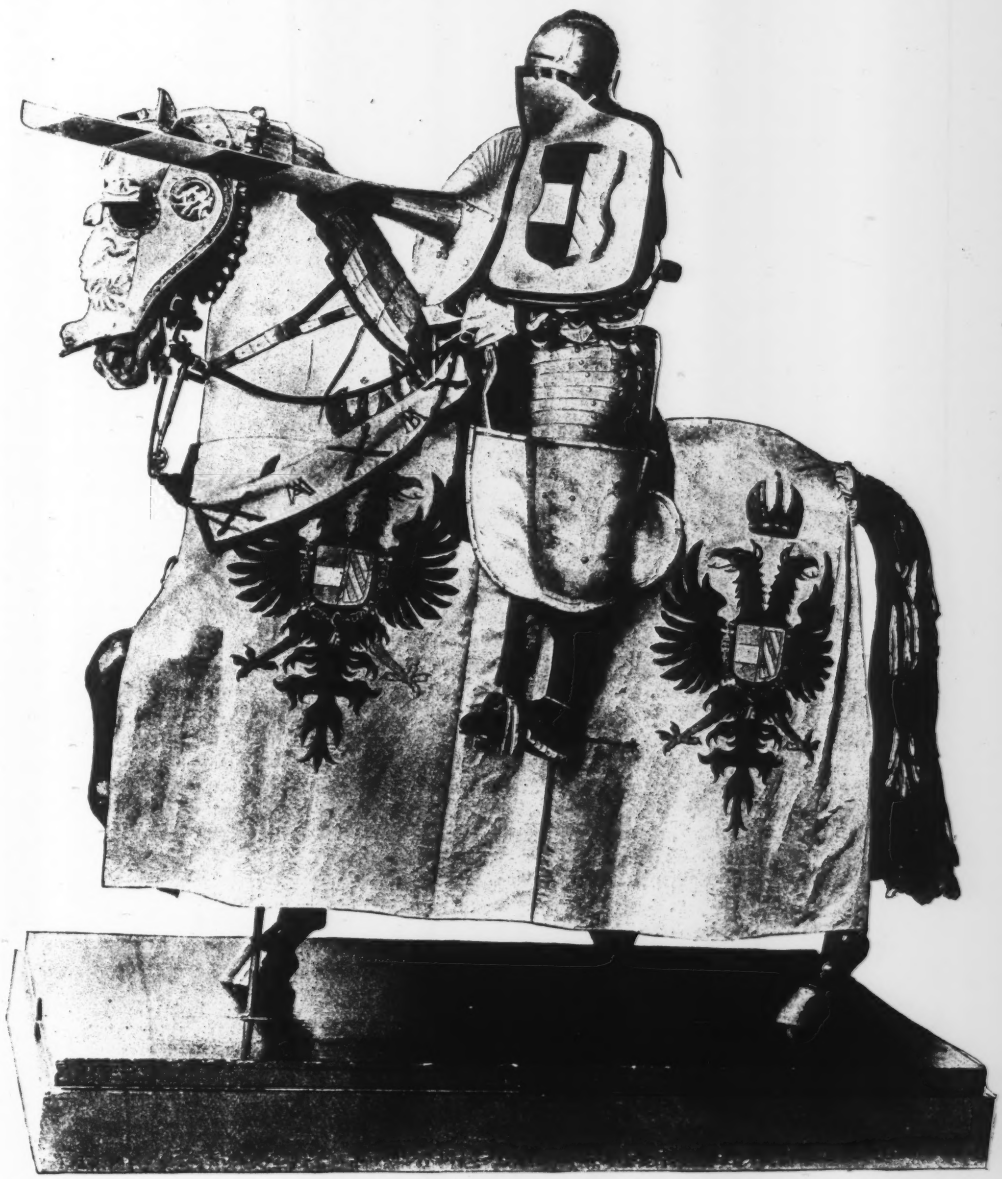
Under the age of conscription, without hesitation, and with his parents' full consent, Enzo Valentini, a brilliant and thoughtful youth, went into the Italian army, there to work and fight for but a few months before death came to him in battle. These amazing letters are full of love of country, and tender love of family; love too, of his men. He confesses naively that "everybody likes me." The lad Enzo had a poetic soul, was a great reader of Maeterlinck, and his letters show his deep love of beauty. "The nights are solemn and divine," he writes. Then, again: "The spirit lamp is a treasure. I tried it immediately, and the blaze made me think of tea steaming in the cups between us in the purple shadows of our beautiful drawing-room." His comments are occasionally shrewd. Speaking of the men who play cards all day he remarks: "These are, without doubt, the least intelligent." Again of existence on active service — he observes: "It is a very bearable life, which is hard, not on account of its intensity, but on account of its duration." His farewell letter overflows with courage and faith.

From **The Tournament: Its Periods and Phases,** By R. Coltman Clephan, F.S.A. (*Methuen*).

WILD LIFE OF THE WORLD.

By Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.R.S. With over 600 Engravings from Original Drawings, and 120 Studies in Colour. Cloth, £3 3s. net. Half morocco, £4 4s. net. (Warne.)

Having completed its periodical appearance in twelve sections, Mr. Lydekker's monumental study of "Wild Life of the World" is now published in three handsome volumes, and will be as warmly welcomed by the general reader as by the student who is interested in the infinite variety of furred and feathered creatures who people the animal kingdom. The plan of the book is admirable, and Mr. Lydekker combines with a profound knowledge of his subject the ability to write of it in a style that is simple, lucid, and entirely interesting. The various animals are grouped according to the localities in which they live, which avoids monotony and the often tiresome repetitions inevitable in natural histories on the conventional line, which divided the animals in accordance with their relationships or affinities to each other. It is a most comprehensive and authoritative compendium of information concerning the habits and haunts of every class of wild animal in every quarter of the globe. The first volume covers Europe, the second Asia, the Northern Seas and America, and the third Africa, Australasia and the Southern and Eastern Oceans. The numerous illustrations, those in colour being beautifully reproduced from paintings by the most distinguished of living animal artists, add greatly to the value and to the interest of the volumes. These and the black-and-white illustrations in the text were specially painted or drawn for this work. There is a full and serviceable index. Print and paper and the strong, tasteful binding leave nothing to be desired—we congratulate the publishers on producing so notable a work in a style so worthy of it.



From **The Tournament : Its Periods and Phases** By R. Coltman Clephan, F.S.A. (*Methuen*).

From **Fighting Types,**
Pictures by W. Otway Cannell and Verses by Hamden Gordon (*Lane*).

A BLACK-AND-WHITE REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF THE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

By IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Much of the contents of this book of poems voices a woman's thoughts and feelings during the war, and these should find an echo in the hearts of all its women readers. The poems picture a woman's good-bye to her loved one, and then, the eternal waiting; her hopes and fears, her memories, her rebellious thoughts; and then, "Missing":

> "I knew by their eyes when they came,
> Lips locked on a word unsaid,
> Hands gentle as pity, or death . . .
> It was I who cried out on your name:
> Life paused on a breath.
> 'Missing' . . . Hope, sprang like a flame!
> Not dead! O, my love, not dead?"

And so on till presently we come to the poem which is the strongest and grimmest in the whole book, a poem called, "Discharged—Totally Disabled." It is too long to quote in full, and to quote less would be unfair; it is a vivid and terrible picture that the author shows us here. But the book is not entirely concerned with war, there are other ballads and many love poems—each worthy of its place in this excellent collection.

EVE, HER LAMENT AND VISION.

By GLADYS GRAVES. With Illustrations by EDITH MENDHAM. 3s. 6d. net. (De La More Press.)

The story of "Paradise Lost" is of perennial interest to poets and versifiers. "Man's first disobedience," and woman's, the glories of Eden, and the agonies of exile from its delights, have furnished a theme to all sorts and conditions of scribes, and are evidently unexhausted still, so far as their appeal to the writer is concerned; the reader may be less responsive. To women writers, headed by Mrs. Browning in the "Drama of Exile," the figure of Eve is naturally of prime importance; and Mrs. Gladys Graves is no exception to the rule. She has evidently "read up" on the subject very extensively, and gets a good deal of carefully-chosen "local colour" into her picture of paradisaical scenery. Her notes, indeed, rather encumber the text; we should be willing to take on trust many of the details for which she cites her authorities so scrupulously. Her ear for rhyme is not very acute ("muse on" and "illusion" is one example); but her admiration of Pindaric ode metre is evident. The symbolic illustrations of Miss Edith Mendham are interesting; and the book is beautifully produced, with an artistic cover design.

From **Twixt Eagle and Dove** (*Methuen*).

"THAT'S A WOUNDED BOSCHE, I SUPPOSE."
"NO, SIR, IT IS THE CAPTAIN'S HORSE!"

THE MEANING OF NATIONAL GUILDS.

By MAURICE B. RECKITT and C. E. BECHHOFER. 7s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

To all seeking for information on the subject of National Guilds, this book, written clearly and forcibly, may well be recommended. The authors know what they are discussing, and with vigour and enthusiasm acclaim the National Guild as the instrument of salvation for all labouring people. They will have none of Fabianism, Socialism, Labour Representation, and other "nineteenth century" proposals. Trade Unionism alone will not suffice, according to this new teaching, it must be transformed into the National Guild, if the "wage system" is to be abolished utterly. Nothing less, it is maintained, than this abolition can secure freedom for us all. The authors are quite aware of obstacles and counter-measures that hinder the progress of the National Guildsman and distract the attention of trade unionists, and are quite ready with replies to their many critics. They examine the failures of the past, discard the notion of Labour and Capital in harmony, invite the middle-class to join hands against the capitalist, explain the meaning and significance of "shop stewards" and "industrial unionism," warn us against "the mirage of reconstruction," and describe hopefully the coming day of transition from servility to the liberty of the Guild. It does not seem at present that the trade unionists are attracted by the Guild programme and the Guild propaganda (both programme and propaganda are the work of a small band of intellectuals outside the trade union movement), but Messrs. Reckitt and Bechhofer, at least, have done their best to make plain the ideals and plans of the Guildsman.

From Fighting Types (*Lane*).

THE NAVY.

From Twixt Eagle and Dove (*Methuen*).

"YOUR PLACE IS THERE—ON GUARD BEFORE THE KAISER'S PALACE."

BEASTS AND MEN.

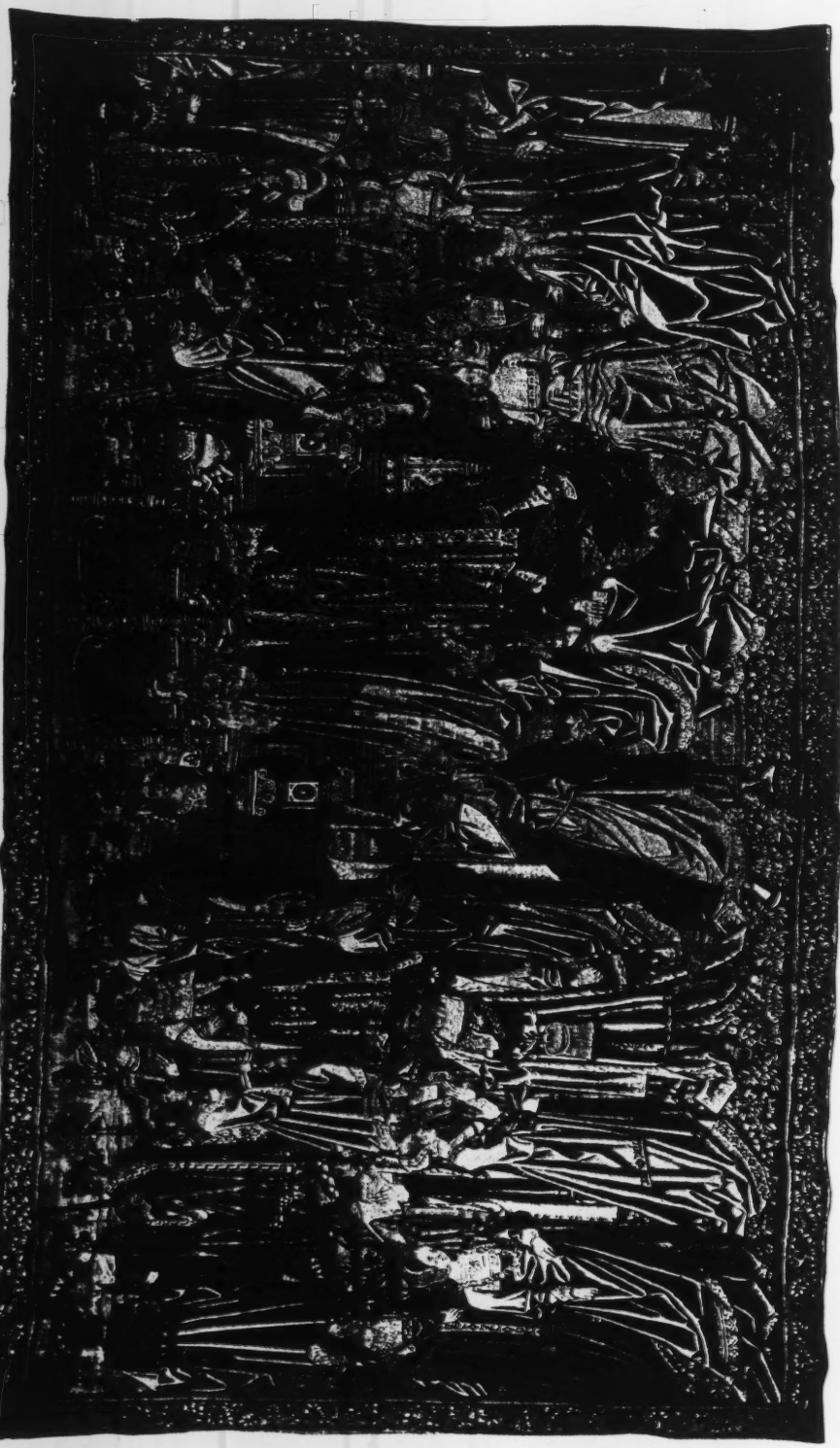
By JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

These folk tales collected in Flanders and illustrated by the author have a quaintness about them which is extremely fascinating. Animal legends are always popular with children and the odd beasts that figure in these stories are like the three little pigs, the wily fox, Æsop's immortal creatures and those many others that are a ceaseless delight to childhood. Here goats and wolves and monkeys and all manner of birds and animals hold converse and play tricks on each other in the approved style; some come to unhappy ends, but some survive to triumph over their foes. The pictures reflect the weirdness of the stories, but the full-page plates are very beautifully coloured and there is a suggestion of the Japanese in much of the work. It is a book that will be valuable not only because of its artistic merit, but because of its associations and national and historical interest.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD.

Thoughts Chosen by ERIC ARTHUR and Mrs. WILBRAHAM WARD. With Frontispiece. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

This little book of comfort is a collection of "thoughts concerning the Immortality of the Soul." And the strong belief and teaching of a life beyond the grave goes on continuously from the Bible, and the words of ancient Eastern writers, down through the centuries to the last eventful years of the great war. Famous names are included in this collection—Cicero, Spenser, Shakespeare, Addison, Penn, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Tennyson, Tolstoy—men and women of differing character and opinion, but each and all calmly sure of the greater life beyond death. It is a beautiful little anthology, this booklet of poetry and prose, some well-known words, some less well known. We find in it many a "thought" quite new to us; and we are glad to find old thought-friends as well. Perhaps one of the most comforting to the recently bereaved is that tender "thought" by Thackeray: "Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them."



THE PROPHECY OF NATHAN. A magnificent late Gothic Tapestry. Owned by Edward A. Faust, of St. Louis, U.S.

From Decorative Textiles *(Lippincott).*

DECORATIVE TEXTILES

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER.

With 580 Illustrations, 27 Plates in Colour.
(Lippincott.)

This large and handsomely produced volume is the first comprehensive study in the subject of decorative textiles that has yet been published. It deals with coverings for furniture, walls and floors, including damasks, brocades and velvets, tapestries, laces, embroideries, chintzes, cretonnes, drapery and furniture trimmings, wall papers, carpets and rugs, and tooled and illuminated leathers. Decorative textiles constitute "the most important and beautiful part of the furnishing of our homes," and Mr. Hunter tells of the origin and historic development of these indispensable accessories to the æsthetic atmosphere of the home very fully and authoritatively. It is an ably written book, sumptuous in appearance and lavishly illustrated with engravings in colour and black-and-white.

FLOWER NAME FANCIES.

Written and designed by GUY PIERRE FAUCONNET. 5s. (Lane.)

The first thing that strikes us about this elegant and inexpensive book is that nobody but a French person could ever have composed it. The graceful, daring black-and-white pictures illustrating the popular nicknames of many flowers are eminently French. It is good to meet such a gay, fantastic piece of work in these heavy days of war, and Mr. Hampden Gordon has struggled nobly with his English rhymes. Thus, opposite a delightful presentation of the Tiger Lily—a finely-sketched tiger approaching among waving grass a delicately-posed blossom, we have the lines :

"I hate to tell you what I know,
About the Tiger Lily,
She loved a tiger long ago
Although his eye was chilly.
That's why she imitates him so—
I call it silly!"

Some of the drawings are full of wit ; others merely imaginative. We can be sure that wherever this pretty and curious collection goes it will be found interesting.

WINTER.
Louis XIV. Gobelin Tapestry, designed by Mignard, of which there is a fine example at Sherry's.
From Decorative Textiles (*Lippincott*).

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.

By Max Beerbohm. Illustrated by George Sheringham. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

Like the best fairy-tales for children, Mr. Max Beerbohm's dainty fairy-tale for adults has a finer significance underlying its airy wit and sentiment than goes to the making of most sermons—but there is no need to be praising "The Happy Hypocrite," for everybody who has not read it already is ashamed to say so. "This big new presentment of a little old story," says Mr. Beerbohm in a prefatory note, "is of course for the sake of Mr. Sheringham's illustrations"; and Mr. Sheringham has interpreted the story in twenty-four paintings that sensitively recapture the characteristics of those days of the Regency to which it belongs. The same spirit is manifest in the decorative initials and tail-pieces. It makes a new pleasure of reading again the quaintest and most charming modern fairy story for children of all ages, from eight, let us say, to eighty, when you can read it in an edition so beautiful as this and so exactly in keeping with its own style and fantasy.

From **The Happy Hypocrite,** By Max Beerbohm (*Lane*).

Deep down among the weeds and water-lilies lay the Marble Faun.

WOOL.

By Frank Ormerod. 6s. 6d. net. (Constable).

To have met the teeming future with a new series of books devoted to the study of our chief trade materials, and to have started publication before the war is at an end, shows enterprise of a high order and a practical foresight that augurs well for the nation and its interests. Mr. Gordon D. Knox, the editor of this series of "Staple Trades and Industries," strikes the right note when he says in a general introduction that knowledge of this order has been all too rare in the past, "largely because it is not available in a form that can easily be appreciated by those without expert training in the individual trades," and the aim in planning the series has been to bring expert information into a form that appeals not only to professing students but to all inquiring minds. It is a worthy ideal, as well as a useful one, and worthily Mr. Ormerod has followed it up. His name seems to proclaim him a native of the district which specialises in the best British wool production, and to our eminence in this line from a very early age all parts of the known world have testified. Mr. Ormerod in his earlier chapters gives a deeply absorbing account of the way in which his success came about, and Dr. Smiles himself never made a more interesting or romantic story of the co-operation of inventive genius and generations of craftsmanship and diligence. Every phase of a great creative interest is put with picturesqueness; every victory over difficulty is presented with reason and restraint. The origins and marvellous development of sheepcraft in Australia, the vicissitudes of wool as a material of apparel, the conditioning and marketing of the warm texture, all these are realised for the reader in a persuasive style which has the knowledge of the expert without any pontification. Mr. Ormerod quotes a remarkable forecast and warning addressed to the proper authorities by an Australian manufacturer at the outset of the war which not only proves the insight of the writer, but shows what calibre of mind and what breadth of view has gone to secure Australia's supremacy in this matter of sheep growing and its sequels. One cannot help hoping that Mr. Ormerod's book will enter into the circle of school training throughout the Empire, for it combines geography, patriotism and common sense into a concise and simple form and makes it all as interesting as a novel.

SCULPTURE AND THE SCULPTOR'S ART.

By H. H. Stansfield. 6s. net. (Jack.)

The author hopes that his readers may find "a slight solace and relief from the torments of the time in contemplating now and then some of those masterpieces of art that we are so fortunate to possess, and in trying to understand some of the reasons why these works are the delight and treasure that they are." And to this end he has written a simple, illuminative guide to the mysteries and beauties of an art still too little appreciated in this country. To the bookman more often than not there is something cold, almost repellent, in the word "sculpture." Call it "emotion in being" or "crystallised poetry," and he warms to the subject; and, as this very attractive volume clearly demonstrates, it is a subject which, while making demands on one's culture and learning, can be followed with a great and growing enthusiasm. The book, which is profusely illustrated with photographs portraying beautiful examples of the sculptor's art, has chapters on Materials, Classic, Renaissance, and Modern Work, and a Note on Belgian and Serbian sculpture.

From Sculpture and the Sculptor's Art (*Nelson*).

LOVE THE VESTAL.
By Stanley Babb
(*Photo*: Burchall).

FRENCH LITERARY STUDIES.

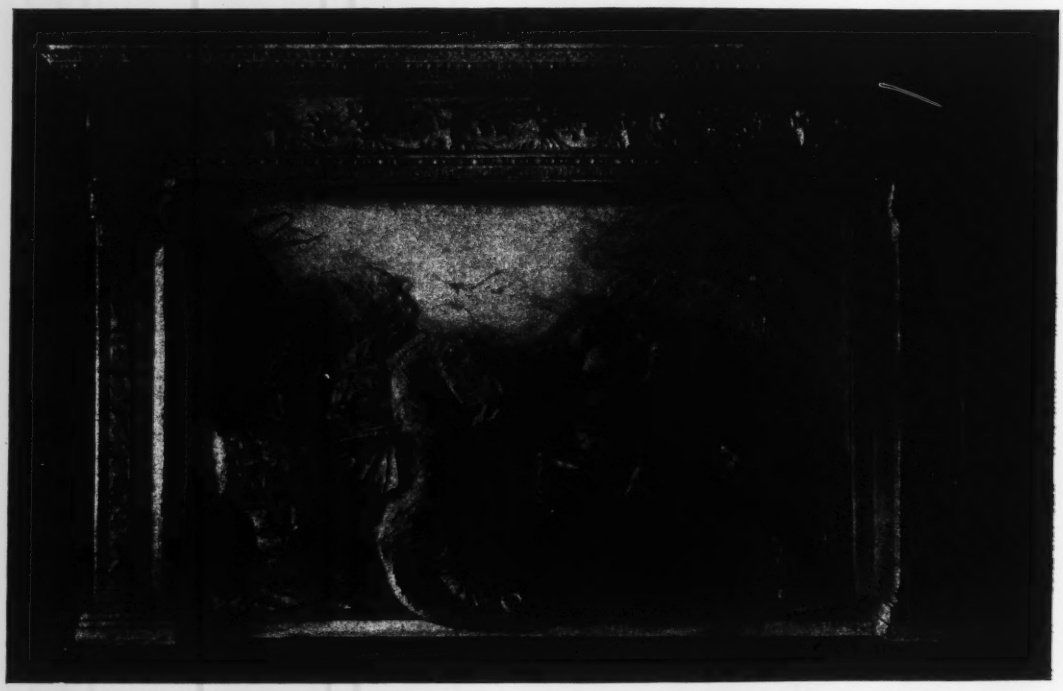
By Professor T. B. Rudmose-Brown, D.Litt. 3s. 6d. net. (The Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin.)

One imagines that it must be a pleasant experience to hear Professor Rudmose-Brown delivering a lecture at Trinity College. He probably diverges at the slightest provocation into personal reminiscences, and if anyone should yawn after hearing a great deal of praise being devoted to some old or modern French poet of moderate calibre, he will be mollified by the vignettes of travel, by being told for example that Professor Rudmose-Brown sent a telegram of greeting to such and such a poet from the Swedish University town of Lund, or from Grenoble, or from somewhere else, which is picturesquely described. It is a method, perhaps, less solid than that of Lord Acton, whose lectures on the French Revolution at Cambridge were infinitely more thorough than anything of this professor and also variegated by personal experience; but Lord Acton's experiences were confined to the elucidation of documents and discoveries of extreme value. They were spoken in a monotonous voice, whereas one supposes that Professor Rudmose-Brown is a more vivacious gentleman, to whom, as to Monsignor Bolo at the recent trial of his notorious brother, it is of importance to produce an "effect" among his audience. If these chapters on the French poets are indeed lectures, then they would gain in more than one way, and it is a pity that in being printed a little more care was not exercised to avoid mistakes in the quotations; it is unpleasant, at the beginning of the paper on Paul Verlaine, to come across the word "*soffrir*" and what are you to make of "*Dont l'ombre ne s'l' éclaire . . .*" and would James Darmesteter be glad to hear that he had put into the mouths of the ancient gods the words, "*Ta splendeur s'est s'éteinte . . .*"? Professor Rudmose-Brown appears to consider the English

From The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(*Cambridge University Press*).

SOLESMES' ENTOMBMENT.

renderings of some of his poets to be very well done, and in his preface he goes out of his way to thank Mr. Cyril Crevequer; this gentleman, among other things, is responsible for all the translations from Verlaine, and with regard to them it is impossible for us to agree with the professor. Verlaine is not an easy person to translate, but anything more lamentable than the version printed on page 88 ("An aged faun maliciously . . .") it would be hard to find. In default of a heaven-sent translator, the only method of rendering Verlaine is in such poetical prose as is used by Tagore. This essay on Verlaine occupies thirteen pages, and adds nothing to what we already know; in fact most of us know a good deal more, and its value therefore seems doubtful. The last two essays are concerned with Stuart Merrill and Vielé-Griffin, who are chosen, not for their poetic eminence, but for the fact that the professor knows them personally. There is nothing to be said against an essay on a minor poet of one's acquaintance, seeing that the greater poets can look after themselves. Indeed, there is a way of writing such essays which makes us in love with these backwaters of literature, and he who takes us there receives all our gratitude. But we are not particularly grateful for these chapters and the breathless manner in which they are written; we may easily prefer a number of other French poets, and among those almost unknown in this country I would select, for example, the master who writes under the name of Jehan Rictus. For one of his poems of struggling humanity I would give all these quotations. On the other hand we are sorry that in the essay on Maurice Sceve, the most famous poet of his day, there should be so few quotations, although his life, as the professor recounts it, is not only interesting but even absorbing. In fact it would have been well if the author had omitted the poets of his acquaintance and those who have already been considered by competent critics; we should have welcomed a book



From The Dawn of the French Renaissance
(*Cambridge University Press*).

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (LOUVRE)

From a photo taken at Tours, in France, August, 1918.

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From The English Home
(*Batsford*).

WILTON HOUSE, WILTSHIRE. THE DOUBLE CUBE ROOM.

devoted to the ancient glories of French literature, but not so briefly described as in this book where a chapter, entitled " The Poets of the Eighteenth Century," is concentrated into sixteen pages of large print. And in the early part of this book, in translating the poems that are less vaguely beautiful and melodious than Verlaine's, the translator has been considerably more happy.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

From The English Home
(*Batsford*).

THE DRAWING-ROOM, KEDLESTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

THE ENGLISH HOME: FROM CHARLES I. TO GEORGE IV.

By J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. With over 300 Illustrations from photographs, drawings and engravings. (Batsford.)

In his earlier volume, "Early Renaissance Architecture in England," Mr. Gotch related the story of the English House from the earliest times down to the seventeenth century. Here he continues the story from that date down to the days of the fourth George. "In England, more than in any other country, the affections of people in all ranks of life have clung round their homes," he writes; "and to learn something of how those homes have changed in disposition and appearance with the changing times is an occupation not only fascinating in itself, but one which leads into regions of that personal interest which lends life and colour to the pictures of the historian." It certainly becomes a fascinating occupation in Mr. Gotch's hands; he writes so interestingly that his book will delight the reader who reads for pleasure only and will be invaluable to the student of domestic architecture. The numerous illustrations are excellently reproduced.

From **Blue Dash Chargers** (*Werner Laurie*).

Adam and Eve—Cater Collection. By permission of the owner and *The Connoisseur.*

CHATS ON ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN.

By Arthur Hayden. With Frontispiece and 55 full-page Illustrations. (Fisher Unwin.)

This very beautiful and very valuable book will be eagerly welcomed by lovers of porcelain, among whom the Copenhagen factory is now regarded as the leading factory in Europe. The factory has a curious history, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, closely mixed up with the inner history of the Danish Court, finding life and inspiration for greatness in Franz Heinrich Muller, whose genius practically created the factory anew in 1775, and animated it until he retired in 1801. One of his triumphs was the "Flora Danica Service" made for Catherine of Russia, consisting of 750 pieces and costing about £13,000. It may be remembered that after the battle of Copenhagen Nelson sent some of the Copenhagen china to Lady Hamilton. The factory was damaged in the bombardment of 1807, and fell on evil days until 1885 when Arnold Krog became art director and a new era began, with great ideals, enthusiasm and technical skill at the service of the administration. It was not long before the Copenhagen china won the highest honour among connoisseurs, and from that time it has gone from strength to strength. Mr. Hayden describes with great skill and preciseness all the quality and beauty of technique in which this porcelain excels; he loves it, and understands it, and the examples he has chosen as illustrations are a valuable supplement to his descriptions. If an outsider may venture a comment on this exquisite ware, it would be that in his "decided humble opinion" it reaches its highest pitch in the wonderful models of animals rather than in the vases. The bears and seals and gulls and fishes are exquisite and beyond praise. The water-lily leaf with the frog on it is superb. Altogether the porcelain is delicious, and Mr. Hayden's book is a most desirable guide.

From **Blue Dash Chargers** (*Werner Laurie*).

Adam and Eve—Cater Collection (Reverse). By permission of the owner and *The Connoisseur.*

THE ANZAC PILGRIM'S PROGRESS: BALLADS OF AUSTRALIA'S ARMY.

By Lance-Corporal Cobber. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Part of the fascination of war—surely the ugliest disguise that idealism ever assumed—lies in its violent union of extremes. To symbolise it properly you would need the quaint fancy of a Quarles and the thunders of the Apocalypse. Its head is in the clouds; its feet are in the clay, and none the lighter, by the way, for being shod with heavy soles and "stubs." You can hardly wonder therefore at the uncouth

From Copenhagen Porcelain (*Fisher Unwin*).

COPENHAGEN FIGURE: MARKET WOMAN.

From Copenhagen Porcelain (*Fisher Unwin*).

COPENHAGEN FIGURE: FISHERMAN SELLING LOBSTERS.

contradictions in any form of self-expression war may take The textbooks of St. Cyr and Camberley and Woolwich are a vain attempt to quicken thought by means of a jargon of rigid technologisms, many of which are doomed, we hope. Tommy's favourite literature is the war-verse of Kipling, which

From Copenhagen Porcelain (*Fisher Unwin*).

COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN BOWL. Dated 2 April, 1801. In memory of the brave Danes who fell at the Battle of Copenhagen.

clears all limitations on the wings of colloquial slang. Alas, we have had to wade through reams of soldier rhymes since he began and few of them inherit any of the ease or sense, the power or the humour — simply an echo, that is all. It has remained for an "Aussy" to succeed where in the

From Copenhagen Porcelain (*Fisher Unwin*).

COPENHAGEN CUP: KRONBORG CASTLE WITH SHIPPING IN SOUND.

From Copenhagen Porcelain (*Fisher Unwin*).

COPENHAGEN BOWL WITH PANEL REPRESENTING HARVEST.

XUM

From Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall (*Constable*).

SEATED IN HIS HEREDITARY ELBOW-CHAIR.

main they have failed, with a "little book" (and Bunyan was content to call his the same) which has hardly a faulty line. No chance collection of things knocked off in casual moods, but a sequent and realistic story of the soldier life as it befell a manly fellow from "down under," its eighteen lyrics take you along, almost imperceptibly, from the day the news of war "rumbles in aboard the Darling mail" to the hospital stage in England, where our Pilgrim:

"... thanks the Lord though my body's broke an' I'm
hobbled hard and fast
I've still got a hefty, two-legged soul, and it's out
with the boys to the last!"

The puzzle with many an epic poet for generations to come will be how to section this kind of Odyssey up, whether by campaign, geography, balance of success, or order of time. But he will be best advised in any case to vary his metres, and he will be lucky if he handles them half as well as our author has done here. There are hardly two in the same lilt, or the same vein. Irony, invective, fancy, guile, precept, triumph, and memory—they flow from his pen with equal charm, so as to appeal to every man of war in his humour. "Sam," with its trace of Bret Harte, is pure drama, just as "The Time o' Day," which in parts reminds one of Eugene Field's "Tabble d'Hote," is pure laughter in a patriotic form. But the reminiscent passages are few, for the book is original to the core, as for instance, "Sniper," with its playful kick at Abdul; "Bird," a fine tribute to a great general; the Egypt and Gallipoli pieces, with their terrible picturing; and "Under Orders," with its bluff reservation:

"We rule our kings, we're freemen, who call their souls their
own,
Not serfs that must go stouchin' just because a bugle's blown."

Possibly we get nearest the bone of the "recruity feeling" in a verse like this from the drill sergeant at the end of a course of the usual excruciating tyranny:

"At last he spoke as a Christian shud:
'When you come to camp you was lumps o' mud,
But now you are men, you are flesh an' blood,
You are real live soldiers, s'welp me!
An' if you're as square as you orter be
When the padre asks, 'Who made yer?' says he,
'You'll tell him the truth, an' say it was Me—
An' Gawd didn't even help me!'"

We hear much of the settlement to come when Thomas comes back and flashes his searchlight on the conscience brigade, but he will hardly get the matter into pithier form than this:

"The dainty conscience may stand aside, the pacifist preach
or rave,
Yet they'll take their share in the world o' the free that they
wouldn't fight to save:
There are always dead-heads at every show, an' will be for
evermore,
But I fancy he proves his conscience best who pays his dibs
at the door."

From Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall (*Constable*).

AT THE CORNER ARE ASSEMBLED JUNTAS OF VILLAGE IDLERS AND WISE-MEN.

From Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall (*Constable*).

SOME ODD-SHAPED BILLET-DOUX.

Can we do better than close upon the note of gratitude and immortality, uttered in front of graves at Gallipoli, where every name speaks volumes to those who know:

"Say, those dead of yours and mine
Make this barren shore a shrine;
All these graves—they'll draw us back;
And for ever in our track,
Down the years to come, will pace
Pilgrims of our Anzac race;
God, while this old earth shall stand,
Where but here's our Holy Land?"

Australia has reason to be proud of her long dynasty of poets, from Gordon and Kendall downwards, but whenever she makes anthologies in future we may be sure that "Cobber" will be there. We can almost hear him leading the "call-off by sections," this lance-corporal who bids fair to be remembered when most of his commanding officers are so much categoric detail.

J. P. COLLINS.

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO.

By W. H. Hudson. 15s. net. (Dent.)

All children have adventures; even in the nursery, or on the doorstep that serves as nursery to some less favoured but not necessarily less happy toddlers, adventures begin. And perhaps the dreamy child has more than others—just as the man of thought may have more vivid experiences than the man of action. "The man's true life, for which he consents to live," said Robert Louis Stevenson in an inspired passage, "may lie altogether in the fields of fancy. The clergyman in his spare hours may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumphs in the arts."

Very happily, in this book which begins with the dawn of memory and ends with the "long, long thoughts" of youth, Mr. W. H. Hudson draws with clear and careful strokes a picture of himself—the dreamy, introspective boy, set amid surroundings full of possible objective adventures yet knowing his finest adventures to be those of his restless mind—which we feel must be psychologically true. Regarding the author hitherto primarily as naturalist we

From Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall (*Constable*).

TO THE IMMINENT PERIL OF ALL THE PRETTY HOUSEMAIDS.

rediscover him as an acute psychologist, able to remember and to reconstruct in simple language moods and emotions that some readers will recognise as resembling their own experiences, and others, though unable to share them, will realise sympathetically through the irresistible conviction that the narrative brings. Mr. Hudson was born on the South American pampas, educated almost at haphazard by wandering teachers whose characters, habits, and pedagogic equipment were by no means irreproachable, and his home contained scarcely one modern book; one feels that such a boyhood might have pointed in the direction of disaster. It is easy to see how much he owes to his mother, who seems to have understood him perfectly and to have watched over his opening mind with a quiet care and unobtrusive devotion to which he pays many a grateful, graceful tribute. In those days murder—the knife being the gaucho's chosen weapon—was not uncommon; the woeful effects of drink were frequently before the boy; and had the home life not been secure, one is compelled to wonder what would have happened to him. Probably in any case his passion for nature, for birds and flowers especially, would have saved him; for even as a tiny boy he would often be discovered, after a long search, standing motionless, watching intently the operations of a beetle or a bird busy in its own world; and this fascination of nature grew more intense as he advanced in knowledge. These are the things that remain in the mind of the man, as points of light illuminating the corridors of memory. His account of the snakes beneath the flooring of the dwelling-house—a colony of them permanently established there was regarded with as much indifference as an occasional mouse might be in this country—is an instance of this, and is also remarkable as an example of the author's admirable prose style:

From Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall (*Constable*).

HE WAS A TIGHT, BRISK LITTLE MAN.

"In summer nights when they were at home, coiled at their ease or gliding ghost-like about their subterranean apartments, I would lie awake and listen to them by the hour. For although it may be news to some closet ophiologists, serpents are not all so mute as we think them. At all events this kind, the *Philodryas æstivus*—a beautiful and harmless colubrine snake, two and a half to three feet long, marked all over with inky black on a vivid green ground—not only emitted a sound when lying undisturbed in his den, but several individuals would hold a conversation together which seemed endless, for I generally fell asleep before it finished. A hissing conversation it is true, but not unmodulated or without considerable variety in it; a long sibilation would be followed by distinctly heard ticking sounds, as of a husky-ticking clock, and after ten or twenty or thirty ticks another hiss, like a long expiring sigh, sometimes with a tremble in it as of a dry leaf swiftly vibrating in the wind. No sooner would one cease than another would begin; and so it would go on, demand and response, strophe and antistrophe; and at intervals several voices would unite in a kind of low mysterious chorus, death-watch and flutter and hiss; while I, lying awake in my bed, listened and trembled."

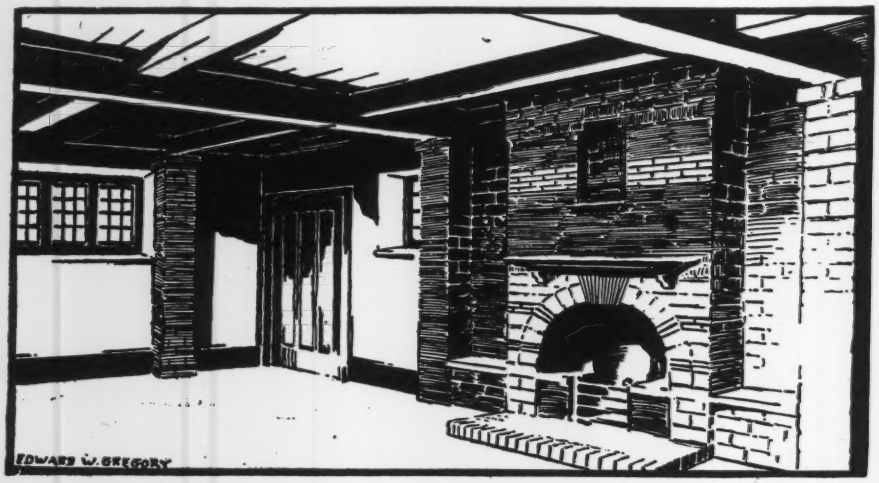
For many readers the chief interest of the book will lie in the charming reflective presentment of the thoughts of a boy's mind. Long did he ponder over the mystery of death, the idea of God, the problem of good and evil—at six years old his brain was busy with matters that have baffled philosophers and theologians of all ages. In a

From Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall (*Constable*).

A PRETTY, COQUETTISH HOUSEMAID WAS DANCING A JIG WITH A SMART COUNTRY LAD.

moving passage he tells how, after the death of a dog, "the pain increased until it was no longer to be borne," and he sought his mother:

"Looking down, she all at once became alarmed at the sight of my face, and began to question me. Then, struggling against my tears, I told her of the words which had been spoken at the old dog's burial, and asked her if it was true—if I, if she, if all of us had to die and be buried in the ground? She replied that it was not wholly true; it was only true in a way, since our bodies had to die and be buried in the earth, but we had an immortal part which could not die. It was true that old Cæsar had been a good, faithful dog, and felt and understood things almost like a human being, and most persons believed that when a dog died he died wholly, and had no after-life. We could not know that; some very great, good men had thought differently; they believed that the animals, like us, would live again. That was also her belief—her strong hope; but we could not know for certain, because it had been hidden from us. For ourselves we knew that we could not really die, because God Himself, who made us and all things, had told us so, and His promise of eternal life had been handed down to us in His Book—in the Bible."



From The Art and Craft of Home-Making (*Murby*).

IF YOU HAVE A DINING-ROOM LIKE THIS—

The value of this book as a record of the impulses and visions which led, in the end, to the distinguished name of the great naturalist, is great; but a record such as that given in the short incident just quoted is of even more value to the student of humanity. And there are many others in this volume, notably the pleasant self-revelations toward the close, entirely innocent of egotism, where Mr. Hudson puts his own case with delightful ease, telling us, as friends who will understand, how the visible world means life to him, and—we might go on to presume—faith, and hope. Not all the book is devoted to the subjects here specifically mentioned; there are accounts of visits to the city—Buenos Ayres, and of visitors from that city—which, by the way, was then a fever-stricken spot and not the centre of fashion and commerce that it is to-day; and there are interludes when the neighbours and their ways are described with insight and humour. But the special attraction of this fragment of autobiography is illustrated by the two quotations I have chosen: the one for its keen observation of nature, the other for its picture of the lonely, thoughtful child. There is sadness in these memories; but there is also great beauty, great content, and the serenity of one who has lived the life he loves.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

From The Art and Craft of Home-Making (*Murby*).

AND FURNISHED IT LIKE THIS—THE ARCHITECT WILL SHED TEARS IN HIS OFFICE.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF HOME-MAKING.

By EDWARD W. GREGORY. 4s. 6d. net. (Murby.)

This is an invaluable book, without which no household bookshelf can be considered to be complete. It should take its place as a matter of course beside every Mrs. Beeton in the land. A sensible, useful guide, its practical suggestions and artistic ideas would help to extricate many a perplexed householder out of difficulties. The book deals with the furnishing and decorating of the whole house—upstairs and downstairs and into the kitchen. "One of the great faults of the British home in the past," says the author in his preface, "has been the uniformity of idea prevailing in the houses of all classes of people, no matter what their income, no matter what the size of the buildings they inhabit." Those who take heed of the sound advice offered in "The Art and Craft of Home-Making," will learn much to their advantage. "It is easier, on the whole," the author continues, "to avoid vulgarity in furnishing a house for £100 than in furnishing one for £1,000, for in the former case there must of necessity be constant curtailment of unnecessary articles while in the latter the temptations to elaborate are so many." Mr. Gregory has a cheerful, humorous style which adds considerably to the attractiveness of the book. There is a specially useful chapter on Things That Get Out of Order, which contains many a useful hint; there are also two hundred household recipes included in this admirable book. Excellent illustrations, a hundred pen-and-ink drawings by the author, and numerous photographs amplify the text.

FURNITURE.

By HERBERT E. BINSTEAD. 2s. 6d. (Pitman).

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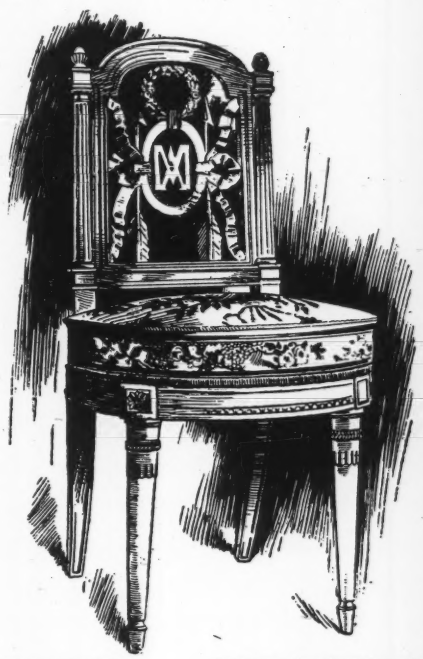

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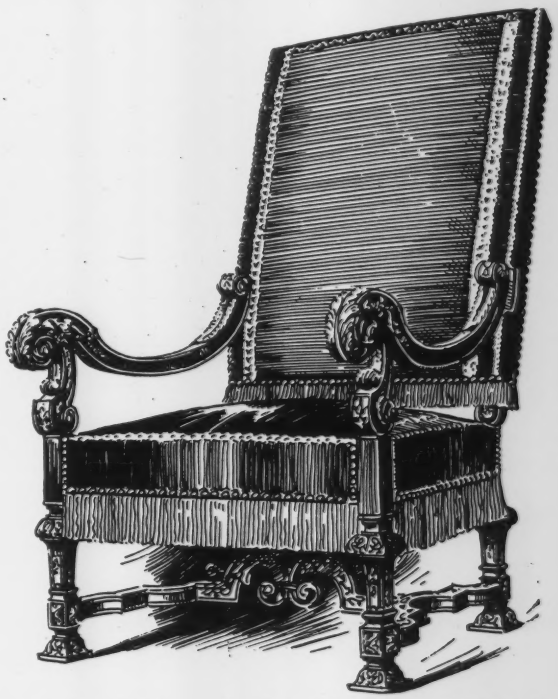

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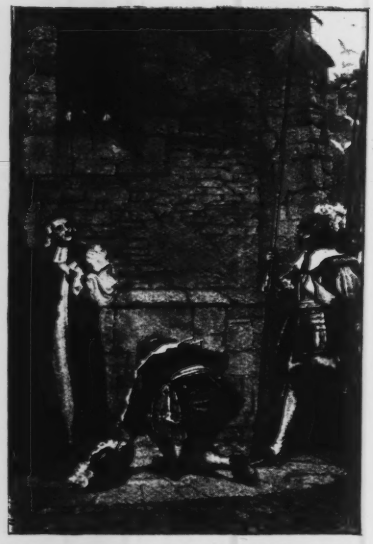

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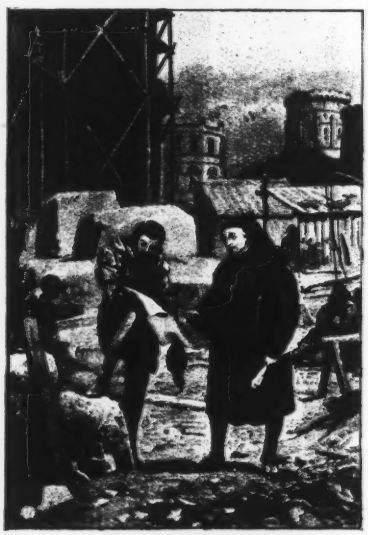

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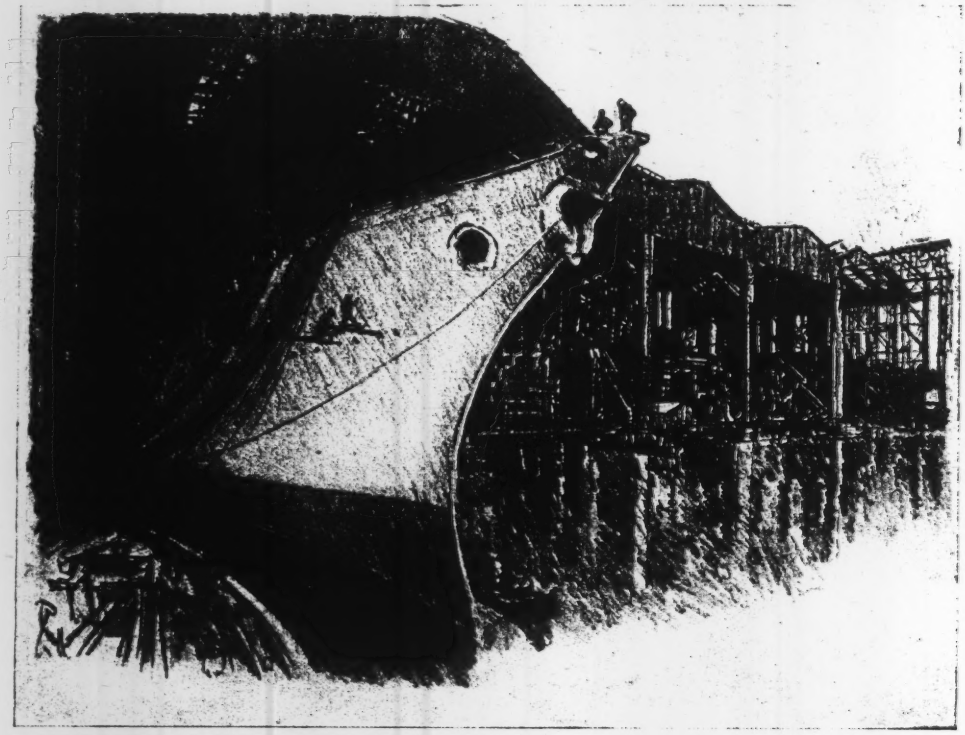

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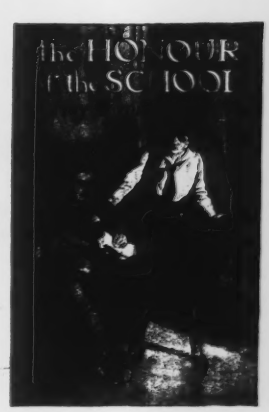

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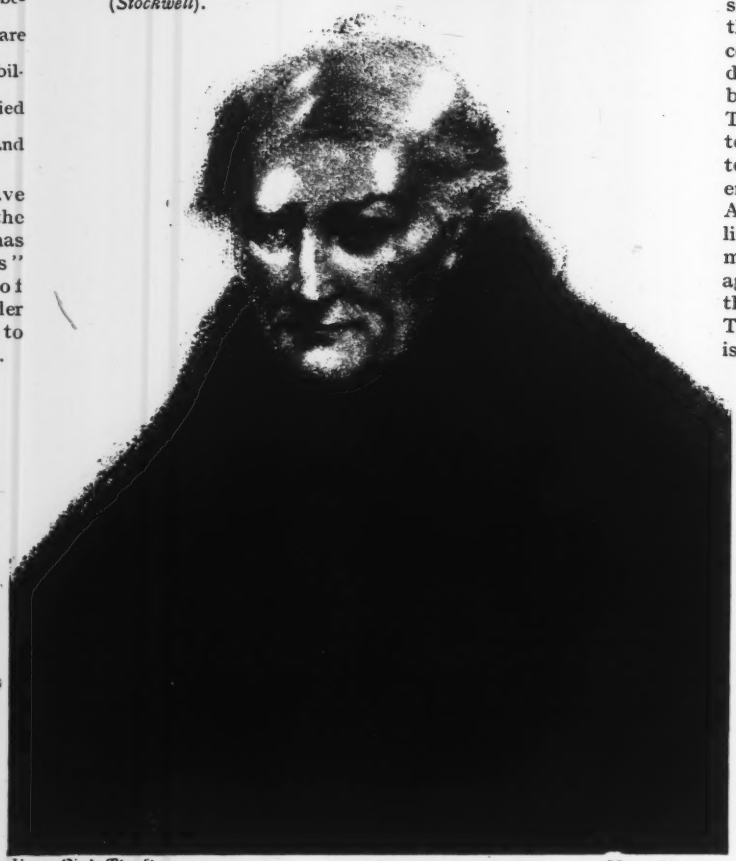

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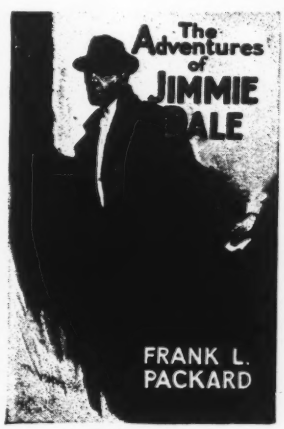

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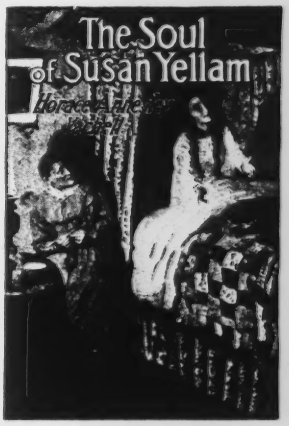

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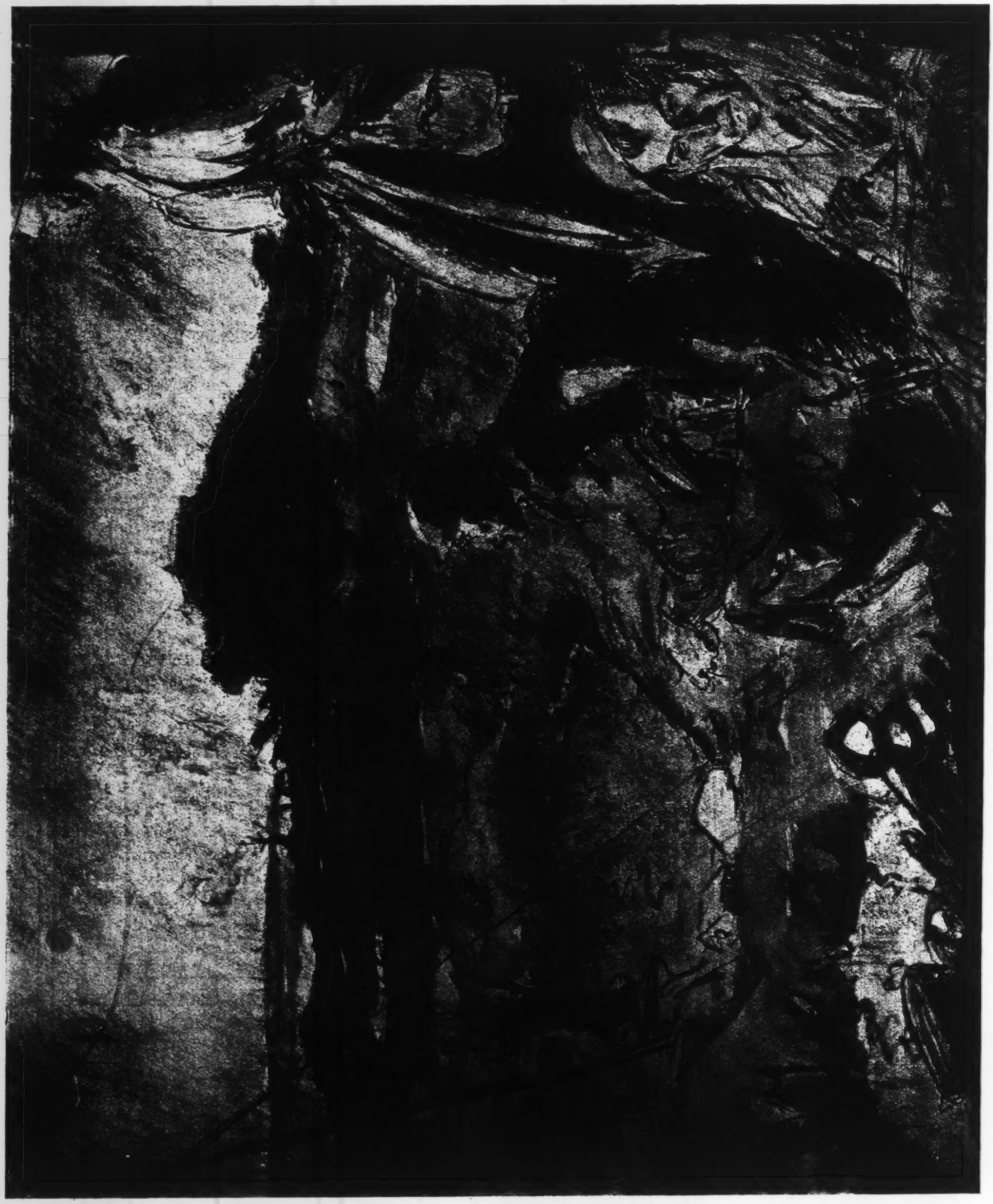

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ALSACE-LORRAINE, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By COLEMAN PHILLIPSON. 25s. net. (Unwin.)

This book is an attempt to lay before the world the whole case of Alsace-Lorraine. Mr. Phillipson is a barrister who has written on law, and he tells us that, with regard to his present subject, he has done his best to preserve throughout an attitude of judicial impartiality. He certainly takes great pains to examine all the points, though many of them rather baldly. The part of his book to which one naturally turns is that which deals with the country's future, and it must be confessed that here Mr. Phillipson is irritating; he appears to bring forward all manner of difficulties that hamper their return to France. Difficulties no doubt there are; the population is mixed; the language question and that of religion, and other questions will have to be considered. (By the way did Germany consider them in 1871?) But to say that because, before the war, most of the country's exports went to Germany—a not very surprising fact—therefore "from the point of view of economic conditions, Alsace-Lorraine is very closely, if not inseparably bound up with Germany"—surely that is an untenable proposition. The author does not seem to realise that if prominent Alsatians said, before the war, that they would be satisfied with autonomy, this was only because their dream of reunion with France appeared an impossible achievement. And if during the war this ideal of autonomy has been held aloft in the Alsatian Chambers, let us remember that men like the Abbe "Wetterle" had gone to France, and that the German authorities have not hitherto permitted in their parliament such outspoken speeches as may be heard in Vienna. One wishes that Mr. Phillipson had paid more attention to the liberal policy of France before 1870, when German language inscriptions could be put up on a roadside crucifix or other monument. As far back as the second decade of the nineteenth century, the French were so tolerant that, during their occupation of Berlin, they permitted Fichte to hold his rousing, if bombastic, "Addresses to the German People"; nor did he refrain from anti-French observations. Those who, like the reviewer, walked through Alsace in 1914 and studied the conditions will not need to be told that this stage of tolerance had not exactly been reached by the German authorities. In a short notice it is impossible to state all one's reasons, but against the total independence of the countries or their union with other small neighbours, such as Luxemburg and Belgium, there is a great deal more to be urged than against their simple recovery by France. If this arouses the German spirit of revenge, we can only hope that this will be mollified as years go by. One does not suggest that the provinces should be handed over merely on account of the manner in which the German officials, with a few exceptions, have treated them. But these countries must be restored to France; France, unlike the German Empire, is an old, homogeneous country. She will not oppress the German-Alsatians who are wise enough to remain in Alsace.

From The New Elizabethans (*Lane*).

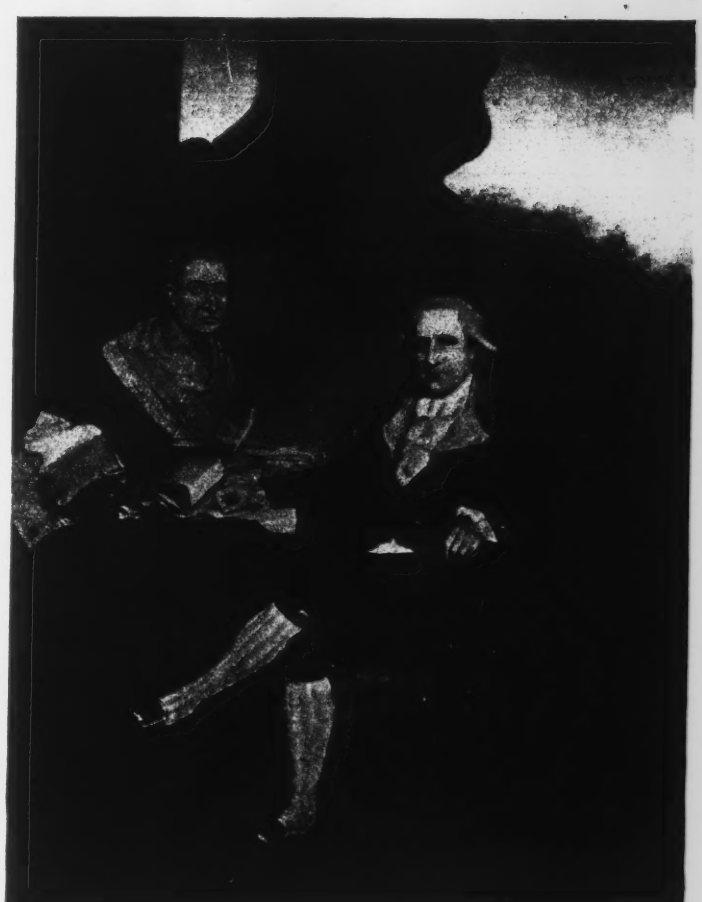
GUY DRUMMOND (CAPT. ROYAL HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA).
From a statue by R. Tait Mackenzie.

From The New Elizabethans (*Lane*).

THE HON. GERALD WILLIAM GRENFELL (LIEUT. RIFLE BRIGADE) AS A ROMAN CENTURION.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

HISTORY BIOGRAPHY & TRAVEL



From **Memoirs of William Hickey** (*Hurst & Blackett*). JOSEPH HICKEY.

History, Biography and Travel

A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND.

Written and Illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. (Batsford.)

This is a history of the work of English people from 1066 to 1499. The authors promise us a second part presently. It has been written for boys and girls of public school age, for it has always seemed extraordinary to the writers (and to many others) that young folk grow up without ever being taught anything about the surroundings of history. In these pleasant, enthusiastically-written pages they will learn to put a real live background to their early history, they will hear about architecture, about ships, about arts and crafts and armour. The book will be used with great happiness by the older student. It is full of charming glimpses of the past. The coloured plates showing the costumes of different centuries are delightful—the authors betray their love of colour, and exclaim, "We should like to try the effect of splashing the twentieth century City stockbroker all over with a good bright yellow" We have perhaps enjoyed most the descriptions of the games played in the old days by grown-ups as well as children, and we like especially the accounts of the houses of olden times and the great salt cellars and wassail bowls on the dining-table. We trust this volume will be used in many schools and many homes.

From **The Dawn of the French Renaissance** (*Cambridge University Press*).

VIRGIN AND SAINTS WITH LOUIS XVI.

NAPOLEON: THE FALL.

By F. M. BEARDSLEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Heath, Cranton.)

The author divides the story of Napoleon's fall into three distinct phases: "the first from the outbreak of the Russian war in the summer of 1812 to his arrival at Warsaw in December of the same year, after the fatal retreat from Moscow; the second from his return to Paris after the disastrous campaign of Russia to his first abdication at Fontainebleau; and the third from his detention at Elba to his death at Saint Helena." And he presents each phase with graphic lucidity and in a manner worthy of his absorbing subject. He dwells especially on the "human" side of Napoleon, and is concerned to defend the Man of Destiny against detractors who regard him merely as a dangerous, grasping tyrant. The book, which

From **A History of Everyday Things in England** (*Batsford*).

COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD (RELIGIOUS) 12TH, 13TH, 14TH AND 15TH CENTURIES.

is illustrated with some excellent photographs, affords many striking analogies and contrasts with our own times. The terms in which Napoleon dictated his abdication, for example, have a particular interest at the present moment: "The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, true to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself, and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, as there is no personal duty, even which depends upon life itself, which he is not prepared to execute in the interests of France."

From **The Dawn of the French Renaissance** (*Cambridge University Press*).

THE LEGEND OF ST. GILES.

WITH BEATTY OFF JUTLAND.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. With Illustrations by F. GILLETT, R.I. 5s. net. (Blackie.)

Mr. Westerman has constructed a stirring tale of the battle of the Bight. A gallant feat of life-saving was the means of transferring Sub-Lieutenant Sefton from his torpedo-boat destroyer to the deck of *H.M.S. Warrior*. Here he found himself a "dead-head" in a strange ship, but it was not long before his gloom was dispelled by the call of the bugle, "Prepare for Action," and a thrill went through the ship when it was realised that *The* Day had dawned. The author stations his hero on the fire-control platform from which point of vantage he—and the reader—enjoy a thrilling view of the greatest battle since Trafalgar. The author writes with a sound knowledge of technicalities, which, however, he wisely does not overdo; and he has successfully clothed the dry bones of the naval dispatches with lively drama and dialogue. He finds room, too, in his volume for a very exciting incident concerning the frustration of a Hun plot on the Pennine Hills. A word of special praise must be given for the illustrations, which are a fitting pictorial accompaniment to a book of brave adventure.

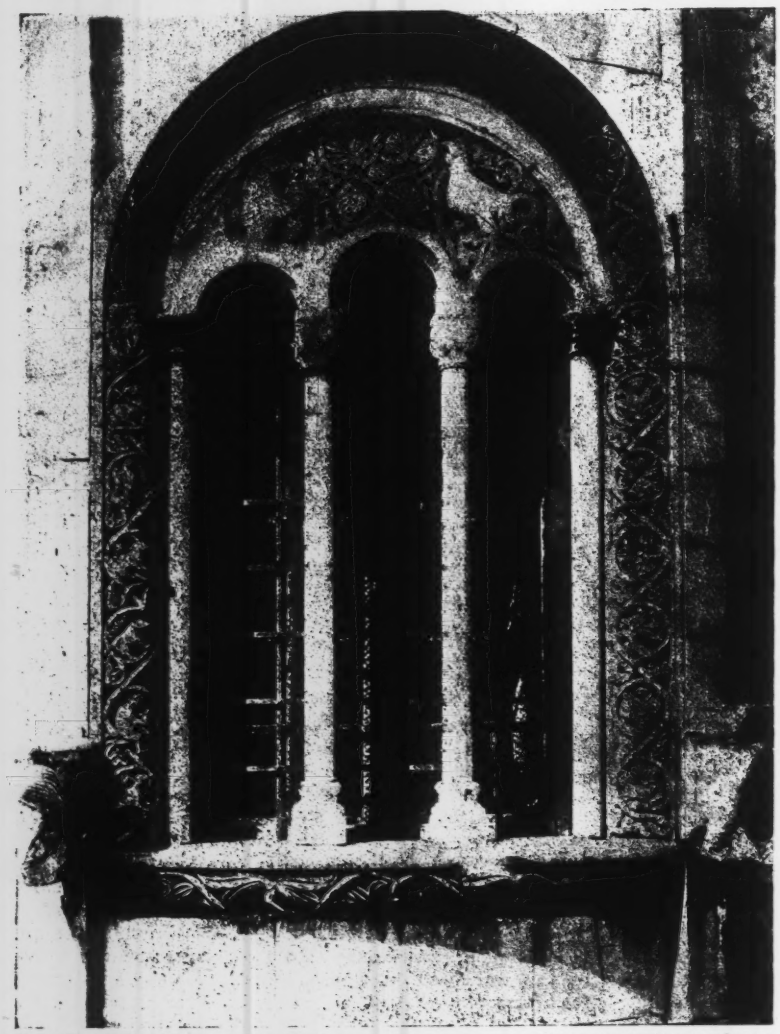
SUVLA BAY AND AFTER.

By "JUVENIS." 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The tale may not be sensational, but then it contains no lies. It may even be dull, but then it is consecutive. It is not humorous, for the author does not care to joke with serious things. . . ." Thus the soldier-author in a modest little foreword to this plain, unvarnished story of his personal glimpse of the war both in Gallipoli and on his way to and from that tragic land. And lest the reader should be led astray by the extract just quoted, it should be said at once that dullness finds no place in these pages, they are too crowded with the results of a lively and penetrating, and always interesting, observation. In the battle of Suvla Bay the author was wounded in the arm and leg, and lay helpless under shell-fire and the heat of

From **A History of Everyday Things in England** (*Batsford*).

NORMAN COSTUMES, 12TH CENTURY.



From South Slav Monuments : Serbian Orthodox Church (*Murray*).

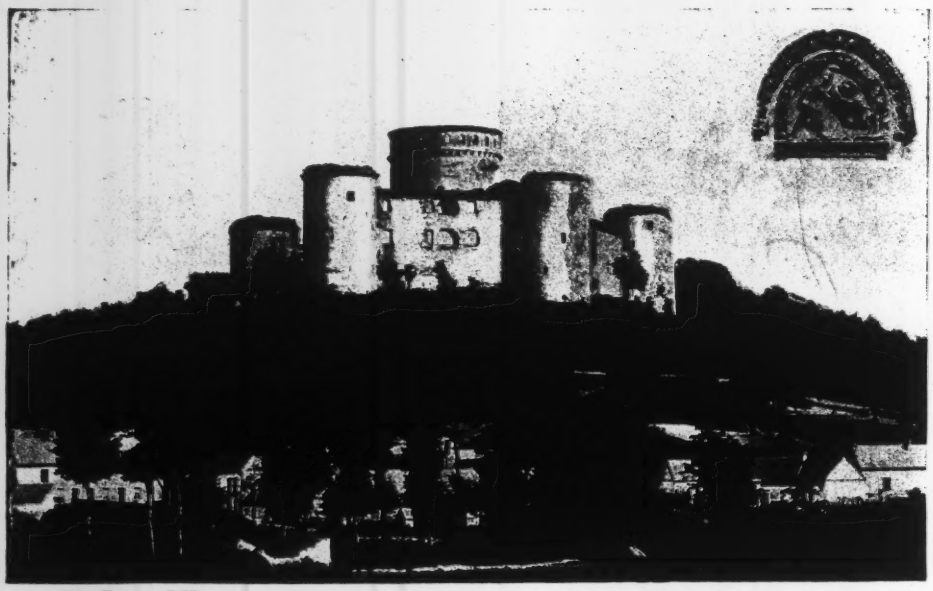
WINDOW OF ALTAR APSE AT STUDENICA.

the sun for something like seven hours. "With my free hand I took off my puttees at my leisure and bound them round my head. This would serve as bandage, turban and pillow. Next came the ampule of iodine, which I broke and poured into my shoulder through the torn shirt. It seemed to attract the flies, who came, green- and blue-bottles, in dozens to the feast. I began to stink horribly in the sun. I lay listening." It is a terrible picture he draws of that valley resounding with the ghastly cry, "Stretcher-bearer! Stretcher-bearer!" and awful curses. And he records how, strangely enough, though the suffering from thirst was frightful, not once did he hear a shout for water. "Safety was all we wanted, and that is the plain truth, for wounded men are apt to forget their unimportance on the battlefield." Equally frank and graphic is the account of his hospital experiences both in the hut on Lemnos and in the palatial homeward-bound *Aquitania*. All in search of "the real thing" should read "Suvla Bay and After."

THE FRANCE I KNOW.

By WINIFRED STEPHENS. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is quite true that in this country we did not know everything about France, any more than the French knew everything about the British. And in a sense neither of us was burningly anxious to know everything, we each had reasonably satisfactory conceptions and preconceptions, at any rate each was satisfied. But now in Great Britain we are honestly eager to learn, willing to suspend our earlier opinions in order to get at a better, and so we welcome the writings and admonitions of people who are qualified by their knowledge to tell us truly of France and the French. For this reason we find a hearty welcome for Miss Stephens's book, "The France I Know," with its disarming title, for if it is not the whole of France, or the France as one knows her oneself, or the real soul and spirit of France as she is, it is the France of Miss Stephens, who knows a great deal of France, and many French people of some note, and has read a great many French books Accordingly while it cannot be claimed that the book is on the whole superficial, it is none the less agreeable and informing if hardly illuminating. It repeats what we have often been told as to "our blunder about France," viz., that the French are a light-minded, decadent people, etc., etc., describes once more the patriotism of France, gives impressions of the French Red Cross, of the



From The France I Know, By Winifred Stephens (*Chapman & Hall*).

country scourged by war, notes of what the French think of the English, of the fine organisation and solid work of the provinces, a sketch of the political parties in France, a note on religious opinions, a good deal about what women have done, are doing and are likely to be and do in the country, etc., etc. The book has a considerable range and is most sympathetic in tone. Miss Stephens admires and writes, and will win admiration from her readers.

THE QUEEN'S KNIGHT ERRANT.

By Beatrice Marshall. With Illustrations by T. Hamilton Crawford. (Seeley, Service.)

It is always a pleasure to welcome a new historical tale from the pen of Miss Marshall. We know that between the book's covers we shall find not only a good story well told but skilful and sympathetic representing of the period which she has chosen to portray. Into the stirring and somewhat dangerous court of "Good Queen Bess" step gallant men and lovely maids; and among the chief of these are Sir Walter Ralegh and Elizabeth Throgmorton, Robin Fane, and the beautiful little foundling washed up by the Devon sea, Tris Fane. The adventures of travel, the brilliance and the intrigues of court life, the secret love of Sir Walter and his bride, the mystery of the parentage of Tris Fane, the caprices and bitternesses of the Queen are skilfully handled; and, as was inevitable in a story of these times, the causes of Protestant and Papist work much influence on the lives of the main characters. The setting of the story is mainly Devon and London, and the charm of the volume is increased very decidedly by the beauty and interest of its illustrations. Mr. Crawford's views of old London and old Devon are delicate works of art, treasures in themselves and helpful to the story.

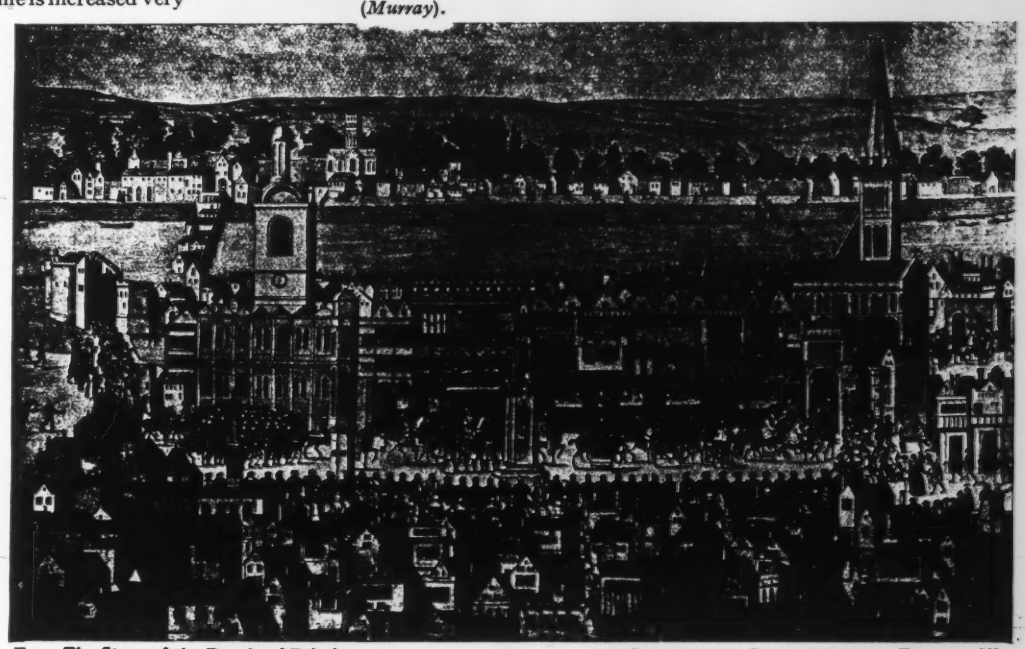
From South Slav Monuments : Serbian Orthodox Church (*Murray*).

N.E. Altar part of Lazarica.

THE ADMIRALTY'S SECRET.

By Carlton Dawe. 7s. net. (Long.)

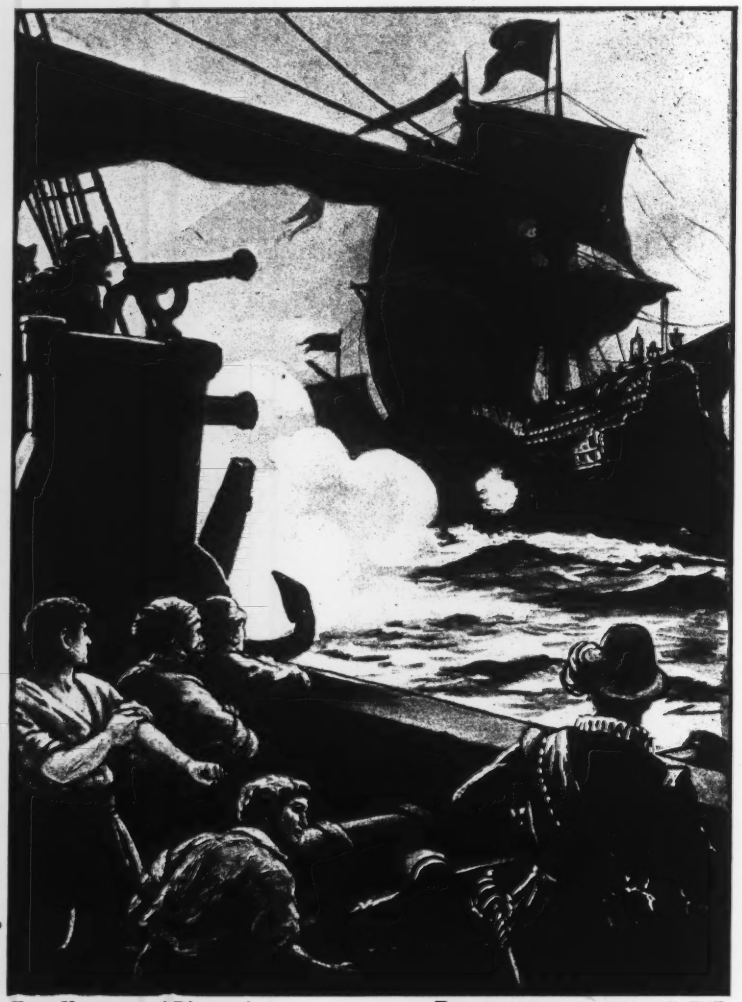
The Admiralty's secret was primarily Lieutenant Alan Radley's secret, and whatever the Admiralty may be, as hero



From The Story of the People of Britain (*Cambridge University Press*).

Coronation Procession of Edward VI.

of an exciting tale that corporation of Lords Commissioners can never vie with "a man of about thirty years of age, close-cropped, clean-shaven, with a face somewhat tanned by exposure to all sorts of wind and weather; square-chinned, hard-lipped, and resolute," with steady blue eyes behind which worked a brain of acute intelligence. That brain had devised certain instruments for improving naval gunnery—Mr. Dawe is not indiscreet enough to describe them too clearly, for, with a war going on, and those cunning Germans about, a copy of "The Admiralty's Secret" might have got into bad hands, and where would Beatty have been then? Hard was the struggle for the plans recounted in the tale, the plans stolen by the heroine, who then loved the sailor and repented, too late, for they were stolen from her again by the First Lord's Secretary no less and in turn he was robbed of them and Eunice Merion stole them back from the other robber and lost them again to the German arch-plotter . . . but the Navy got on the track, and by a piece of arrant and heroic piracy Lieutenant Radley recovered his own, secured promotion, and the girl. Most satisfactory!



From Voyages and Discoveries (*S.P.C.K.*).

EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON THE "VICTORY" CAME UP WITH HER.

From Fighting for Sea Power in the Days of Sail (*Macmillan*).

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "INDEFATIGABLE" AND THE "DROITS DE L'HOMME," JANUARY 13, 1797.
After W. J. Huggins. By kind permission from a print in the Collection of Sir C. L. Cust, Bart.

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES.

By ALICE D. GREENWOOD. 4s. (S.P.C.K.)

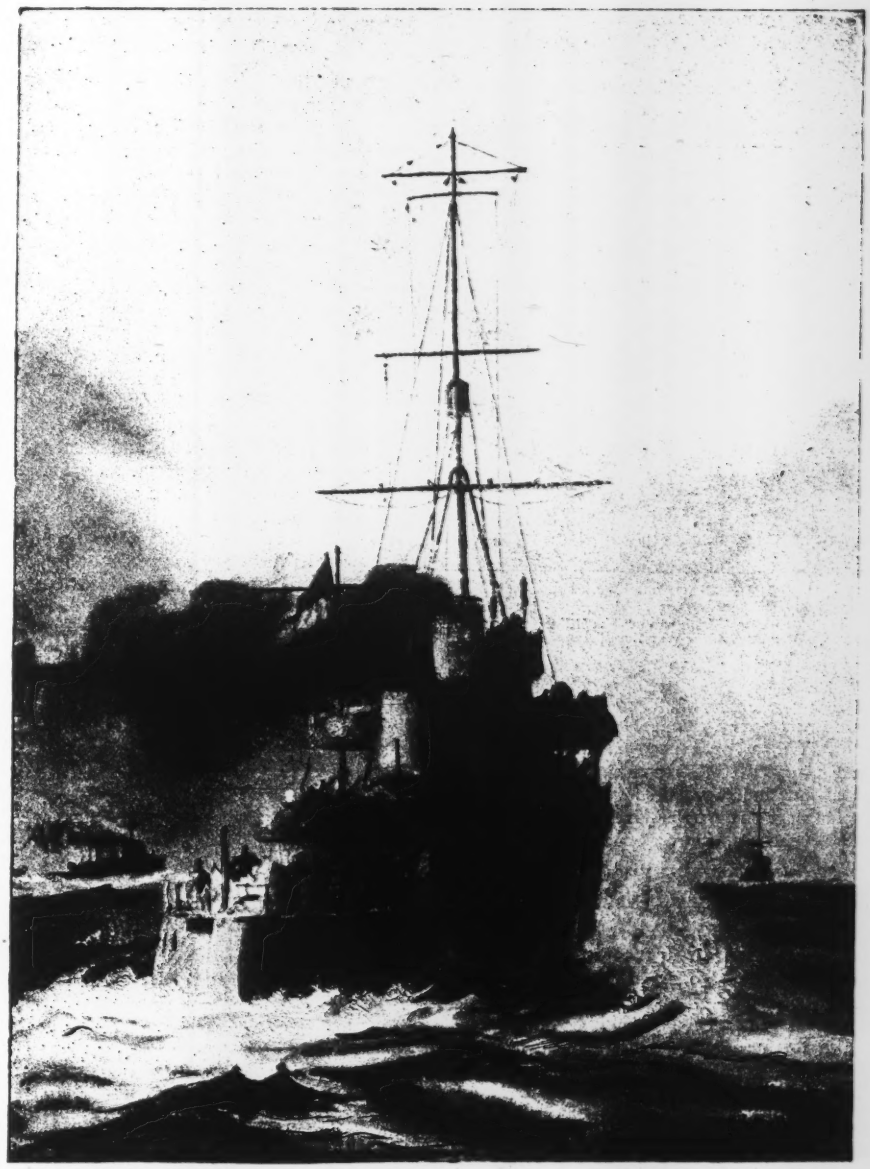
It was a happy idea of Miss Greenwood's—to retell some tales of Queen Elizabeth's adventurers from the pages of Hakluyt. This is just the time when the thoughts of youth are preoccupied with heroism, and here they will find the glorious tale of Drake's voyage round the world, of the adventures of four Londoners at Baghdad, and beyond; of Cumberland in the Azores. Reading the last named over again we found we had forgotten how the *Victory* on its way home was blown adrift far out into the Atlantic, and had great trouble in reaching the Irish coast. And how, when the enfeebled crew got ashore at a little place called Dingan, the Irish played so sweetly to the sick and wounded on their harps that their lives were restored to them again. The book includes an account of Ralegh's settlers in Virginia and ends with the tale of Martin Frobisher and the North-West Passage. It is written with a clear and direct simplicity, and is worthy of better illustrations.

SEA FIGHTS IN THE GREAT WAR:

Naval Incidents in the First Twelve Months.

By W. L. WYLLIE, R.A., and M. F. WREN. 12s. 6d. (Cassell.)

A wonderful book. The work of many hands—several naval men have helped to compile it, and without the permission of Mr. Balfour and the Lords of the Admiralty, who allowed one of the authors to make cruises in His Majesty's ships, the pictures could not have been made or the details collected. It is a careful record of naval happenings during the first year of war; it includes, of course, accounts of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, of the battle of Coronel (with a very sympathetic account of Captain Brandt of H.M.S. *Monmouth*, by a brother officer); we also have a full and stirring description of the Battle of the Falklands, with a fine painting of the *Leipzig* sinking in flames. The book ends with a chapter entitled, "Naval Operations against Turkey." This is a splendid bit of work; happy the man or woman, or boy or girl who can get hold of it, and pore over its beautiful colour plates, clever black-and-white pictures, and glowing letterpress.



From **Sea Fights of the Great War** (*Cassell*).

THE EYES OF THE FLEET.

From **The British Navy—The Navy Vigilant** (*Macmillan*).

TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.
After W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

ROVING AND FIGHTING.

By MAJOR E. S. O'REILLY. 11s.6d. (Werner Laurie.)

In one way it is a pity that Major O'Reilly wrote this book himself, for he is a mediæval warrior, and modest withal. Another pen would have made more of that episode in the Philippines, when our friend won the Medal of Honour, which answers to the Victoria Cross. But, after all, we prefer to have such incidents lightly touched upon rather than spoiled. And nobody could have given us better vignettes of Jackson the renegade, Cornelius the Filipino chief whom O'Reilly inadvertently met at a social gathering, little Sergeant Wilnitz of the Scouts, who rode into

the town of Bayombong twenty minutes ahead of his comrades and, having been gravely saluted by General Canton, who was standing with fifty-three men in front of the church, received the General's sword. In Cuba,

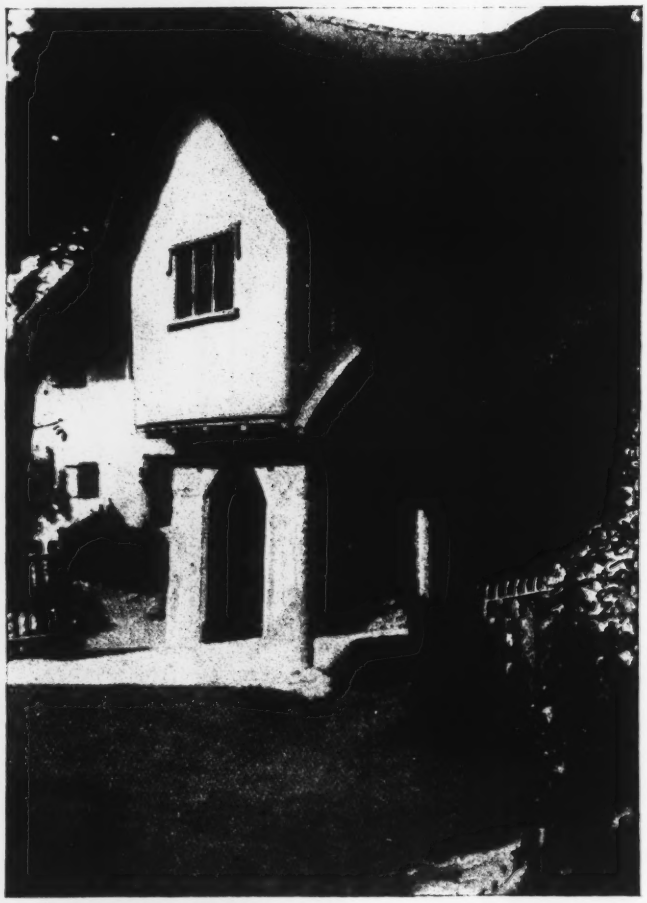
LA CRESTÉ.
The house on the hill-top in which Miss Aldrich wrote "The Hill-top of the Marne" and "On the Edge of the War Zone"
(*Constable*).

O'Reilly, then a mere boy, was a private, in the Philippines a sergeant, in Shanghai a policeman (which involved encounters with an intoxicated German captain, and with the irate Field-Marshal, Count von Waldersee), in Japan O'Reilly taught the English language with a certain amount of success, in Venezuela he was appointed a major of artillery by the insurgents, and in Mexico, where in recent years he played a very interesting part, he was also given a commission by Villa, as a major on his staff. Anyone who has seen something of the American armies in France will be astonished to hear of the lack of organisation in the Cuban war, when the troops had to go campaigning in their thick clothes, and were not provided with lighter garments until their return to the north, while the amount of red-tape which, both in Cuba and the Philippines, was wrapped round the soldiers' rations, so that men could almost starve in sight of plenty, is amazing. What a vast difference this much greater war has produced; perhaps it has produced greater men for the administrative posts. We are told by the Major that when the mixed force advanced upon Peking, all the nations were guilty of looting in the Chinese capital, but that the Germans were the most flagrant offenders, as their officers permitted looting, and participated in it. This book is adorned with some remarkable photographs, particularly in the exciting section which deals with Mexico, where we have a photograph of Villa with Zapata and others taking their ease in the National Palace of Mexico City (Villa, in jovial mood, is lolling in the presidential chair next to his old comrade the unshaven General Tomas Urbina, whom he subsequently killed), and on another photograph we are shown the redoubtable Villa in a very different mood, a few minutes before he sentenced to death a railway official who was responsible for an accident. Major O'Reilly has now settled down, and thinks that his wanderings may be over, but nothing seems more unlikely. Somewhere or other he will turn up again, on the old road of adventure, this enterprising and observant man of six feet four inches, who seems to have earned beyond all other praise the title of "good comrade."

THE WHITE ISLAND.

By MICHAEL WOOD. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The mystical fresco is a difficult piece of work at any time, but especially in the hot and glaring colours of to-day. Even the glow must be cool and white if the purity of the inspiration is to be convincing, and the ordered monotony of the cloister has been so much invaded by the melodramatist that it requires fumigation and a term of quarantine. The author of "The Willow Weaver" may not be remembered as vividly as he deserves, because he follows this rule we have just laid down, and uses a palette of the utmost delicacy. In this new book there is the same quiet ardour, the same high attempt to make this world an expression of the other; but the endeavour enters more into the region of ambition, and certainly succeeds. Some of the characters upon the margin fade away too far perhaps, and Sir James Clinton, as the man of the world, remains a trifle too passive. But there is no mistaking the vitality of Father Standish and Réné, the half-unconscious visionary of a boy who draws all living things towards him that have no guile in them and no distrust. Nor is there any question in the reader's mind about the wisdom of Father Standish's withdrawal of the lad from the course of material prosperity marked out for him; the danger is that the reader may be unable to conceive him as anywhere else but where he is—this little garth or garden which seems to lie at the cross-roads between peace and happiness and the dread alternative. The one act of self-assertion on the part of Réné's mother is excellent, and makes us wish the character had been rather more developed; but those who read this author will always have to take the indicative touch for the finished reality.



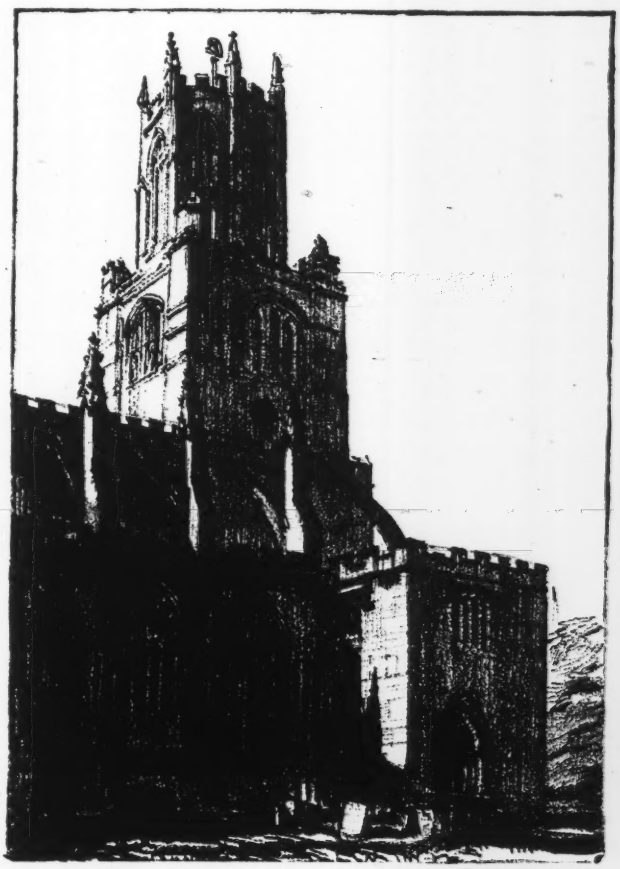
From **Small Talk at Wreyland** (*Cambridge University Press*). **THE HALL HOUSE.**

AMERICA'S DAY.

Studies in Light and Shade.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Those who wish to obtain a comprehensive grasp of the difficulties which confront President Wilson in his colossal task of gradually preparing and educating the United States for war with Germany will find the whole question discussed with rare perspicuity and perspicacity in "America's Day." The author, who writes under the obvious pseudonym of "Ignatius Phayre" and who seems to be an Englishman possessed of a perfectly amazing acquaintance with American customs, institutions and trains of thought, shows how the old opposition of State Rights to Federal Control, how the division of races throughout the States, how the ever-increasing "Militarism of Money," and how the national weakness for "thinking pink" all proved the most formidable obstacles to the President's unprecedented and epoch-making policy of taking part in an European War. He examines the character and the importance of these obstacles with genuine insight and fair-mindedness and he shows how they gradually yielded to Mr. Wilson's patience, firmness and pertinacity. Dealing with the German menace in Brazil and with the Japanese menace in California and in China he traverses ground which he knows equally well. His indeed is a very noteworthy book.



From Highways and Byways (*Macmillan*).

FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH.

From Highways and Byways (*Macmillan*).

IRTHLINGBOROUGH CHURCH.

From Highways and Byways (*Macmillan*).

THE NENE VALLEY, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

From Highways and Byways (*Macmillan*).

NASEBY.

LADY VICTORIA BUXTON: A MEMOIR.

By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Illustrated. (Longmans)

Lady Victoria Buxton was born, Victoria Noel, in 1839, a daughter of the Charles Noel, Lord Barham, who was created Earl of Gainsborough in 1841. She married Sir Fowell Buxton in 1862, and lived till August, 1916, surviving her husband by less than a full year. This memoir is well planned and written with no little art, always revealing, always restrained and reticent. The life of Lady Victoria fell in a most interesting era, the full Victorian epoch, the time of Napoleon III. and Eugenie, the time of Disraeli and Gladstone, Parnell, Salisbury, Balfour, moving through the transition period down to our own days and the present war Lady Victoria became an invalid when she was thirty, yet she never lost her eager contact with friends and affairs, and when her husband in 1895 went out to South Australia as Governor, she accompanied him, shared fully in his work there for the three years during which he held office. A book of this kind is indeed entrancing; it is a liberal education to come in contact with such a personality, so human, wise, kind, humorous, lively, religious and intelligent. To understand the Victorian era at its best and strongest is immensely worth while, and there are few better ways of getting to know it than by the help of books of this kind.

From **Lady Victoria Buxton : A Memoir** (*Longmans*),

Lady Victoria Buxton.

From **Eminent Victorians** (*Chatto & Windus*).

Florence Nightingale.

MY GERMAN PRISONS.

By Captain H. G. Gilliland. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is hard to see what form of literature is yet to be attained by a contemplation of the woes and sufferings of our hapless compatriots in enemy prisons, but even if they defy the dramatist and poet the sense of adequacy is more than met by unpretentious chronicles like this. From the moment of capture near La Bassée in the early stages of the war down to his escape after two and a half years of misery, the author keeps well within the bounds of modesty and decency, though he was entitled to traverse the one by his endurance, and the other by the nature of his experiences. Of the many prison-logs we have been called upon to read of late, we can recall none more arresting and convincing than this, and we remember many where the writers spoiled the effect, as he never does, by over-writing and slang, and vehemence. Nor had they his cue for letting the pen go, as he has in describing that hell of horrors, the fortress of Ingolstadt, an underground keep where the worst foes were not "blond beasts" or overwhelming vermin, but an atmosphere of the most reeking and noisome kind, and conditions which no deliberate intention could very well have worsened. Happily the temperament which defied his gaolers, and led them to hurry him away whenever there was an inspection due from any neutral commissioner, proved his salvation, for it not only carried him through serious physical damage at the outset, and the merciless medical treatment it provoked, but it procured his transfer from place to place as a kind of incorrigible. Out of this shifting from place to place came the slender opportunity of flight, and the pages which relate his adventures until he got over the frontier are a suitable continuation to the literature of pluck, perseverance and presence of mind. If only it could have been circulated in the right quarters, how many broken heroes it might have nerved to take their chances and win their way to freedom.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT SIMON.

Vols. V. and VI. Translated by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT. 10s. 6d. net each vol. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Arkwright puts the corner-stone upon his monumental translation of the St. Simon memoirs with the issue of these two solid and well-printed volumes. In the original they have long served as a happy hunting ground not only for the army of bookmakers who specialise in the *chronique scandaleuse*, but for the serious historian working in such a field as the age of Louis le Grand of the Regency. But if a thousand rakes have harrowed the dunghills there is good soil and to spare left for the honest spade. St. Simon had a Gallic facility for portraiture and an intense human interest in the contemporaries whom he acknowledged or ignored in public with a particular observance of each fractional gradation of exclusiveness. In an age when most values were artificial he filled a great social position not without credit throughout an epoch that was great in its phantasmagoric way, knowing everybody who was worth knowing, and aware of a multitude who were nothing of the kind, supremely conscious of what was due to himself as a personage, and never failing to exact a recognition of that consciousness in others, but withal a super-reporter indefatigable in the service of his own hobby. A snorting, curveting beast, this biographical hobby-horse of M. le Duc's, overriding the groundlings and jostling their betters, but with one bold eye on posterity. If its rider's play was to a posthumous gallery, his shade can still demand big letters in the bill. It is not difficult to agree in the main with St. Simon's own opinion that he was as fair to his subjects as it is possible for one human being to be to another. He had in a large measure the gift of seeing all round both friends and enemies. If he despised de Noailles for, so to speak, a dirty dog, and took every opportunity to put affront

From The Brood of False Lorraine (*Hutchinson*).

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

From Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon (vol. VI.) (*Stanley Paul*).

LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE.

From Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon (vol. VI.) (*Stanley Paul*).

ARMAND GASTON, CARDINAL DE ROHAN.

and ridicule upon one who had played a blackleg part among his fellow Dukes, he is still keen enough to resent any attempted derogation from the privileges due to his adversary's impeccable lineage. If he deplores the extravagance and folly that brought Louis XIV., and his realm along with him, to the verge of irretrievable disaster, he is still at pains to point out how inevitably the manner of the young monarch's upbringing was responsible for many defects of character, to say nothing of an ignorance not only of affairs but of the everyday knowledge of all save the meanest of his lieges. Louis in fact was deliberately left throughout childhood without means or opportunities of acquiring knowledge or the example of reputable associates. The King's natural gifts of mind, person, and temperament are acknowledged without reserve. If he had been born a ploughboy the women would still have run after him, and since his fate was to be King of France, what would you have? No wonder ginger was hotter in the mouth than gunpowder. When destiny poured all the wealth of the Indies, and all the treasures of Aladdin's cave into his hand at twenty-three, no wonder a Louvois at his elbow could wheedle from him declarations of war that the greatest captains of the age were hustling each other to carry beyond his borders, still leaving armies behind them numerous enough for the stage carpentry of turning marsh and moor into palaces, pleasaunces and lakes at the whim of a spoiled boy. Year after year, Marly and Versailles were the scene of Drury Lane transformations. Hills disappeared in a week to become lakes whereupon courtiers and their ladies philandered in gondolas; another week, and the lakes were forests of full-grown trees teeming with game that was turned down afresh every day. But despite the follies of his youth and middle years this peculiarly earthly embodiment of the Divine Right knew how to keep a stiff upper lip in adversity, and if his end was not particularly edifying he had at least the grace to make his departure with some show of decorum. His last words were of a nobility to induce Marshal de Villeroye, with sycophantic promptitude, to frame them at the head of his bed, though one is reminded by St. Simon that this aged warrior's susceptibilities were notoriously so delicate as to move him to visible tears whenever his sovereign's virtues were publicly praised from the pulpit, a by no means rare occurrence.

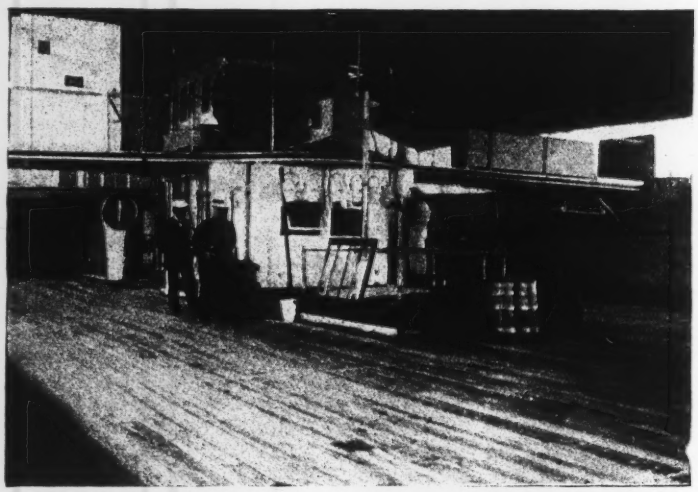
From **The Naval Side** (*Palmer & Hayward*). **PAINTING SHIP.**

From **Guynemer : Knight of the Air** (*Chatto & Windus*). **GUYNEMER.**

THE NAVAL SIDE.

By EDWARD NOBLE. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

It is a truism that never before has our "Silent Navy" so brilliantly justified its title. What do we know of the life of the men who have kept the silver streak unforded? What of the conditions they have faced day and night for nearly four years? It was to answer these questions, so far as answers may be given in these days, that Edward Noble was invited to visit the Fleet and the Naval Bases along the coast. No one is more fully qualified to describe the achievements of the Navy and Mercantile Marine than Mr. Noble, who has long since won for himself an honoured place as a writer on "those who go down to the sea in ships," and in "The Naval Side" he has found ample scope for his gifts of vivid description and narration. "The Naval Side," with decorations by Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and half-tone photographs, is dedicated to Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, and will be read with intense interest by all who are interested in —and who is not?— in what our Naval forces have been doing in the great war.

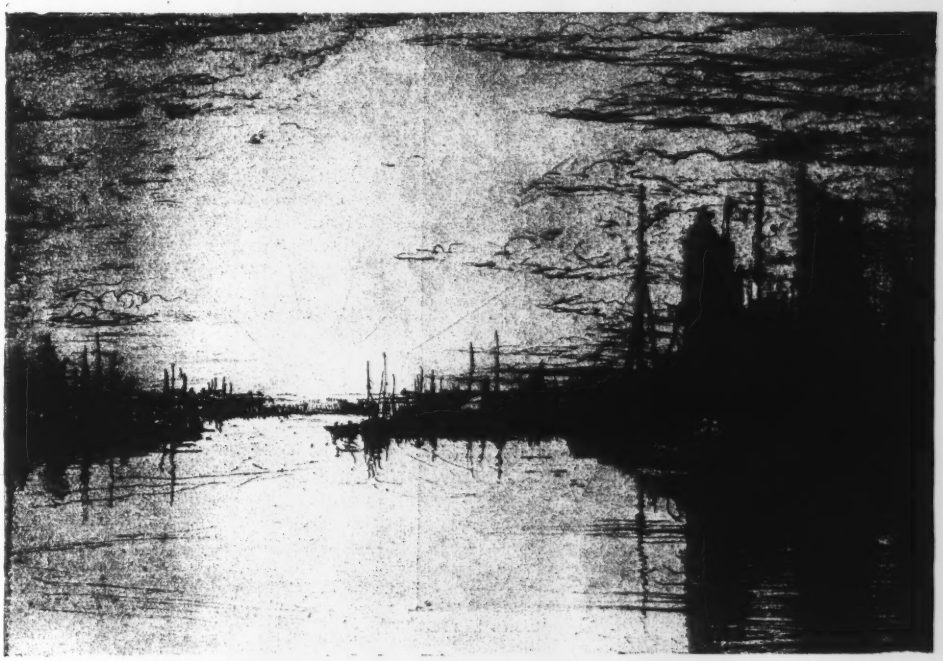


From **The Naval Side** (*Palmer & Hayward*) **THE BRIDGE OF AN OLD-TIME BATTLESHIP.**

GUYNEMER, KNIGHT OF THE AIR.

By Henri Bordeaux. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a most fitting and adequate tribute to the memory of the young flying soldier of France who, most of all, typifies for Frenchmen their ideals and heroic faculties. M. Henri Bordeaux has written what is no less than a lyrical epic, a real *chanson de geste*. Truly Guynemer was an ideal hero. His life, from his birth in 1894 to his wonderful death in September, 1917, is described in this narrative with an exquisite feeling for its singleness and its noble tending always to its heroic fulfilment. A frail, ardent boy, who once saw an aeroplane pass from the blue deep to the blue deep above the courtyard of his school, and months afterwards told his father he meant to be an aviator because of that marvellous moment, he was not allowed to follow his will. But when war came, and his ardent spirit was refused its desire to serve in the Army because the body was incapable of enduring the fatigue of soldiering, then he thought of the air service, and at Pau, after much pleading, he was accepted as student mechanic—an apprentice. Hard and scientific work ensured progress, and at last he became a flier, and on July 19th, 1915, had his first victory in the air. From that time to September, 1917, was a succession of triumphs and when the end came he had fifty-three victories to his credit. Twenty-six times had he been cited in the orders of the day, and the last citation is to be the inscription on the marble tablet dedicated to him in the Pantheon. Every



From Boulogne, a Base in France (*Black*).

THE BASSIN LOUBET—SUNSET.

From Scotland of the Scots (*Putnam*).

THE CLYDE AT BOTHWELL CASTLE.

From **Lord Lister** (*Macmillan*)
By Sir Rickman John Godlee, Bart., recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, and now in a Second Edition.

LORD LISTER.

French schoolboy has learnt it by heart : it is this :

"Fallen on the field of honour on September 11, 1917, legendary hero, fallen from the very zenith of victory after three years' hard and continuous fighting. He will be considered the most perfect embodiment of the national qualities for his indomitable energy and perseverance and his exalted gallantry. Full of invincible belief in victory, he has bequeathed to the French soldier an imperishable memory, which must add to his self-sacrificing spirit, and will surely give rise to the noblest emulation."

A noble tribute, and deserved to the full.

BOULOGNE: A BASE IN FRANCE.

Being 32 Drawings from the Sketch-book of CAPTAIN MARTIN HARDIE. 5s. net. (Black.)

We all know people who have done war work in Boulogne, this is *the* book to give them for a Christmas gift It is made up of charming pictures in black-and-white, and there are some coloured ones too ; a street with flags out entitled "The Fourth of July," a clever sketch of the Consecration of the new Bishop of Arras with crowds of dignitaries entering the Church of St. Nicholas —also a picture "On the Ramparts," where the soft blurring of the green trees is very successfully done. There is, too, a gay painting of "A Summer Day in the Market" with the brightly coloured stalls and the crowds. The black-and-white or rather brown-and-white work is equally good, especially a dainty sketch of the harbour and a masterly impression of the Plage. Yes, this is the book for many a one who knows Boulogne in war time and who has learned to love it, for the wounded who were pulled back to health and strength there, for the nurse, for the Y.M.C.A. workers We thank Captain Hardie for his exquisite sheaf of memories. They will hang framed on many a wall.

KEELING LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Edited by E. T. With an Introduction by H. G. WELLS. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

It is right that the life of Frederic Hillersdon Keeling ("Ben" Keeling), here revealed mainly in his letters, should not too quickly be forgotten. We get a glimpse of him at Winchester (by no means the typical public school boy), and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, find him an ardent socialist. He graduates, with a first class in the Modern History Tripos, comes under the influence of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Sidney Webb, whom he decides are the two greatest men in the world, and appointed to a Labour Exchange at Leeds, seems fairly embarked on a life of public usefulness, and destined probably for Parliament or high office in the bureaucracy. Keeling in 1914 is full of admiration for the State Socialism of Germany, and hopes to the last against war. But once war is declared, without doubt or hesitation he takes his side for England, with Rupert Brooke and other Cambridge friends. From the Artists' Rifles, Keeling joined as a private the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and steadily refusing a commission, died in France, August, 1916, a Company Sergeant-Major, leading his men on a desperate bombing attack. The letters, in especial the letters Keeling wrote in the two years of war, must be read by all who would know what manner of man the author was, and the letters from France have this great value—they tell us what the fighting man really thinks about the whole tragic business of war. For Keeling could express clearly what thousands of his comrades felt but could never put into words.

From **Keeling Letters and Recollections** (*Allen & Unwin*).

MR. KEELING.

TAILS UP.

By EDGAR MIDDLETON. 6s. net. (Simpkin.)

In his new volume of aircraft sketches, Mr. Edgar Middleton jolts his readers through the multifarious activities of the Air Service with an anecdotal nudge here, an informative pause there, and an apt quotation everywhere. He has something of interest to say about "Aces" and "Archies," Zeppelins and kite-balloons, aerial duels and airmen's logs, and a score of other subjects. And scattered throughout the book are little tales of heroism and endurance that make the reader echo warmly the words of Major-General Ruck in his introduction: "The war is but a prelude to still greater developments in our social history. Is it not to be hoped that the qualities shown by our gallant airmen, their courage, chivalry, self-denial, enterprise and buoyancy, will find adequate expression in the new order of things to which we have to adjust ourselves?" will glory in them. We quote the titles appended to the first three illustrations: "With a crash they fell through the ceiling and alighted heavily, almost at the feet of

PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR POLLEN.

Author of "The Navy in Battle" (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE SECRET CHANNEL,

And Other Stories of the Great War.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. 5s. net. (Black.)

Brisk tales, all of them, and full of adventure. Boys Germany's secret agents." "'There's a Hun patrol bearing down,' yelled the pilot of the seaplane to the sub-Lieutenant alone on the derelict torpedo-boat." "Swiftly he drew forth a bomb. . . . Unerringly the sinister

missile hurtled on its mission." We imagine the schoolboy reading thus far and settling down with the contented exclamation, "This is all right!" It is; we promise him; and among the very best stories are "The Christmas Prize," in which two middies capture a schooner, and "The Sub's Hymn of Hate," a tale of submarine adventure in the North Sea. "The Ghosts of Tinderwood Hall," a Christmas Eve story, tells of a daring midshipman who dons a suit of mail and terrifies a German who is compelled to surrender. We suppose tales of Germans *versus* British will continue to be written for years to come; this is an exciting collection.

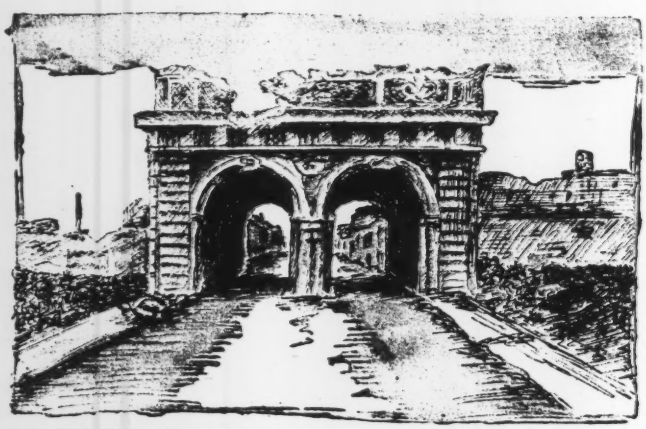
From The History of Aryan Rule in India (*Harrap*).

TRIMURTI SCULPTURE, ELEPHANTA.

THE HISTORY OF ARYAN RULE IN INDIA.

By E. B. HAVELL. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

Mr. Havell's new volume on the Aryan rule and rulers is a monument of knowledge and labour. He is of course well qualified to write on this intricate subject, and he does so with clarity and exhaustive care. The scheme of his book is to portray Aryan rule from the earliest time to the death of Akbar, and one of the most pertinent and interesting periods is the reign of Asoka. The twentieth century of Christian Britain may pause and criticise itself when it looks back upon the aims and laws of this Aryan monarch, living and influencing the wide East in 268 B.C. The State officials were enjoined by him "to regard all men as the Emperor's children, whose happiness in this world and the next was his chief desire. . . . They were to prevent false imprisonment, the unjustifiable torture of citizens, and any acts of violence. In their behaviour they must avoid envy, harshness, impatience, idleness and lack of perseverance. . . ." Also to the people he called for obedience to the Law of good-living. "Parents should be obeyed; the teacher must be reverenced by the pupil; truth must be spoken, no living thing should be sacrificed or injured, disputes should be avoided, personal indulgence restricted. . . ." and so forth; showing that it was not left to the great Akbar's reign, so many years later, for ideals to be formulated, and genuine social truths apart from selfish "socialism" to be realised. But the great twin interest of this volume is the description and interpretation of the Aryan art as it goes hand in hand, so to speak, with Aryan history; and the numerous illustrations throughout the book bear witness to the culture and the technical perfection achieved by the craftsmen. They were great at symbolisms (not, we suppose we must admit, the very highest form of art) but they could conceive splendour in stone, and express nobility in form. The book is a fascinating and illuminating record of a long period which has been only too much the interest, chiefly, of the "specialist." Mr. Havell's careful study of a fine people enables an interested public to realise that great things were done and made and thought in India even before the dawn of British Rule!



From The Fifty-First in France (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

ARRAS.

AN ALPHABET OF STORIES.

By REV. W. J. MAY. 3s. 6d. net. (Oliphants.)

There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet and so that makes twenty-six stories in this book. They are stories for boys and girls, and will be invaluable to parents and aunts and uncles who are often hard put to it to satisfy the practically insatiable demand of their tyrants for stories. These are excellently suited for reading aloud, and they are all winged and barbed with direct lessons for conduct and good living. Not that they hurl an obtrusive and jagged moral at the head of the hearer—they don't. They gently insinuate without malice. The lesson conveyed in the D story—Delays are Dangerous—is somewhat harsh. Nevertheless, this is a pleasant book, in the best and positive sense.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

By the Rev. J. E. Wright, B.A. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

This account of the Holy Land of to-day is written by a young clergyman who is now chaplain to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Jerusalem, and it has a foreword by the Bishop of London. Be it understood that these are not letters about the war, but about impressions formed by Mr. Wright before war broke out. The book is bright and natural; admirably illustrated, and full of detail that will probably be new to the untravelled reader. Thus, on bathing in the Dead Sea he says: "Can you imagine it? Beautifully warm, almost dead calm . . . you can stay in for hours without a chance of feeling cold . . . you feel just like a human swan. But woe betide any one who gets a drop in his eye or in his mouth, it is bitter as copper soaked in vinegar!" Mr. Wright has a happy way of describing ceremonies, and we have a striking account of Easter in Jerusalem. "I didn't mind," he writes, "the enormous crowd. It was inspiring: so far from feeling any objection to the masses of peasants living, eating and sleeping in the church from Thursday midday to Sunday, I felt it quite a privilege to be in such a throng of simple, childlike people. . . ."

FROM CZAR TO BOLSHEVIK.

By E. P. Stebbing. 12s. 6d. (Lane.)

This gives a wonderful picture of Russia after the Revolution. Mr. Stebbing was in Russia last year and made a close study of the extraordinary kaleidoscopic events which passed before his very eyes. He sends forth his diary, conscious that it is of the highest importance that the true causes for the present appalling conditions of Russia should be understood. He bitterly blames the Allies, in words made more bitter by their extreme restraint, for their failure as regards propaganda. "Germany conquered the Eastern Front by propaganda not by force of arms," he tells us. We never opposed or checked their efforts. He calls for men—as many as we can lay hands on, to go forth to Russia. We must trust them, simply give them the order, "Propaganda," and leave them to do the job in their own way. The chapters, "Petrograd in 1917," "The Moscow Conference," "Petrograd in September," are among the most interesting in a volume which will be consulted even though the war is over. Photographs taken by the author brighten the pages; there is a snapshot in the beginning of Kerensky, with a sorely perplexed brow, in the trenches on the Eastern Front in June, 1917.

From The Roman Civilization, By A. F. Giles, M.A. (*Nelson*).

HEAD OF CHRIST FROM A WALL IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

From Luxembourg and its Neighbours (*Putnam*).

THE ARMS OF THE DUCHY OF LUXEMBOURG AND THE FIFTEEN CITIES.

THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM WITHIN.

By Major-General Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G. 10s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

How wonderful are the romances connected with the Tower! We have refreshed our memories right gladly in these vivid pages. Sir George Younghusband knows his subject, he lives within its ancient walls; and he has put together his book with great judgment, selecting from the immense mass of material with care and wisdom. This volume will make an ideal Christmas gift: open it anywhere, and one is fascinated. We had quite forgotten, for instance, that breathless story of the love of William Seymour and Lady Arabella Stuart—how she eloped dressed as a man with russet boots with red tops, a black cloak, and a rapier, he meeting her disguised in a carter's hat and smock. They were pursued and captured—but you will find it all in the stirring chapter, "Life and Death in the Tower." The account of the jewels is particularly well done. Pictures add to the attractions of a most readable and valuable book, written round "a noble inheritance, built with the stone of ages, and watered with the blood of England's noblest sons and daughters."

LEO TOLSTOY.

By AYLMER MAUDE. With 7 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

This is a life of Tolstoy based upon Mr. Maude's two-volume Life that was revised by Countess Tolstoy and contributed to by Tolstoy himself. Here we have in well planned, well proportioned narrative an account of the life and ideas of one of the outstanding figures of the world in the nineteenth century and in our own time. He was convinced that the existing order of things was corrupt and iniquitous, and addressed himself to its overthrow. Church and State and social organisation, he attacked them all, one by one and all together, and succeeded in his attack to an amazing degree. The present condition of Russia is eloquent witness to the passion with which the ideas he promulgated were seized upon and to the danger of the unbalanced and fanatical application of those and similar ideas. Mr. Maude seeks to examine Tolstoy's views critically and dispassionately, to sift them and find what is sound and wholesome among them, and to guard against any tendency to accept them merely because of their interest and vitality and the admirable literary art with which they are presented. As an account of Tolstoy's life and a clear exposition of ideas and principles which cannot be ignored, but must either be followed or challenged, this is a very valuable book and absorbingly interesting.

From **Leo Tolstoy** (*Methuen*).

TOLSTOY IN HIS ROOM AT YASNAYA POLYANA.

From **Letters from a Lowland Keeper** (*Maclehose*).

THOMAS WALKER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER.

By JAMES MORRIS MORGAN. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

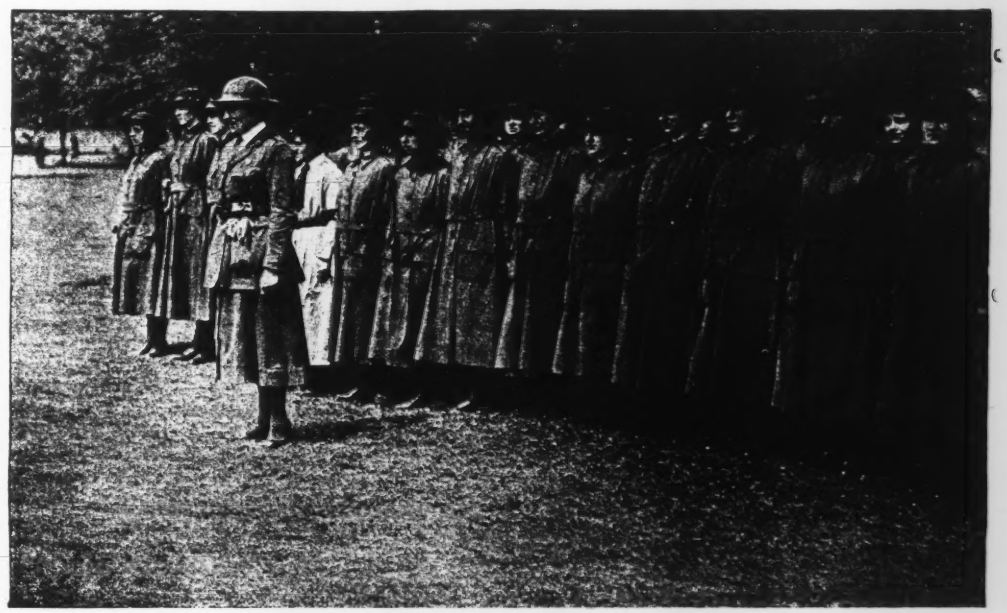
Colonel Morris Morgan's "Recollections of a Rebel Reefer" ought to find many admirers this Christmas time; for it is one of the raciest and most genial chronicles of adventure that has come to us from America for some time. Born in 1845 young Morgan, then a student at Annapolis, joined the Confederate Navy in 1860 at the outbreak of the Civil War; and until its close saw a good deal of fighting both on sea and on land, being more particularly engaged in sinking merchant ships as an officer on board the commerce-destroyer *Georgia*. At Bahia, Brazil, he met the famous *Alabama*, discovering among its midshipmen a youth who was uncle to Theodore Roosevelt. When the war was over he joined a mining expedition to Mexico on "Fighting Bob Evans's" recommendation. But he landed at Marseilles too late to take part in the Franco-Prussian War; though he was in time to see what Paris looked like just after the Commune. Among the most amusing chapters of his book are those devoted to the years he spent in Egypt as an officer in Ismail Pacha's Army, to which he went with recommendations from President Jefferson Davis and General Sherman, ignorant, as he says, of that chapter in Isaiah which denounces "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and stay on horses." Col. Morgan's account of his own feats of horsemanship on that extraordinary steed "Napoleon" and of the caprices and vagaries of the operatic and comic-operatic stars who fleeced the old Khedive at Cairo make very piquant reading. Indeed the whole "Recollections," whether of America, of Egypt, or of Australia, where the author was for many years American Consul-General, are thoroughly readable and entertaining. Not a page need be skipped. Indeed, the whole thing is so varied in interest and so alive that one is too absorbed in reading to think of such a folly as skipping.

OVER THERE.

By Captain Hugh Knyvett. 6s. net. (Hodder.)

This war chronicle by an Intelligence Officer of Australian Infantry is what his fellow colonials would call a "bosker" book. From the moment that the call reaches him and his comrades out in the pearl fisheries of New Guinea or in the back blocks, right through his training and service in Egypt, Gallipoli, and the western front, down to his wound and term in hospital, and later periods of reflection on the chance of return to the trenches, he rejoices in a fund of imperturbable spirits, a zest for all kinds of adventure, and a racy way of running his experiences off in rich and telling language. One could make a calendar easily with extracts from his pages, and here are a few odd sentiments and jests to prove it:

"Remember that Australians are under no other compulsion than their own sense of responsibility of erect manhood.



From **Eve in Khaki** (*Nelson*).

A Sunny Morning in Hyde Park. Drilling Recruits.

"It took but a few days to pay off the crews, send the Jap divers where they belonged, beach the schooners, and take the fastest steamer back home—then enlist, and away, with front seats, for the biggest show on earth.

"We were so used to the sound of the sergeant-major's voice when he said 'The company will move to right in fours,' that when a grazing donkey happened to hee-haw, the whole company formed fours.

"For those three weeks it seemed to me it was an easy thing to die for one's country, but to train to be a soldier was about

From **A Broken Journey,** By Mary Gaunt (*Werner Laurie*).

Wedding Party. Fen Chou Fou.

the worst kind of penal servitude a man could undergo.

"That narrow lane that stretches from Switzerland to the sea is the great international cemetery, and for many generations to come it will be the Mecca of pilgrimages from all our countries.

"There are ranches and farms that will go back to the primeval wilderness . . . because the men who were developing them are gone, and there are none to take their places. . . . The only monument that we dare erect to our fallen dead, the only monument that would not be a dishonour to them and a shame and eternal disgrace to us, is the monument of victory."

The author has a rare fund of anecdote and humour, and as for his patriotism and passion for the home of his fathers, it does one more than good; it explains why the Anzacs fought as they did. And if any more of them can write as Captain Knyvett writes, they are sure of a literature upon the war which we can only admire and envy.

From The Romance of the Red Triangle.
By Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E.
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

ALBERT. THE Y.M. IN THE ORCHARD.

THE LIFE AND FRIENDSHIPS OF CATHERINE MARSH.

By L. E. O'Rorke. With Portraits and Other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

"Personality" is the word that springs to the mind while reading this biography. The personality of Catherine Marsh must have been remarkable. She had certainly the gift of making friends, and of keeping them; but there was more than the charm of wit and intelligence to account for this. Catherine Marsh was a deeply religious woman, and her power for good and for the saving of souls might be the envy of any clergyman. A fine pageant of great names moves through these pages; and we bless the men and women who in the past have kept good letters. Such a volume as this impresses us again with the value of them. Catherine Marsh was the youngest daughter of a clergyman, born at Colchester, and brought up in an atmosphere of love and real godliness, and for ninety-two years the atmosphere of love and true godliness surrounded her; love and true godliness were in her heart and soul, and her influence was strikingly powerful. The young cadets at Addiscombe loved her, and came Sunday after Sunday for a talk and prayer. Rough sailors hung upon her words. A waiter in a hotel where she stayed, a chauffeur who drove her, a workman at her window — "high and low, rich and poor" as the phrase goes—were impressed by her words. The biography of such a woman is a genuine pleasure, and the writer of this one has made of it also a literary treat.

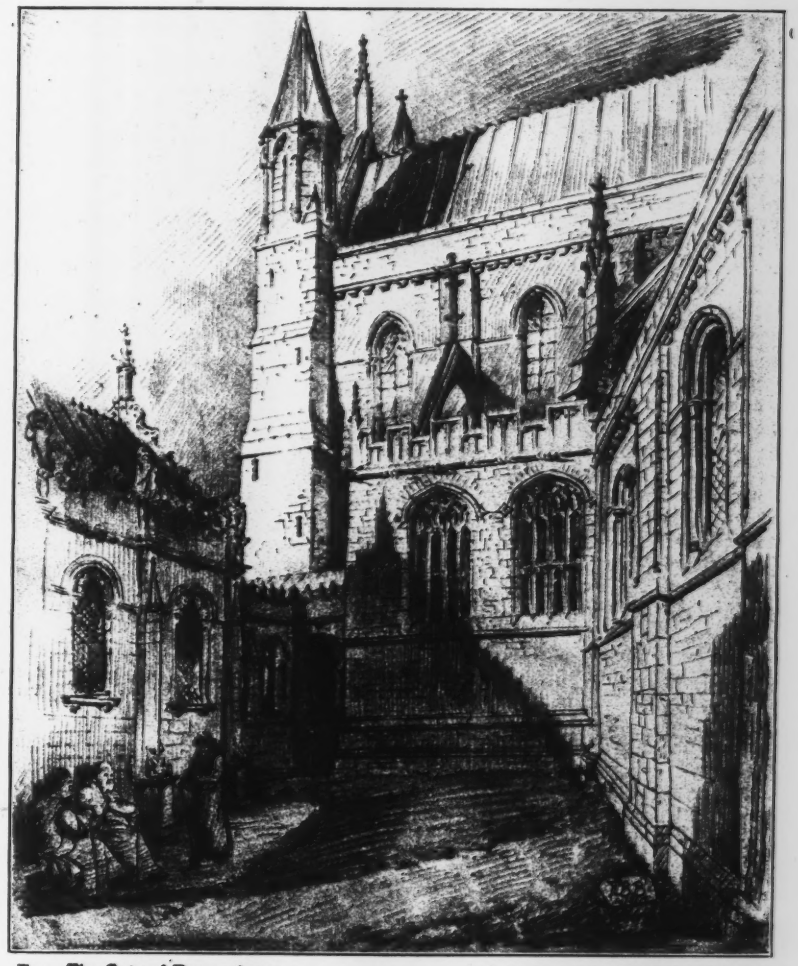
From The Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh,
By Mrs. L. E. O'Rorke
(*Longmans*).

FELTWELL RECTORY, NORFOLK.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HODGKIN.

By Louise Creighton. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

A second edition of the interesting biography of the late Thomas Hodgkin, by Louise Creighton, has just been published. The author of the biography has tried, as far as possible, to let Dr. Hodgkin tell the story of his own life and express his ideas and opinions in his own words; as Dr. Hodgkin was fond of expressing himself in writing and has left a wealth of letters and notes and diaries, his biographer has been able to construct a book on the lines she has thought best, that gives us a real and vivid portrait of a rare type of Englishman. For surely it is rare to combine in one man the qualities of a Quaker, a successful business man, an historian, a scholar of the first rank, and an ardent and passionate upholder of all great social and philanthropic causes. The sunny good-nature of Dr. Hodgkin is reflected in the pages of this book, and the story of his life makes refreshing reading. He was a keen traveller. "Money spent in travelling is never regretted," he was wont to say; and whether abroad or at home, there is always something interesting happening to him. His biographer has chosen her material skilfully and used it wisely in constructing this admirable memoir of the life of a great and good man.



From The Gate of Remembrance (*Blackwell*).

CONJECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT WITH THE "CLAUSTRUM" ATTACHED.

GUILDHALL MEMORIES.

By A. G. Temple, F.S.A., Director of the Guildhall Gallery, London. 16s. net. (John Murray.)

Those who remember with gratitude the magnificent exhibitions of Spanish and of Dutch pictures shown at the Guildhall will turn with interest and expectation to "Guildhall Memories," a volume in which Mr. A. G. Temple, F.S.A., the Director of the famous gallery, gives his impressions of

From The Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin, By Mrs. Creighton (*Longmans*).

BARMOOR CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

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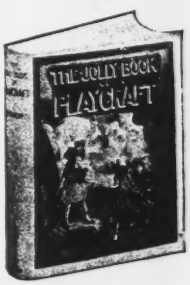

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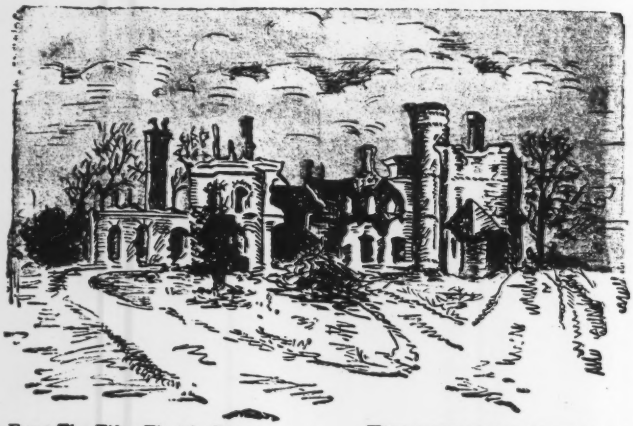

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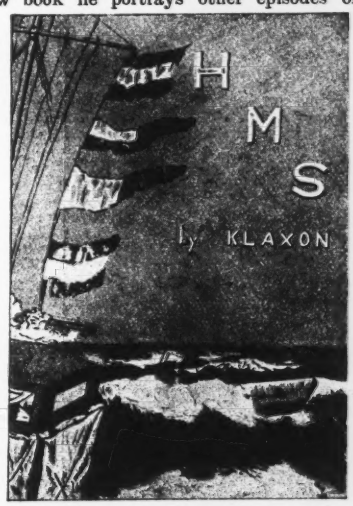

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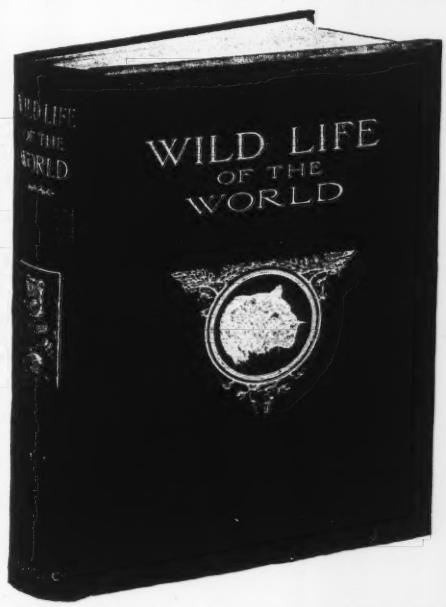

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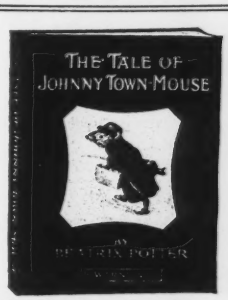

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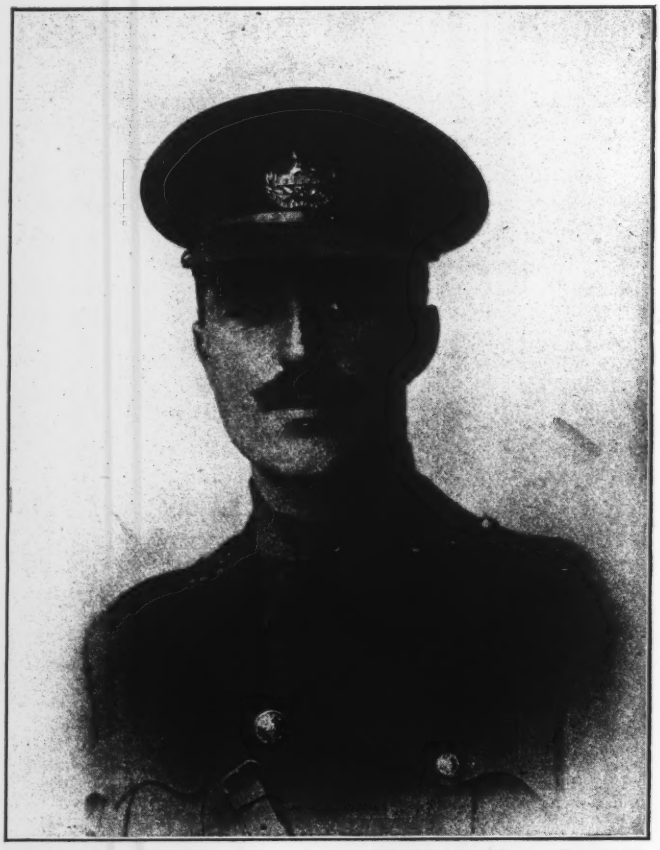

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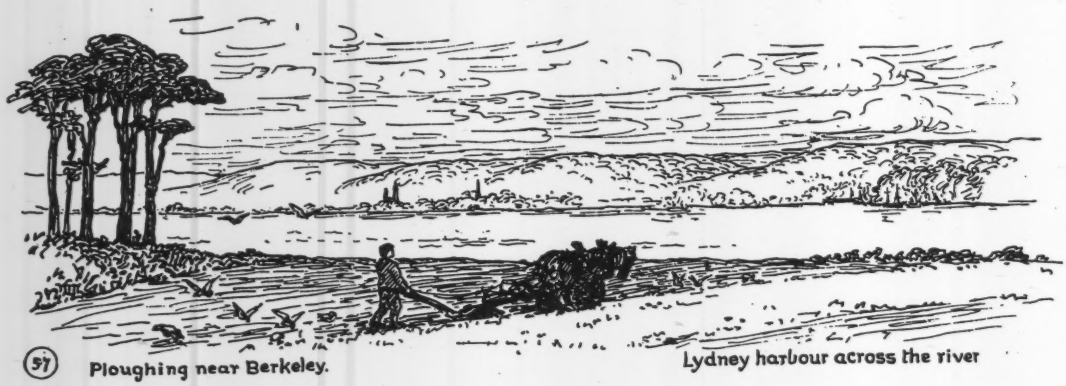

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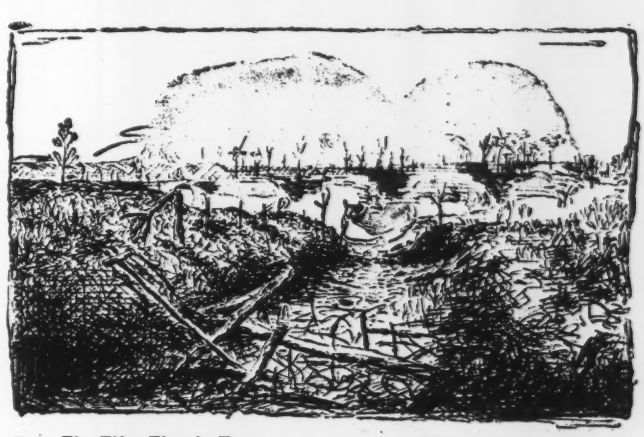

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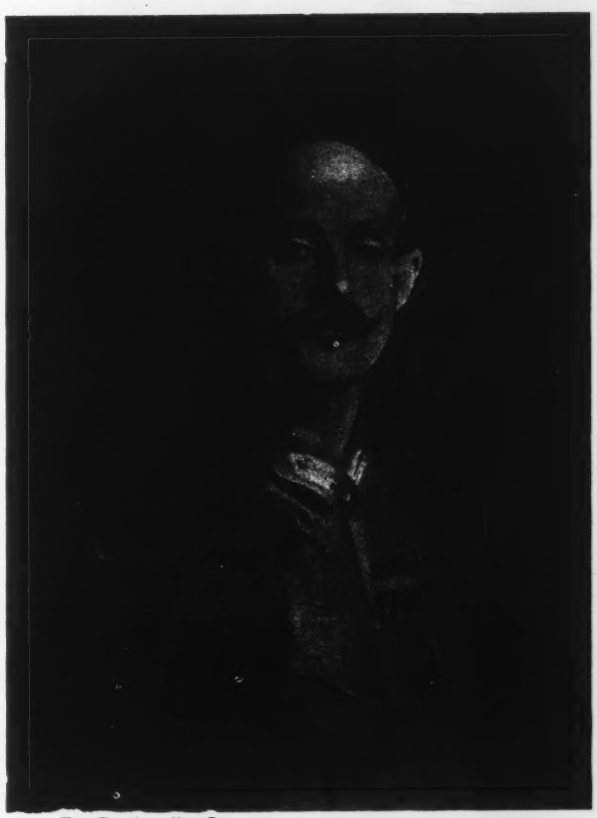
HUMAN GEOGRAPHY IN WESTERN EUROPE.

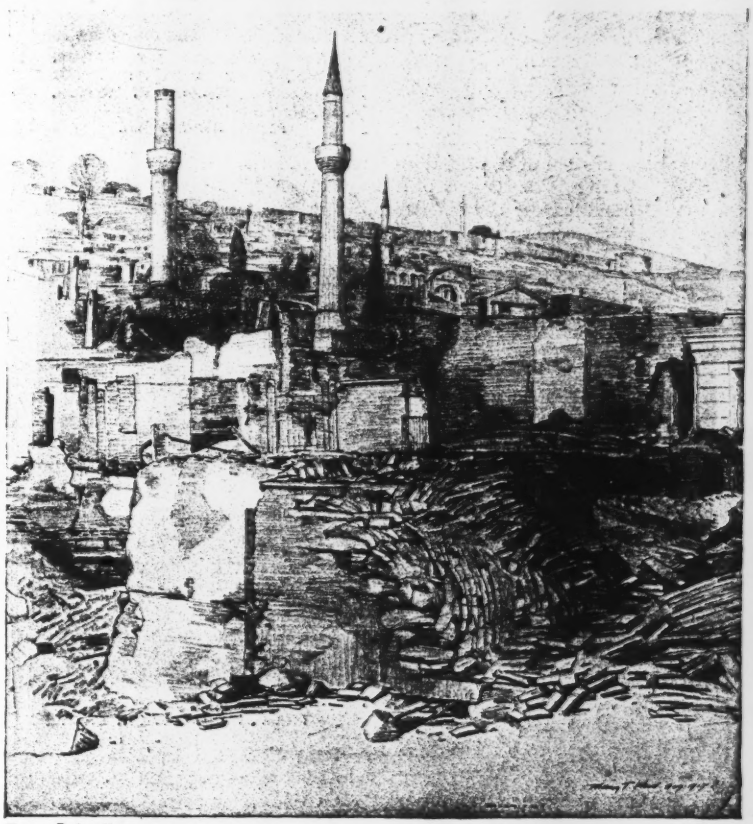
By H. J. Fleure. 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

As a scientific "appreciation" of a vast subject and an addition of merit to a useful series, "The Making of the Future," this little treatise strikes us as in every way scholarly and serviceable. Mr. Fleure has delivered the substance of these eight chapters in the form of lectures in his capacity of professor in this province of research at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and it would be hard to find material more calculated to awaken young minds to the value of racial interrelation as a link between past and future. There are times in the course of its perusal when one hesitates with a kind of wonder as to which is the rule and which the exception in the bewildering distribution of human evolution and energy over so busy and adventurous a field as the western half of a continent like Europe, but the author is fully alive to the uncertainties involved, and bridges the gulf very honestly and carefully between knowledge and conjecture. Sometimes there intrudes the feeling that Mr. Fleure has skimmed too lightly, and been all too chary with his instances and proofs, but there can be no doubt of the diligence and conscientiousness with which he has covered the available evidence afforded by archæology and biology, and all the dim traces of primitive man. Possibly he may be tempted in course of time to expand these anthropological theories of his into a larger and fuller treatise, but in the meantime we are heartily with him in his tribute to France as the richest area for cultural discovery, and Kent as the pivot of our own island—points which he sets forth with a fine persuasiveness.



From **The Dardanelles Campaign** (*Nisbet*).

General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O.
From a portrait by John Sargent, R.A.



From **Salonika** (*Black*).

Salonika after the Fire.

IN HAPPY VALLEY.

By John Fox, Jun. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

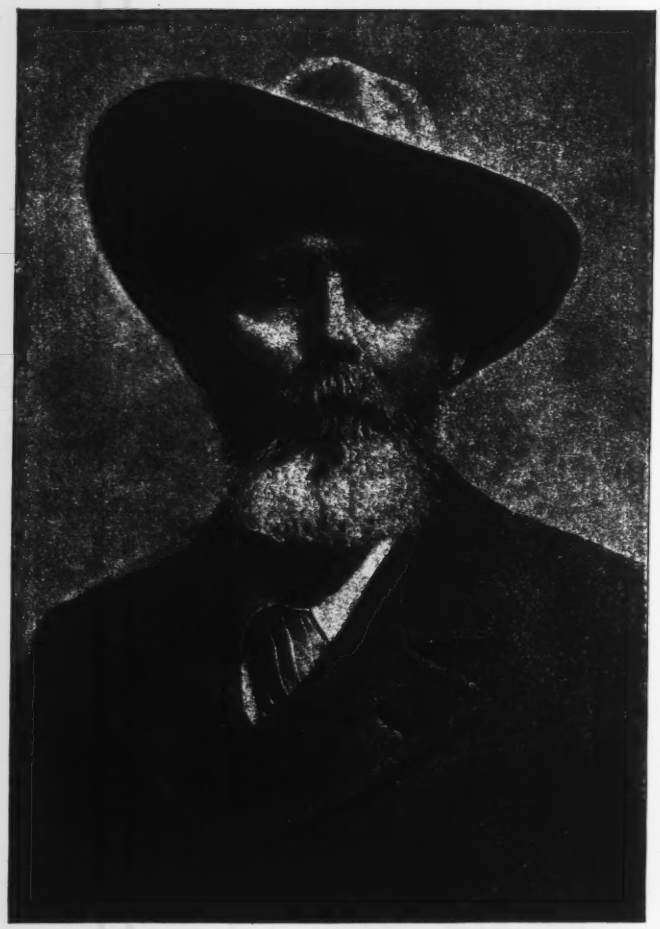
Here are ten virile short stories concerning the doings of the folk in and around Happy Valley away in the Kentucky Hills. Whatever the author sets out to tell us about, whether it is the courtship of Allaphair (who always walks alone from church, and looks round fiercely for a stone to throw at her would-be lover), or the fighting qualities of Parson Small, or the ways of Pleasant Trouble, or the Goddess of Happy Valley—it is always something interesting. No matter which story you begin to read, you are bound to find yourself held engrossed to the end. Mr. Fox's style is brisk and terse: he "gets on" with the story all the time, and never for a moment lets his plots drag. The ways and customs of the Happy Valley folk may be rough and ready, but they are without doubt uncommonly interesting.

THE SECRET OF THE MARNE.

By Marcel and Maude Berges. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam).

The author of "Ordeal by Fire," which has had almost as great a hearing outside France as in it, and still remains one

of the few foreign parallels with "Britling," has here collaborated with his wife upon a lighter novel with a feminine element, and whoever has done the translation may be congratulated on preserving to an admirable degree the French spirit and vivacity. It certainly demanded Gallic audacity to bring a French sergeant of infantry into personal hand-grips with General von Kluck and the Kaiser, and foil the best of their plans at the critical moment of the first swoop on France. But M. Berges has built up a fair structure of verisimilitude, and makes good use of his knowledge and opportunities, for he has made himself master of the Marne area in point of detail. What is more, he has plenty of margin to work upon in the aspect of his probabilities, for the French Army, as we all know, has combined a marvellous mixture of ingredients, social and otherwise, and there must have been plenty of feats of daring achieved by French dash and initiative hardly less than this solo campaign by Sergeant Fritsch upon the very heart of the German system of communications. Fritsch, after all, is an Alsatian, the nephew of a general, and has had the knock-about career that makes for novel-heroes; and where coincidences are needed, the authors bring them in with a deftness all their own. The result is as good as any play, and from the moment the sergeant jumps at the golden opportunity and achieves glory and a bride, the reader is kept breathlessly intent upon the story. And in a war yarn what could you wish for more?



From **Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous**
By J. G. Millais
(*Longmans*).

FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS, D.S.O., CAPTAIN 25TH ROYAL FUSILIERS. KILLED IN ACTION, JAN. 6, 1917.
Photo by Russell & Sons.

MY HOLIDAYS ON INLAND WATERWAYS.

By P. BONTHRON. 4s. 6d. net. (Murby.)

The more one moves about this tight little island of ours the more is one surprised by the infinite wealth and variety of its holiday resources. This further edition of a novel travel book comes as a welcome reminder of still another field of delightful exploration open to anyone with a taste for sculling or motor-boating and the leisure to indulge it. In the thirty cruises here detailed and embellished with such a generous array of photographs, the author retells from his diaries and log-books the story of his travels by motor-boat and pleasure skiff over 2,000 miles of Great Britain's canals and rivers.

From **My Holidays on Inland Waterways**
(*Murby*).

SAPPERTON TUNNEL—ON THE THAMES AND SEVERN CANAL.

LIFE OF FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS, D.S.O.

By J. G. MILLAIS, F.Z.S. With 16 full-page Illustrations.

Every youth of spirit forms his plan of life quite early, so it is not surprising that we find Frederick Selous at the age of twelve sleeping on the bare boards of his dormitory "to harden himself for a hunter's life." At nineteen his good-natured parents saw that it was hopeless to chain such a boy to the imprisonment of a desk, so they let him go to South Africa to lead the wild life of an elephant hunter on which he had set his heart. The freedom of this life got hold of him and he spent twenty years more exploring, hunting, and searching for new fields which had not yet been exploited by the white man. He pioneered the Expeditionary Force in Mashonaland; fought with gallantry in both the little Matabele wars; then, after another twenty years of wandering in Asia Minor, the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Alaska, Iceland, and other parts of the world, found himself still fit at sixty-four and ready to obey the call of duty and fight for his country in the greatest of all wars. The author's task has been lightened by the help received from Mrs. Selous and the Selous family and from numerous friends and particularly ex-President Roosevelt, who has allowed him to use some thirty most interesting letters that he wrote to Selous at various times.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

From **Dorothy, V.A.D., and the Doctor**
By R. W. Campbell
(*Chambers*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

Fiction and Miscellaneous Literature

From **The Curious Friends** (*Allen & Unwin*). **WRAPPER DESIGN.**

THE CRIME.

By the Author of "J'Accuse." Vols. 2 and 3. 10s. 6d. net each. (Hodder.)

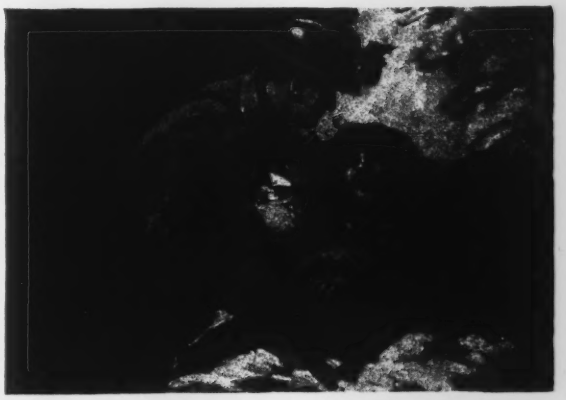
We hear much nowadays of snatch courses for the improvement of our mental faculties by all sorts of recondite means, but it seems as if no man could do better than train his mind on broad and patriotic lines by going steadily through these three volumes. There is not one of all its twenty lengthy chapters which is not a deep and valuable contribution to the all-important cause of liberty. Close in their reasoning, solid in their facts, documented down to the chapter and verse, they are scathing, unanswerable, and permanent. When Schiemann, the fact-manufacturer of the *Kreuz Zeitung* and one of the vilest and most diligent of Hun apologists, entered on the task of replying to the author's first volume, "J'Accuse," he had to confess his inability to discuss the shower of dispatches which intervened between the crime of Sarajevo and the outbreak of war. There could be no truer testimony to the value of the book, for it was the Allied dossiers, with Viscount Grey's dispatches at the head, which constituted the best of our author's material, as he admits. But Schiemann is only one of a host of Germanic perjurers whom he takes up and riddles to death. He has this advantage over colleagues of other nations, that he is profoundly versed in German history and psychology; he knows the men he is dealing with, and the races they have poisoned with the toxin of Prussianism and false promises; and he reads the evolution of the Hohenzollerns like an open book. Few Englishmen can read unmoved his tribute to the late Emperor Frederick, with its noble passage from the latter's own lips on the real duties of sovereignty. The book shows that King Edward sought to reduce armaments, so he could not have been the aggressive ogre the Pan-Germans have always pretended, but these personal aspects are only incidental to the main texture of the work. What the author sets himself to do, and does effectively, is to show that this was not a war of Germanic defence, "preventive" or otherwise, against a horde of hostile and conspiring neighbours; and even the exigencies of defence, however interpreted, could never condone the violation of a third party like Belgium. It is categorically proved here how all Germany's antecedents go to show her bad faith, and how her writers have systematically ignored our peace endeavours, but as falsity cannot be consistent, even von Jagow and Bethmann-Hollweg have had at various times to exonerate Lord Grey, while von Bülow has noted Britain's comparative abstention from wars and war-making. As for the cry that Germany took the initiative because of French warlike legislation, it is disposed of completely by the fact that the French measure for three years' service followed the German military law of April, 1913, by four clear months. The second and third volumes, after reviewing the war aims of the respective belligerents, closely analyse our attitude during the Balkan wars and prove our consistency in the direction of what the translator calls Pacificism, a term which has lost its beauty of late through "ignoble use." There is also an interesting arraignment

From **The King of a Day,** By May Wynne, of which Messrs. Jarrold have just published a new edition. **Drawn by Chas. Norman.**

of Germany, or rather Prussianism, by a kind of criminal code before a jury of the Powers, to study which is specially apt at the present time, but this is poor compared with the burning eloquence of the concluding chapter, one that warms the reader's heart. There is a word for moderation in retribution, with the effective plea that this was what helped France to regain her feet after 1870; but one cannot avoid the retort that a still greater help was the French monarch's abdication. When this book was finished, the American army had not restored the balance of victory to the right side, and the author has to urge intervention from the standpoint of the moral claim. Let us devoutly thank Providence that we stand on more obvious ground to-day. The author's socialistic anxiety for the future of a liberated Germany does not blind him to the need for "economic coercion" or the absolute need for securities—a demand

From **By the World Forgot,** By Cyrus Townsend Brady (*Jarrold*). **COVER DESIGN.** Drawn by Frank Wright.

for which Germany will be more than prepared considering how careful Hollweg was to require guarantees for the "existence, honour, and liberty of evolution" for Germany and her allies when the question of peace terms was on the carpet at the end of 1916. It remains to be said that the work has benefited enormously by careful marshalling of material and sound construction, is supplied with full indices for reference, and has been admirably translated. It furnishes an extraordinary and piercing statement of the ethics of the war, and the force of the exposition stands out clear from every page. It is just as if the brain of Goethe and the tongue of Heine had found their avatar in an outspoken and enlightened German patriot of to-day, and though the time has not yet come for Germany to appreciate the service he has done her, come assuredly it must and will.



From **The Human Touch.** By "Sapper." Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **WRAPPER DESIGN.**

THE GIRLS OF CHEQUERTREES.

By MARION ST. JOHN WEBB. With Illustrations in Colour by PERCY TARRANT. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

A scheme which brings four girls together under one roof—and a very comfortable roof too; which leaves them to make one another's acquaintance, and order their days as they will, unhampered by any grown-up eyes except the eyes of two capable and tolerant maid-servants, is a scheme which will strongly appeal to the imagination of any girl reader. The four girls of this brightly told story, Pamela, Isobel, Caroline and Beryl, were invited by an eccentric old lady, Miss Crabingway, to spend six months in her home in the village of Barrowfield. The girls came from different parts, and were entirely unknown to one another. They all accepted the invitation, all arrived on the same day, and Pamela, at Miss Crabingway's

From **The Coastlanders** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **SWAYING TO AND FRO ACROSS THE NARROW LEDGE.**

request, was housekeeper. The reason for this invitation, and the result of it, constitute the story, and wild horses shall not make us divulge what the last chapters reveal so well. But without spoiling the story for any reader we may dwell upon the author's noticeable skill in differentiating her four main characters. Pamela—is Pamela, and we feel that she is a favourite with her creator; Pamela is happy natured, fair-minded, bright and lovable. Isobel is the fashionable, slightly snobbish, well dressed one of the party; but she is a good sort too, if allowance is made for the outlook on life to which she has been accustomed. Caroline is prim, precise and unconsciously amusing. And Beryl. Poor Beryl is the girl who has troubles which one always grieves to know of as coming into a young life, troubles which make her self-conscious, awkward, unhappy and unwillingly deceitful, though all the time they are, as a matter of fact, moulding and strengthening her character. These "bare-bones" of the story give no adequate idea of the charm of the everyday life of the four heroines, and the beautiful spot in which the important six months were spent; nor do they reveal the mystery which quickens interest as the pages are turned. It is a story bright with incident, sympathetic and natural, and the girls become our real friends before this short testing time in their lives is closed.

From **Humour in Tragedy,**
By Constance Bruce
(*Skeffington*).

THE DOINGS OF DONOVAN.

By J. H. Dowd. 3s. 6d. (*Country Life.*)

The ultimate happiness of Monica's Blue Boy depended, if we remember rightly, on his possessing a title, which he kept up his sleeve until the critical moment. Donovan, Mr. J. H. Dowd's blue boy, whose doings in and out of hospital are depicted so amusingly in this light-hearted sketch-book, has no title and keeps nothing up his sleeve—not even his infectious, jolly laugh; yet he achieves happiness all the same. We are not told precisely what quality of Donovan's it is that captures for him his pretty land-girl bride, but one may hazard a shrewd guess after glancing through this animated picture-history of his conduct as a patient in a military hospital. Donovan is the human boy in blue, invincibly good-tempered, long-suffering, full of "beans" and "chaff," ready to flirt or joke with anyone or anything. "'Tis a great pity," says Donovan, sitting up with an effort to sign for his three-and-sixpence on pay-day, "'tis a great pity providing me wid the means to go to the divil—an' me lyin' in bed!" Again, the jacket and trousers of his new set of "blues" fail to meet when he tries them on. "There's a bit of a draught," he complains, "between mi dado an' skirting board!" Mr. Dowd gives his hero a wide-awake, mischievous eye, a droll tongue, and a susceptible heart, and in a series of deft, vigorous, sharp-lined sketches, supplemented with appropriate letterpress, he succeeds in reproducing again and again that note of unalloyed cheerfulness which, as Mr. Noel Irving points out in a happy little introductory note, never fails to strike the casual hospital visitor with astonishment. Mr. Pett Ridge contributes some characteristic remarks on hospital life, paying special attention to books and visitors. "The Doings of Donovan," with its irresponsible gaiety, its boyishness and high spirits, deserves and is sure of a wide welcome.

From **The Doings of Donovan**
(*Country Life*).

THE POPULARITY OF THE BOY IN BLUE.

POLLY AND THE PRINCESS.

By EMMA C. DOWD. 7s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Those readers who already know the "Polly" books of Miss Dowd, will know too, that in "Polly and the Princess" they have yet another pleasure provided. Polly Dudley is a wonderful girl wherever she goes, and when Miss Dowd sets her to work at making sunshine in the "June Holiday Home," we feel that a cheerful story will come of it. The "June Holiday Home" was anything but the gay place its name would suggest, and the "indigent, gentlewomen" who inhabited it felt more as if they were undergoing an indefinite term of imprisonment than enjoying a charitably provided holiday. But Polly took things in hand; her young enthusiasm, her out-spoken way, her cheery matter-of-factness broke down even the stoniness of the Holiday Home's methods. Gradually romance creeps into the dull lives, beautiful things happen. Polly's massage makes even faded cheeks beautiful, and Polly's interference brings lovers together. The cheerful volume begins with a dull breakfast of waffles and grumbles, and ends with wedding bells and Christmas gladness.

From Rhymes of the Red Triangle, Pictures by Joyce Dennys and Verses by Hamden Gordon (*John Lane*).

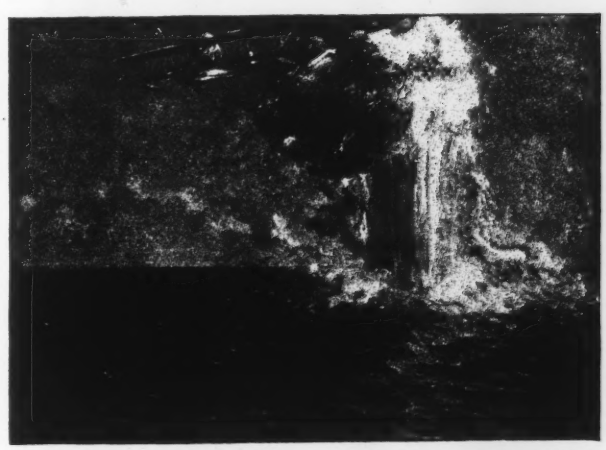
THE WASHER-UP, MARK I, ORNAMENTAL.
A black-and-white reproduction of one of the coloured illustrations.

"She washes up at our Canteen
Does dainty Miss MacDoo.
The plates and things get quite, quite clean
After an hour or two.
Some people are from birth designed
To be the Ornamental kind."

THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY DALE.

By FRANK L. PACKARD. 7s. (Cassell.)

If you wish for a triumph of mystery, you must read these exploits of Jimmy Dale—amateur and quixotic cracksman, yet master of every wile known to roguery—and the woman who for years he worships without meeting, but finds at the last. You may find perhaps, as I did, that the number of times the hero changes his clothes, feels in miraculous pockets of the leather belt, become just a trifle tiresome—the author spares us no smallest detail—but at least you will own that every chapter teems with interest—while crimes so intricate as to baffle the police and the entire detective force chase one another through the pages. Most important of all, the end is eminently satisfactory, and I warrant on reaching the last page you will declare you have been well amused.



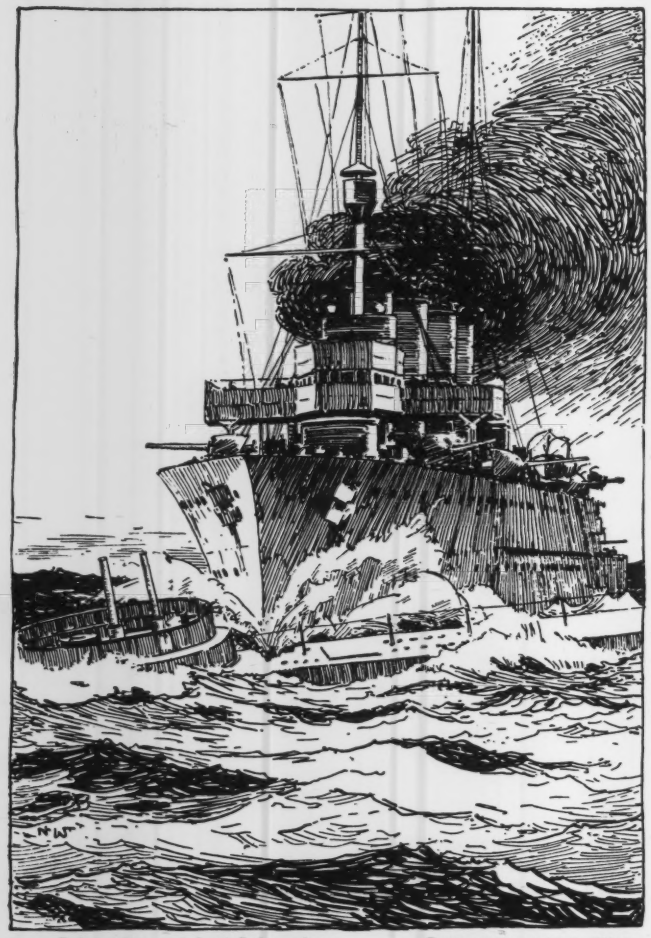
From Aircraft and Submarines (*Putnams*).

DROPPING A DEPTH BOMB.

AIRCRAFT AND SUBMARINES.

By WILLIS J. ABBOT. With 108 coloured and other Illustrations. 17s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

The story of the invention, development and present-day use of these new instruments of warfare, that have played such an important part in the air and under the sea in the



From Submarine and Anti-Submarine,
By Sir Henry Newbolt
(*Longmans*).

SHE HAD GONE FULL SPEED FOR THE ENEMY AND RAMMED HIM.
From a drawing by Norman Wilkinson, R.I.

recent titanic conflict. Mr. Abbot writes with intimate knowledge of his subject, and supplements his story with a very complete series of illustrations in colour by John D. Whiting and the French artist aviator, Lieutenant Henri Farre, and with a number of excellent photographs.

SUBMARINE AND ANTI-SUBMARINE.

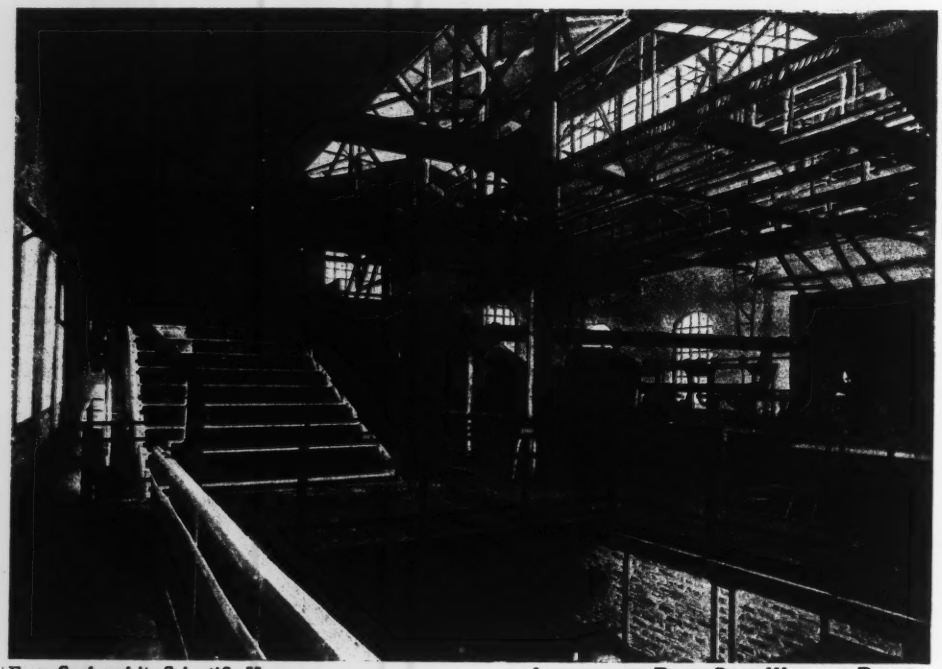
By Sir Henry Newbolt. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Locked up in the secret files in the Admiralty are the most marvellous narratives of the war and its happenings at sea, and now the fighting is over we devoutly hope they will be made known—the plain unvarnished dry reports officially submitted by officers in charge of submarine hunting craft. They surpass in their quiet statements all that can be said by the most sensitive and imaginative of writers. In the meantime we eagerly devour such books as this in which Sir Henry Newbolt sets out the history and mystery of submarine warring. He has had the advantage of deriving his material from the proper official sources, and he has devoted his fine talent and noble perception of the gallant and heroic to describing vividly and fully just what submarines have done and can do, both our own and our foe's, and how the Navy has set about the task of quelling and restricting and subduing the insidious and perilous attack made upon our merchant ships and our communications, culminating in the wonderful feat by which Zeebrugge and Ostend were spoiled for German use against us Here is a first-rate book for young and old.

COAL AND ITS SCIENTIFIC USES.

By William A. Bone, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

This is one of the first of the important series of monographs on industrial chemistry now appearing under the general editorship of Sir Edward Thorpe. The author's chief objective has been "to give the scientific public, and especially the chemical section of it, as clear and succinct an account as I could of the statistical, chemical, and technical aspects of the subject as a whole, without unnecessary detail or too much illustration. And whilst I have made no attempt to write what would be called a scientific treatise, I have consistently endeavoured throughout to give due prominence to the underlying principles." Valuable chapters are contributed on the chemistry of coal and the principal economic and industrial uses of coal as a fuel, and the volume concludes with a detailed account of the subject of "Surface Combustion." Intelligently used, this elaborate monograph with its exhaustive compendium of coal facts should play no small part in the coming reconstruction era.



From Coal and its Scientific Uses,
By Professor A Bone in the "Monograph on Industrial Chemistry," edited by Sir Edward Thorpe
(*Longmans*).

INTERIOR OF BAUM COAL WASHING PLANT.

LORDS OF THE AIR.

By HERBERT HAYENS. With Coloured Illustrations and Photographs. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

This is an ideal story for boys of to-day. Air-raids and air-raiders make thrilling chapters when real dangers are to be faced, and the real enemy is thundering near you. Mr. Hayens makes us feel that we know now what it feels like to be hundreds and thousands of feet up in the air—streamed on by the white blaze of a search-light, hammered by gunfire, and chased by Boches. This is a story to quicken the breath, to interest the mind, and to make one realise something of the service rendered by our R.A.F. The pictures, apart from the tale, are vividly interesting, and we heartily commend this as one of *the* books to be put on the list for Christmas. Parents need not fear, for although it will make most boys determined to join the Air Force—that now will be a peace-profession. Otherwise, had hostilities not ceased before the publication of his book, Mr. Hayens would have proved a good recruiting-sergeant.

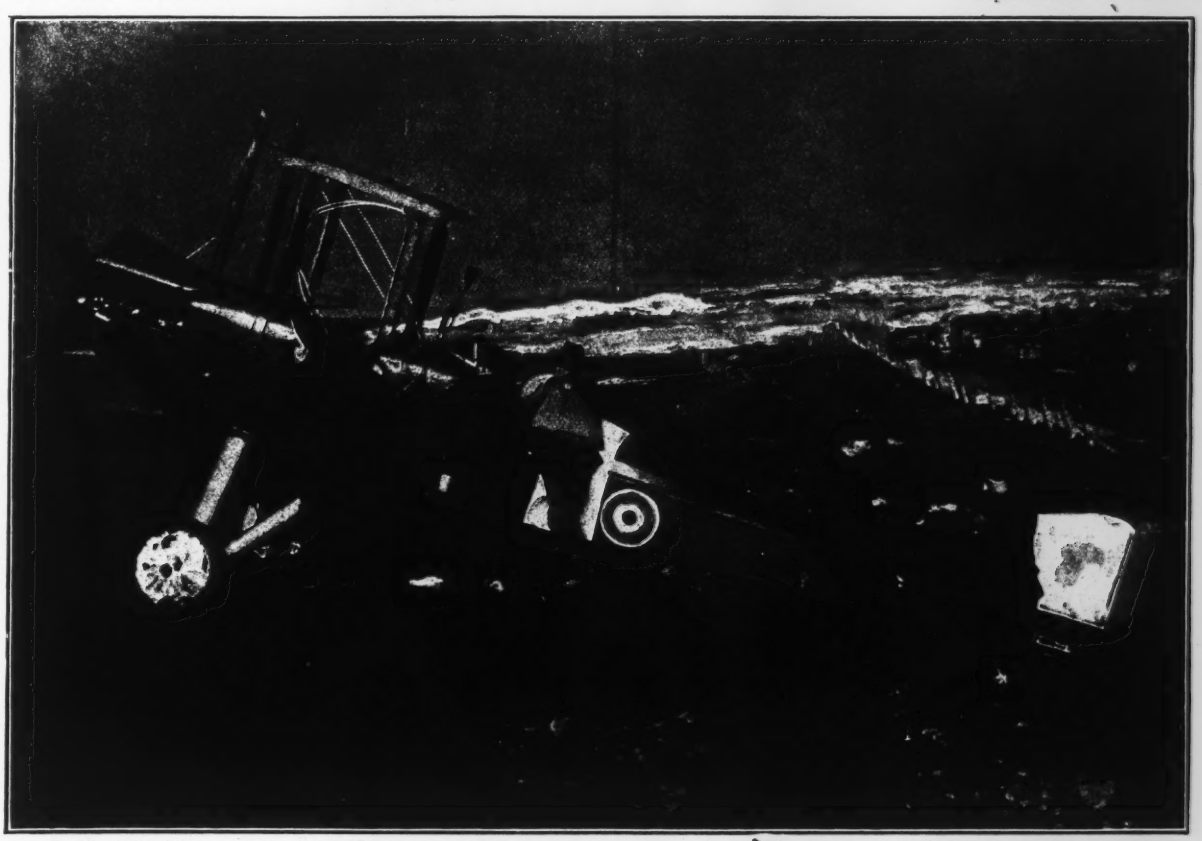
From Droonin' Water (*Allen & Unwin*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

THE ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

By EDWARD BONNETT. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

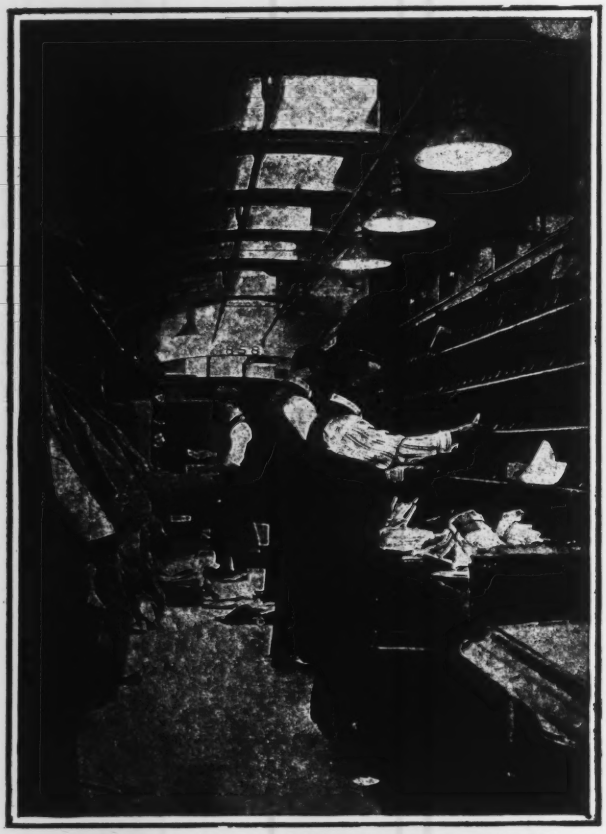
This is indeed a romance, and a very realistic, vivid, human story of a public service that is in the closest relation with the life and needs of every single individual in the nation. Being a romance, it is not overladen with mere figures or statistics, although these are provided sufficiently to give a very close idea of the development of the department from its



From Lords of the Air (*Collins*).

DISMANTLING AN AEROPLANE FORCED TO LAND.

early beginnings to its present vastness and comprehensive scope. Every one has more or less clear notions of the principal activities of the Post Office, we have all mental impressions of the great post trains and the ingenious way in which wayside mail-bags are picked up and delivered, we know a little of telegraph and telephone service, of the Parcels Post, the Savings Bank, the Dead Letter Office, etc., etc. But in this book everything is brought together and described with admirable proportion, understanding, intelligence and easy intimate knowledge that the result is most fascinating. Excellent stories and anecdotes of men and things abound, and as a permanent supplement to the very much neglected periodical, the *Post Office Guide*, the volume deserves a permanent place on the proper bookshelf. It is exceedingly well written and quite adequate for its aim, which is to bring the many million friends of the Post Office into a more real and closer knowledge of its life and workings.



From **The Romance of the Post Office** (*Seeley, Service*).

THE TRAVELLING POST OFFICE.

From **Yorkshire Sketches,** By A. Hall (*Digby Long*).

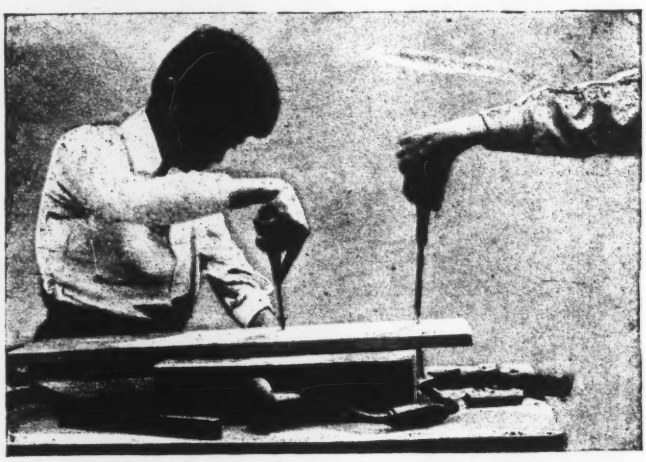
EMMA WADDINGTON.

Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

EVERY BOY HIS OWN MECHANIC.

By BERNARD E. JONES. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Wood-working, Electric Bells, Bicycle Repairs, Glues and Cements, Metal Workings, Electric Lighting, Model Aeroplanes, Telephones, Picture-framing, and other practical subjects are explained in this most desirable volume. The four hundred clearly drawn diagrams are of the greatest use. The boy of the future is going to be infinitely more useful than the boy of the past, but his willing little brain must be instructed, and here is the very book that will help him to knowledge. "Send for a man," will surely no longer be uttered in the house of the future—the son of the house will know how to set the dumb electric bells ringing again, and how to put a new washer on that dripping tap, and how to loosen that stuck window-sash. The secrets are all revealed in these pages. What a book for a wet day! The chapter on building model aeroplanes will be read and re-read then, and the enchanting work begun. We are delighted with this new contribution to Cassell's excellent "All About" series.



From **Every Boy his Own Mechanic** (*Cassell*).

NARROW SCREWDRIVER INJURES THE SCREW HEAD.

JOHN LONG'S NEW LIST

Crown 8vo. Cloth. 7s. net each. Dust Wrappers in Three Colours
Colonial Editions are also published in Cloth and Paper

THE TIDEWAY. By **John Ayscough,** Author of "French Windows," "Marotz," "San Celestino," etc.

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD. By **Marion Hill,** Author of "The Lure of Crooning Water," "Sunrise Valley," "A Slack Wire," "McAllister's Grove," "Harmony Hall."

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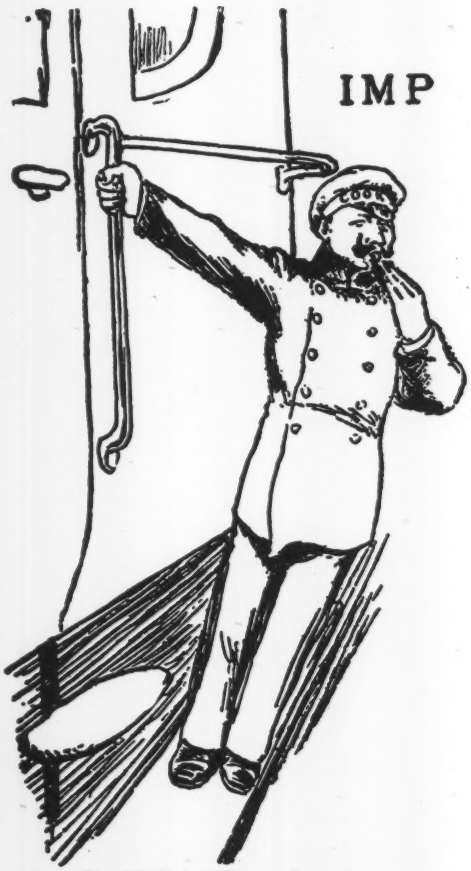

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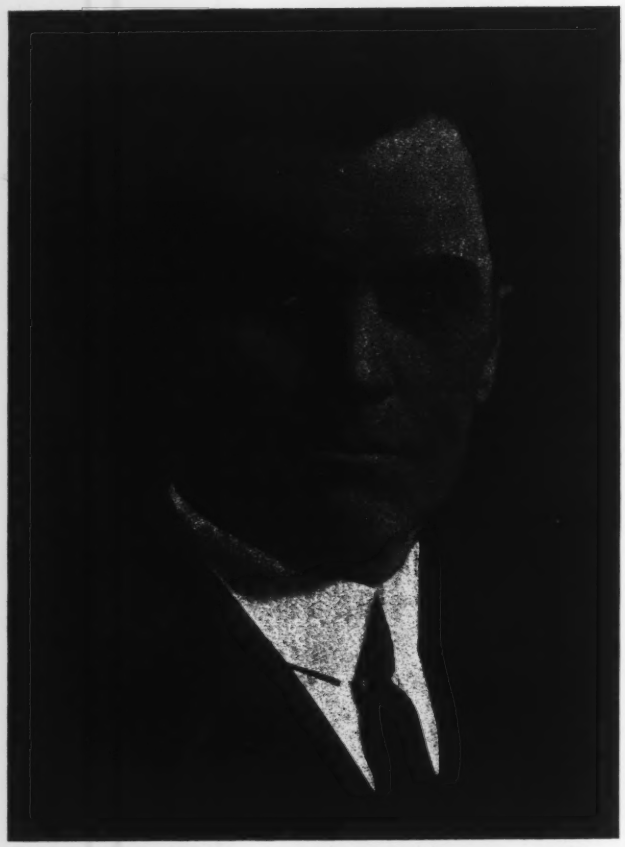

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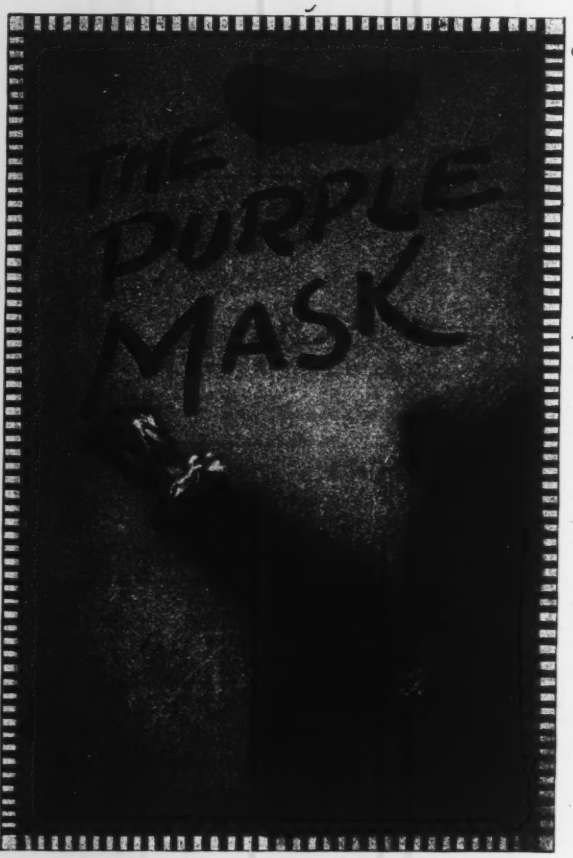

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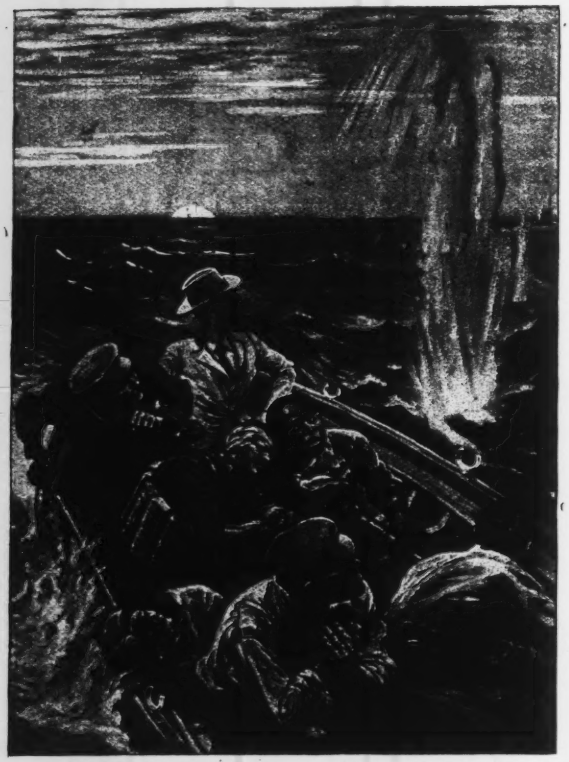

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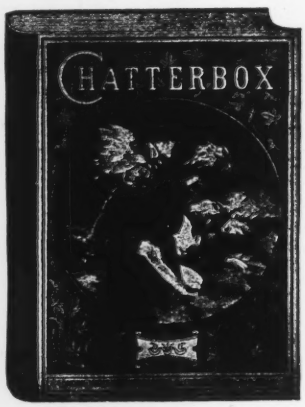

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XUM

From **Tales from Shakespeare**
(*Ward, Lock*).

BOTTOM AND TITANIA.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. Illustrated by A. E. JACKSON. (Ward, Lock.)

Quite an ideal edition, not too large or cumbersome, printed on wonderfully nice paper, and illustrated with many coloured pictures—forty-eight to be exact. Miss Jackson is very successful in some of her paintings. "Imogen had fallen asleep" is quite charming with its dainty pale colouring, and there is a clever study of Julia in pale green. Viola fearing to look on her own sword is also full of spirit. Yes, this is the best illustrated inexpensive edition we have yet seen, and another point must be noted—the print is good.

A STAIRCASE OF STORIES.

Chosen by LOUEY CHISHOLM and AMY STEEDMAN. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

A star of special good fortune must have prompted such a title and presided over the collection made under its name. It is entirely charming, and one may be sure that many "children" of all and sundry epochs will subscribe themselves as well within its age-limit for the purpose of possessing the treasure. It has been compiled for those who are between four and fourteen years and the stories are graded therefore on a kind of ascending scale, from things very simple to those more fully developed. It is possible, however, to take "Tom, Tit, Tot"—which appears very soon in the sequence—and remember something at least of all that it spells for folk-lore. Again, it is possible to take "The Whispering Sea-Shell"—

From **The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse**
(*Warne*).

which is not a selection, but one of Miss Steedman's own—and realise, whatever one's age, the appeal of things simple and the spell of things direct. It comes about also that, being four and fourteen, not to speak of many days thereafter, like a cup flowing over, all Asgard and its gods pass for us in procession through Mary Macgregor's version of "Balder the Beautiful," and a thousand folk-memories of the Green Isle of Erin stand about the "Sorrows of Finola." So is it good to have and goodly as well to look at, with its thirty-one plates in colour, forty-one drawings in black, and over five hundred pages. We can assure the builders of this Golden Staircase that they have not "laboured in vain."

From **Tommy Smith Again at the Zoo**
(*Methuen*).

SEA LION.

THE TALE OF JOHNNY TOWN-MOUSE.

By Beatrix Potter. (Warne.)

Another volume for the Peter Rabbit bookshelf. Oh, such charming pictures and exciting letterpress! We like Timmy-Willie, who was born in a garden, better than Johnny. Poor Timmy-Willie, who had such simple country tastes, and who fell asleep by mistake in a hamper of vegetables which went up to town! The pictures are among the very best Miss Potter has done, that of the dinner of eight courses held by Johnny Town-Mouse and his friends under the floor is utterly delicious, also Johnny's questioning of Timmy—"A garden sounds rather a dull place. What do you do when it rains?" The whole secret of Miss Potter's success lies in the fact that there are plenty of pictures for her impatient audience, and that the pictures can be readily understood, and that the story is just modulated at the right tone to please a child's ear. Miss Potter need not worry about rivals. She has none "Johnny Town-Mouse" does even so accomplished an artist and writer as herself much credit.

From **The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse** (*Warne*).

From **Verses for Children** (*Ward, Lock*).

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

From **Tommy Smith Again at the Zoo** (*Methuen*).

Polar Bear.

VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

Edited by Harry Golding. With 48 Coloured Plates by Margaret W. Tarrant. (Ward, Lock.)

WILLIE WINKIE.

By Harry Golding. Illustrated by M. W. Tarrant. (Ward, Lock.)

Here is, at last, a collection of verses for children which is not composed of just the old favourites which one meets with everywhere. "Older critics may complain that pieces they expect to find are not here," boldly writes Mr. Golding. "The answer is that they are not here because they are so much elsewhere." Good. The contents are of course not all unfamiliar. Here is E. Nesbit's "Baby Seed Song" and her song about the Pane Tree, and Alma Tadema's "If No One Ever Marries Me," and Norman Gale's "Mustard and Cress Elizabeth," and so on.

XUM

From Mrs. Strang's Annual for Children
(*Oxford University Press*).

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

But here also we have a cheery poem, new to us, called "I Like Boys the Best," by Aelfrida Tillyard; and "Wishes," by L. Elise, which ends:

"I wish I was the Firth of Tay,
An arm-chair or a china cup—
That when the night turned into day
I need not bother to get up!"

and we are glad to welcome Ethel Turner's "Walking to School," and F. O'Neill Gallagher's "The All Alone Tree" and H. H. Bashford's "Parliament Hill." We should have liked something out of "The Littlest One"; more of E. V. Lucas, one or two Belloc's, and some of Josephine Peabody. We would respectfully ask the gifted compiler if he is sure that children care so much about lullabies and slumber songs? There are too many here, we think. For the rest, Mr. Golding has our congratulations. This book is easily the most up-to-date anthology we have, and the illustrations are delightful, though without the mastering charm of the pictures in "The Golden Staircase," by Miss Spooner. Mr. Golding, with Miss Tarrant for illustrator, also gives us a tale in the "Peter Rabbit" style and size, called "Willie Winkie": all about the adventures of a wooden horse. It is a very taking little volume, and Miss Tarrant's little boys are dears.

COLLINS' CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

5s. net. (Collins: London and Glasgow.)

Pictures by John Hassall, A. A. Dixon and Ruth Cobb; stories by many people, including Katharine Tynan (yes, really) and Theodora Wilson Wilson are here. This is one of the most up-to-date children's annuals in the market; there are nearly thirty full-page coloured illustrations scattered through it, and these gay pictures with their bright colouring make the book pretty and charming. The print is big and clear, and there are heaps of tales which children will appreciate—one of the best is about the little boy who went to a party and hated his velvet suit. Yet the sash which he wore and was so ashamed of, did its part in trapping a burglar! Read, and you will know all about it. The story is called "The Kid in Fancy Dress."

From Collins' Children's Annual
(*Collins*).

THE OGRE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

TOT AND TIM.

Pictured by H. G. C. MARSH. (Collins.)

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. MOUSE.

With Sixteen Drawings in Colour by W. E. GREENWOOD. (Collins.)

Two large picture-books; the first is "Tot and Tim," in a lovely blue cover, with a drawing of Tim and the plum pudding of which he ate too much. The simple verses and stories here will make little children happy. The illustrations are much above the average. We do not know why the clever artist calls himself Marsh on the title-page and Marsh Lambert in the corner of his paintings. "The Adventures of Mr. Mouse" is a picture-book for tiny tots, showing animals dressed up and acting like human beings; Mrs. Bruin at her washing-tub, an elephant in a motor-car. It is handsomely produced, and will be beloved especially, we think, by small boys, who will chuckle over the absurd situations.

From **The Child's Own Magazine** (*Sunday School Union*).

THE GOLDFISH.

From **Tot and Tim** (*Collins*).

THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

From **The Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel** (*Chatto & Windus*).

CLAES AND SOETKIN.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE.

2s. (Sunday School Union.)

Actually the eighty-fifth volume of this popular little magazine. From its correspondence columns we gather that it has readers all over the world—from New Zealand to Nova Scotia. We are not surprised, for the contents are carefully edited, and exhibit a real knowledge of what a child likes to read. The serial running through is bright and cheerful, there are plenty of puzzles to solve, and some simply-written talks on Bible subjects. Verses too, and heaps of pictures. Our best wishes to the editor. We advise parents to spend two shillings on this attractive gift-book.

THE LEGEND OF TYL ULENSPIEGEL.

By CHARLES DE COSTER. Translated by GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Book of Glorious Adventures and the Great Epic of Flanders—as it is called otherwise—is said by its excellent translator to be "the first and perhaps the most notable example of modern Belgian literature." It seems to have appeared about 1867, and the author gave ten years of his life to earn by its composition a true title to immortality. There is no doubt that this is indefectible. Reading it for the first time in Mr. Whitworth's admirable English version, one is amazed at first that it has not been rendered previously; but we know that the star presiding over books and their destiny is a star governed by strange occult laws, while the Foreword tells us that little recognition came to the author in his life. Indeed, he had been dead for thirty years when his monument was unveiled at Brussels. De Coster—we learn—was born in 1827, and died in 1879. Obscure in birth and parentage, held also through most of his years in the comparative obscurity of journalism, not even by the "Legend of Tyl" can he be said to have emerged into full or public light, though he became a Professor of History and French Literature at the Military School in Brussels. Whether he wrote other books could be ascertained easily from ready sources of reference, but the question does not signify. In like manner, it would serve little purpose to inquire whether Mr. Whitworth has made

From **English Fairy Tales** (*Macmillan*).

FOX AND FOWLS.

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From **A Little Ship** (*Chambers*).

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Retold by F. A. STEEL. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Christmas always brings its harvest of fairy-tale books, but it would be difficult to find a more fascinating and artistically produced volume than the collection of English Fairy Tales retold by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, which Messrs. Macmillan publish for this Christmas. There are sixteen delightfully fanciful full-page illustrations in colour by Mr. Arthur Rackham, and countless black-and-white drawings in the text. It is a sumptuous feast and a gift that will be prized by all art-loving and imaginative children.

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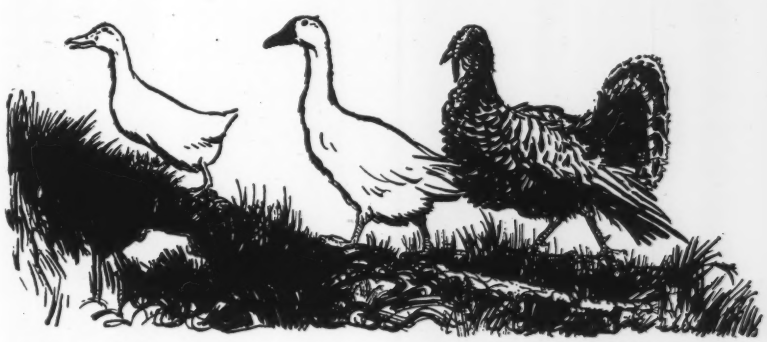
6s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

The bound volume of this delightful magazine is always sure of a welcome from any boy or girl. School stories have a prominent place in the hearts of all young readers, and school stories of every description will be found between the covers of this popular annual. There is a first-rate serial by Miss Christine Chaundler, entitled "Pat's Third Term," which will specially appeal to girls, while boys will revel in Mr. Eric Wood's magnificent war serial, "Shield of Empire." Many pages are given over for the amusement of very little folks, and the whole volume is profusely and admirably illustrated. If in doubt what to give as a Christmas gift to boy or girl, *Little Folks* ought to settle the question easily enough, for almost every sort of taste is catered for with the utmost care and keenest judgment.



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From **With Love from Daddy** (*Stanley Paul*).

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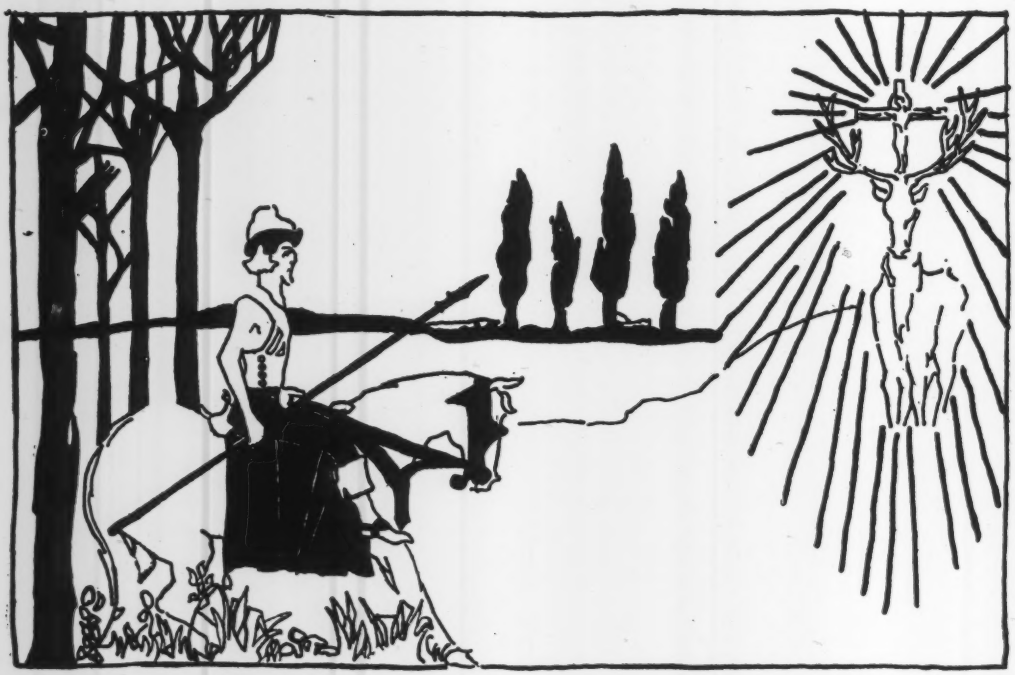

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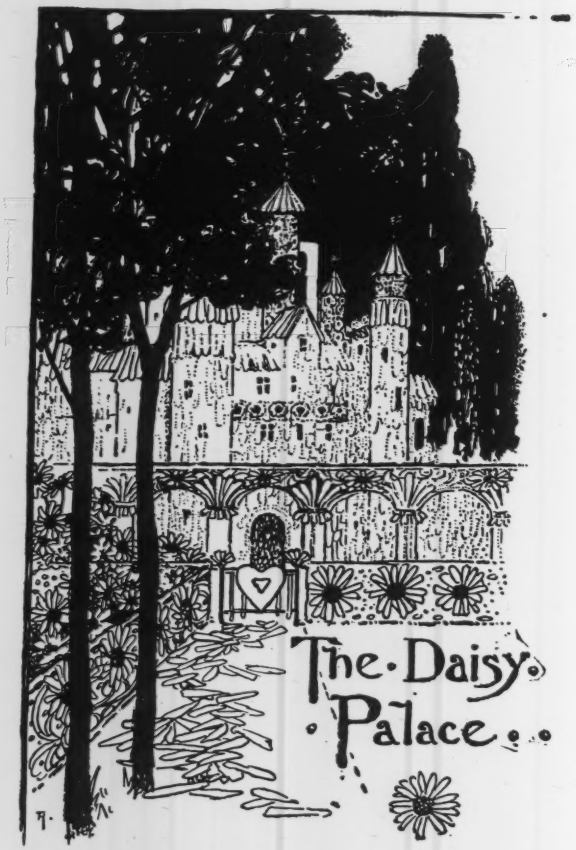

From Grandmother's Garden (*Blackie*).

THE DAISY PALACE.

THE BABE'S BOOK OF VERSE.

By M. NIGHTINGALE. Woodcuts by C. T. NIGHTINGALE. 2s. (Oxford : Blackwell.)

A dear little book daintily bound in red and white. The printing is executed in wavy letters to represent writing and on each page is a black-and-white drawing. "Robin Redbreast" is one of the prettiest bits :

"The owl that hoots in the elder tree
I love, and the lark at dawn ;
And the starling that comes to waken me,
And the thrushes that run on the lawn ;

"The cluck of the fowls, and the pigeons' coo,
And the sparrows upon the wall :
But the robin I love till it hurts, I do !—
I love him the best of all."

The poems are unambitious but graceful and simple. We can't help thinking this would be a welcome Christmas card in houses where there are little children, who will insist on all the poems—from "Underneath the Clothes" to "Sleep Song"—being read to them.

THE "MRS." BOOKS.

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The popular "Mr." Books have been succeeded this year by a series of "Mrs." Books which will certainly rival them in the nursery. They appeal to very young children, for the stories are told almost without words. Mr. Lawson Wood's amusing pictures in colour tell the tales and will take the fancy of every child that looks at them. "Mrs. Purr," "Mrs. Waddle," "Mrs. Nibble," "Mrs. Polly," "Mrs. Bear," and "Mrs. Cackle" comprise the series.

From The Babe's Book of Verse (*Blackwell*).

"I'VE LOOKED ALL ROUND THE SUMMER HOUSE AND THEN INSIDE THE FRAME."

From Blackie's Christmas Annual (*Blackie*).

JOE HELD HIM WHILE JOYCE WASHED HIM.

FAIRY TALES FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

By Druid Grayl. 3s. 6d. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Did Mr. Grayl write these stories down out of doors? At any rate he has made up a pretty little poem for a preface to his collection, one verse of which runs:

"On Earth's sweet breast
In balmy woodlands lying,
Here let me rest,
As sunset hues are dying
Soothed and serene
A mesh of Fairies, netting,
Lost in the green,
The busy world forgetting."

The author does not quote his authorities, we are not told what country for instance possessed the first version of the jolly tale that is the first in the book: "The Dragon Slayer," all about the valley lit with stars of topaz and the gallant Prince Rosycheeks and those wicked fellows his brothers, Prince Whitelocks and Prince Fullface. We like particularly story number two, about a Fairy Princess whose furniture was enchanted and obeyed all her commands. If she said "I want some water," the pitcher would run to the well. "Teeny Tiny," the story of the clever dwarf, will

From Herbert Strang's Annual (*Oxford University Press*).

From The Babe's Book of Verse (*Blackwell*).

OVER THE WALL.

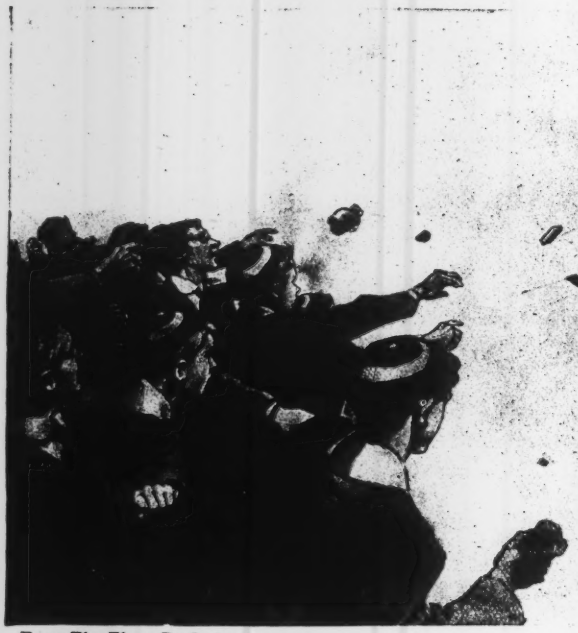
From The Adventures of Mrs. Mouse (*Collins*).

HE WAS POURING THE TEA.

From Fairy Tales of Foreign Lands (*Blackwell*).

From **The Marvels of War Inventions** (*Seeley, Service*). **LISTENING TO THE ENEMY.**

also please children. This "mesh of fairies" has charming pictures in black-and-white by Elsie Lunn tangled up with it.



From **The Three Prefects** (*Black*).

From **Big Peter's Little Peter,** Written and illustrated by Lilian Cheesman (*Jarrold*). **THINKING.**

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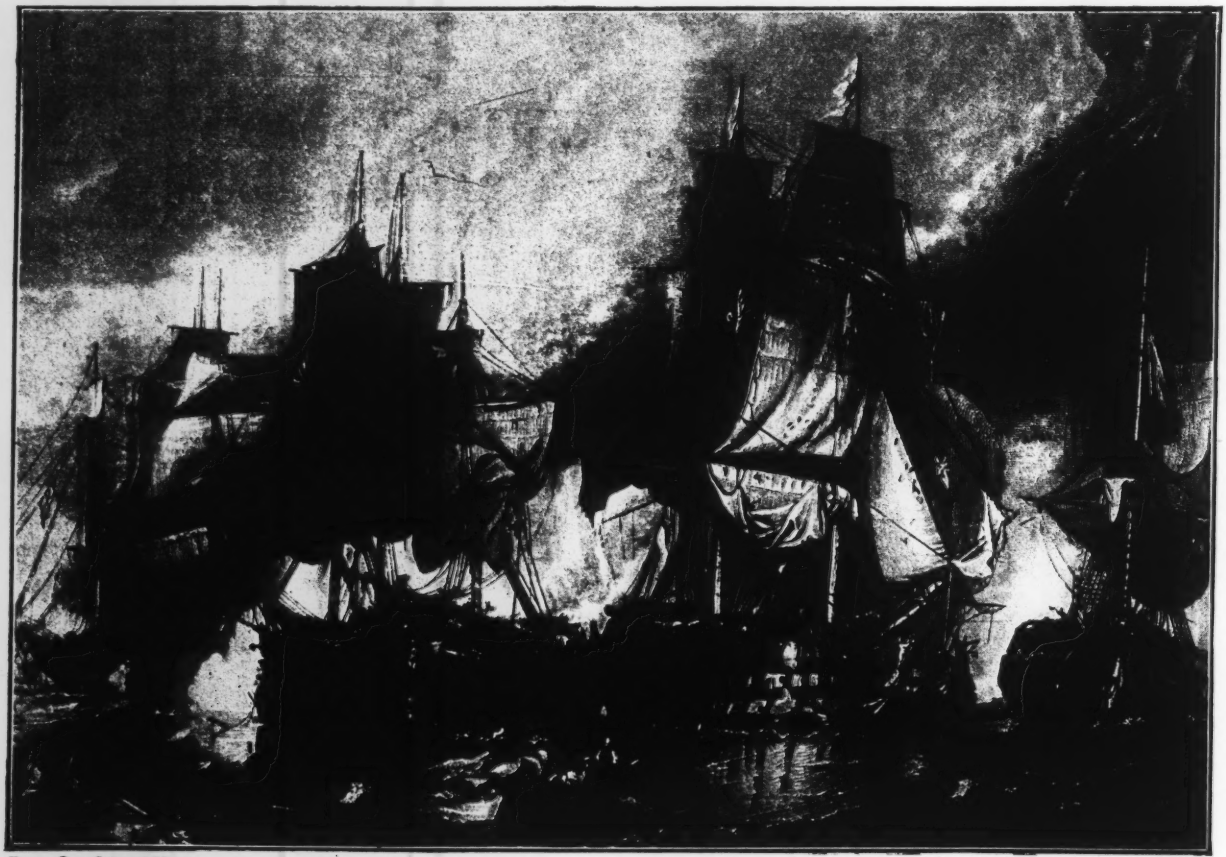

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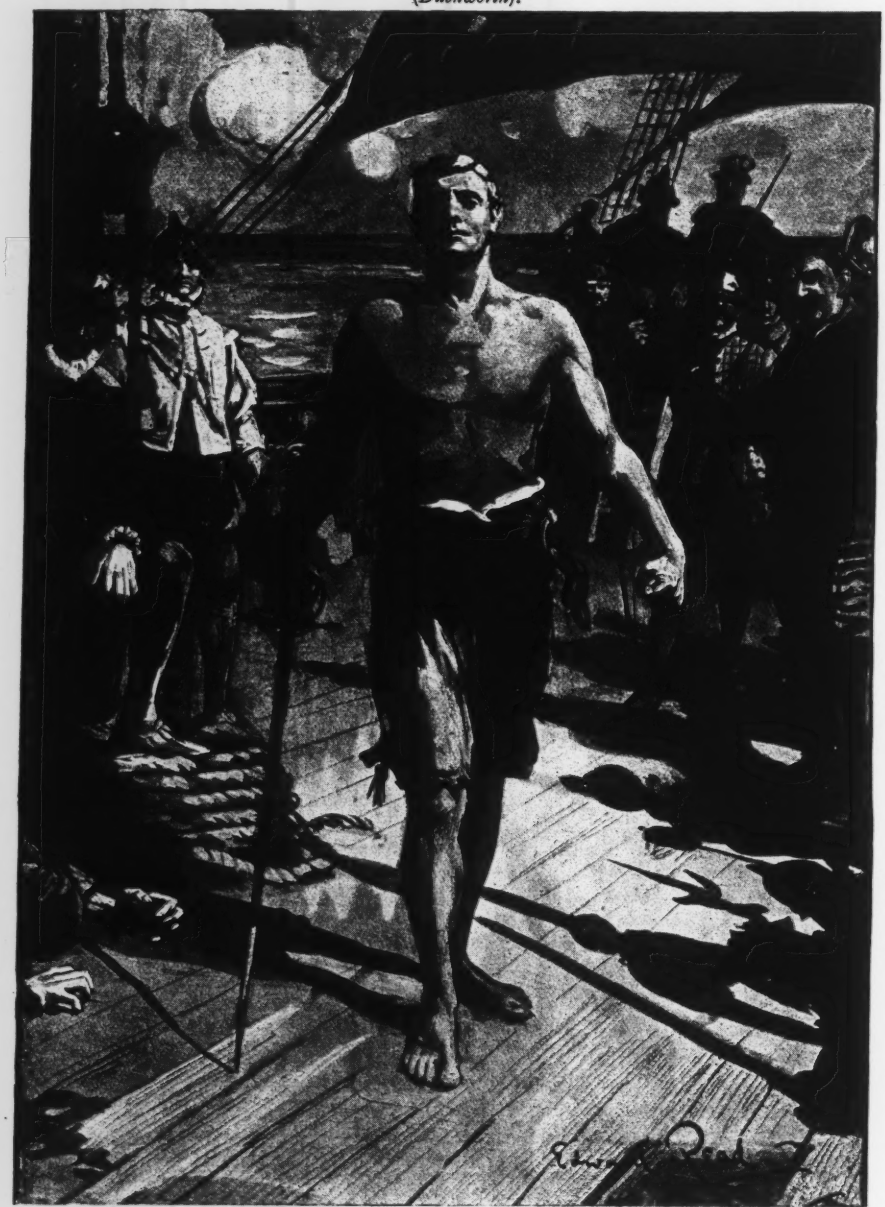

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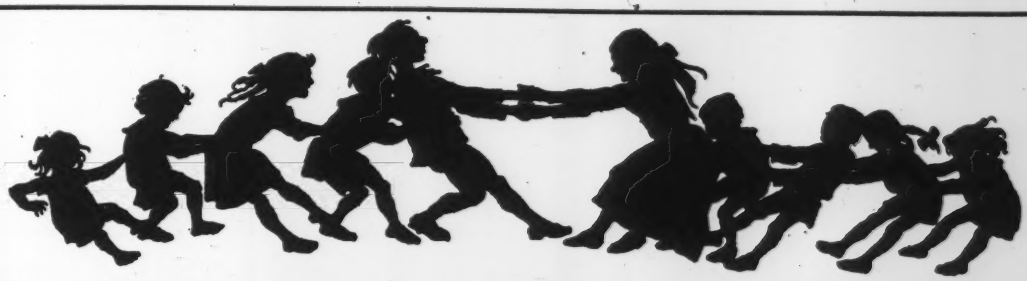

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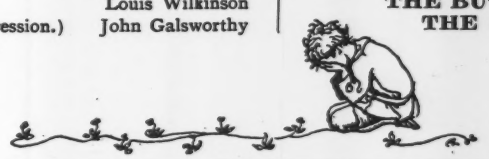

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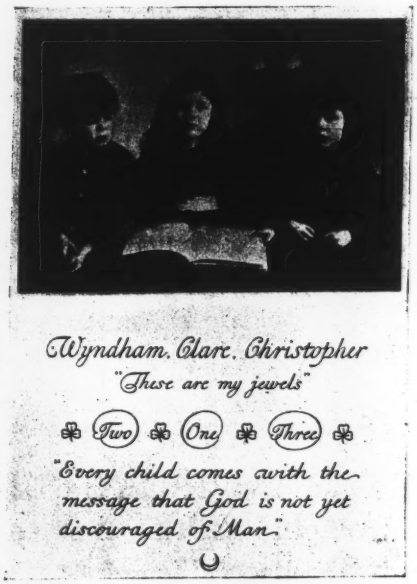
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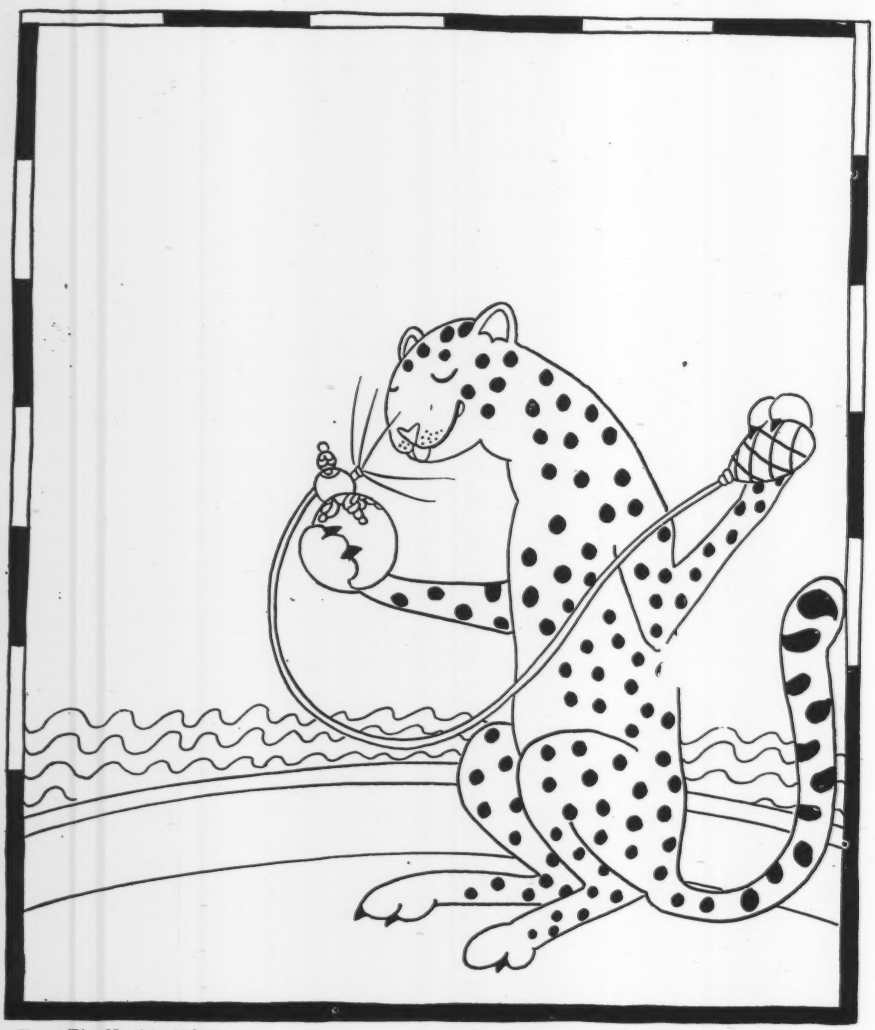

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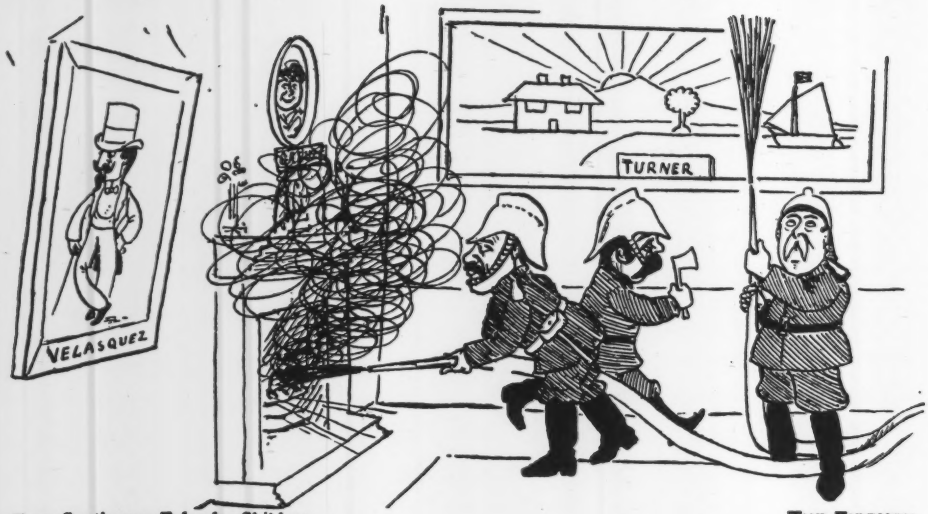

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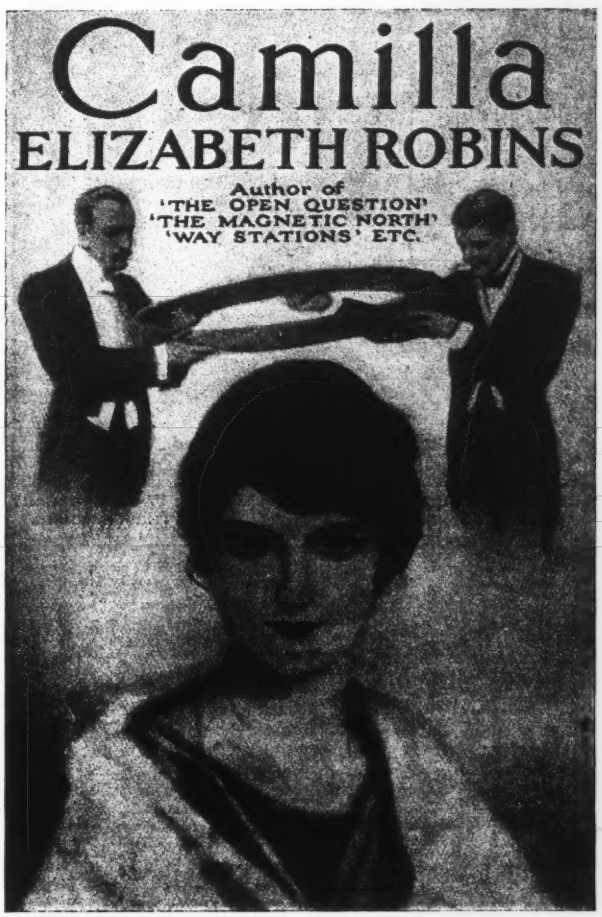

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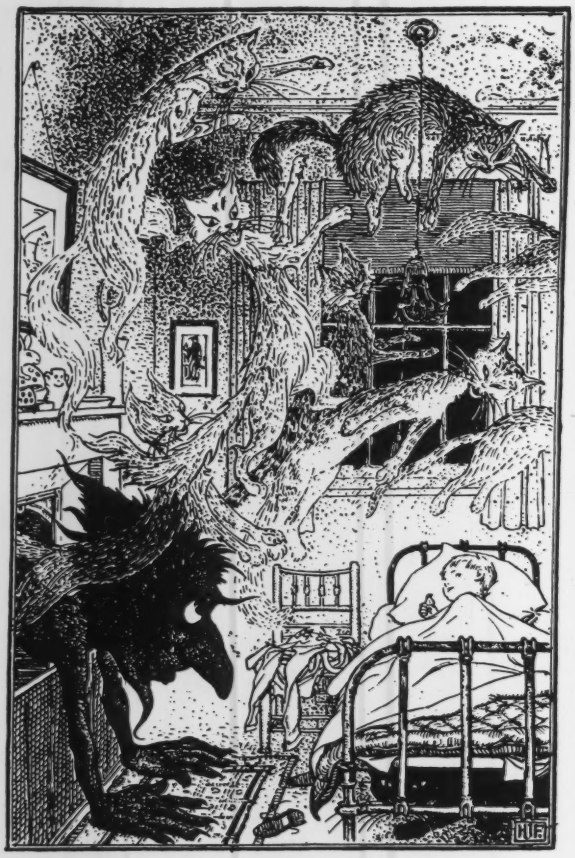

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There is nothing new either in tyranny or in its resultant moral degradation. The peoples of the world have always suffered more or less from the unnatural repression of individual initiative and personal freedom, but, although the exploiters of human credulity and ignorance are deserving of blame for taking advantage of the unthinking majority, there is legitimate ground for an indictment of the masses from the standpoint of their obstinate antipathy to thought. If the latter were less credulous and more analytical mentally; if they would weigh human motives and social values in the scales of intelligence, then the exploiters of mankind would be quite unable to wreck the lives and happiness of millions of simple and unsuspecting people as they are doing to-day with such impunity and success.

The miseries and almost unrealisable horrors of war, to say nothing of the inevitable slavery of mind and body which must accompany the military organisation of brute force for slaughter, all these evil things spring from one condition—a condition of mental inactivity; they are born of our failure to appreciate the power of thought. The positive evils of Militarism, as they exist almost universally to-day, should make obvious to us all the ultimate outcome of credulous undeveloped minds and unawakened imaginations. These subversive things which are to-day magnified to the point of insanity by universal war, do prove in a most terrible fashion the price that a non-thinking and unreasoning humanity must pay for its mental defects and inefficiencies.

For neglecting the faculty of thought, humanity to-day is suffering indescribable tortures of body and mind which might quite easily have been prevented by the exercise of reason and intelligence. It is not, as many suppose, a racial problem, it is a problem of the universal mind of man. It is not entirely a question of the mental defects of any particular class or nationality, it is a problem involving humanity *en masse*. War and Militarism are not new things, neither are they the sole product of any particular race. Repression of individuality and vicious tyranny are as ancient as man himself, and have always arisen from the same cause, namely, mental laziness and non-intelligence on the part of the people who allow themselves to be used up in the interests of degenerate rulers. If we permit arrogant and unscrupulous autocrats to decide the condition and object of our lives; if we allow despots to formulate laws which are expressly designed for our own personal sacrifice and destruction, what legitimate reason have we for complaint?

War is unquestionably the most hideous fraud ever imposed upon a long-suffering humanity; it denies the sacredness of human life and elevates into virtues those mechanical and non-mental responses to autocratic authority which involve the annihilation of human personality and the death of individuality. *Militarism substitutes an impersonal and external discipline for an internal and personal discipline—the man becomes a machine—the spirit becomes a soulless mechanism—life becomes death. It is the price that humanity pays for refusing to recognise individual mental power: it is the tragedy of stagnant brains: the golgotha of human intellect.*

In a world populated with mentally awakened people the curse of Militarism would be unable to exist. There is no question about this at all. War, which is the idealisation of brute force, could not possibly be accepted in a universe populated with individuals who realised that brute force was the negation of mind and intelligence. A military autocrat in such a world would immediately be placed in prison for safe custody. The people would perceive that he was not only insane, but also a source of serious danger to the community. They would relate the destructive ideas which dominated such a man to the effect of such ideas if put into action. *They would not wait until the world was plunged into the madness of war, they would visualise the result before it actually occurred and make sure that no such appalling calamity could come about.* This, it is certain, would be the action taken by a mentally awakened people who understood the relation between thought and action.

It is the hope of the world that the people shall be mentally awakened; that they shall be, as it were, initiated into the mysteries of mind; that social science and intelligent education shall prepare men and women not only for the particular trade, business or profession which they choose to adopt, but for the supreme art of life itself. This is the need, and it is as urgent as our need of bread. A system of mental development is required that will link up all the tangled ends of unorganised thought, and enable the individual to become conscious of the highest values of human life, not only from a personal, but from a universal standpoint. This system of mental education exists and has already proved itself to be of extreme value to thousands of individuals who have been previously handicapped by undeveloped brains and starved imagination. The Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training exists not only for the purpose of sharpening one's mental faculties in relation to commercial affairs, but also to enable the eyes of the mind to perceive more important and much deeper realities than the surface values of civilisation.

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Gone are the old days when children were brought up without any instruction in nature, when they gazed with ignorance at such common sights as the spider without knowing anything of its wonderful ways. We welcome Mr. Sears' tales of familiar plants and animals with the utmost cordiality, and believe this bright little volume, in which facts are woven into nice little tales, will be of the utmost value, particularly to the unlucky children who are doomed to grow up in towns. It will tell them all about brown rabbits and their families underground, give them some knowledge of the city of the bees, and let them into some of the secrets of the rookery. We have already told some of the stories to a round-eyed youngster who listened with joy and wonder. We cannot have too many books of this kind. We hope Mr. Sears, who obviously has the gift for story-telling, will go on and give us more. One of his best chapters is that entitled "In the Forests of the West," which describes the life of a young moose and the snow entrenchments he makes for himself during the winter. But eight-year-old says the bit about Owls is the very best.

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BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

PRESENTED WITH THE CHRISTMAS BOOKMAN, 1918

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON. TORONTO. NEW YORK.

He scampered across the sand and plunged right in among the foaming billows

From a Painting by EDMUND DULAC
Illustrating "TANGLEWOOD TALES."
By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
Published by HODDER & STOUGHTON
London, Toronto, New York.

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She shook her hands over the multitude below

From a Painting by EDMUND DULAC
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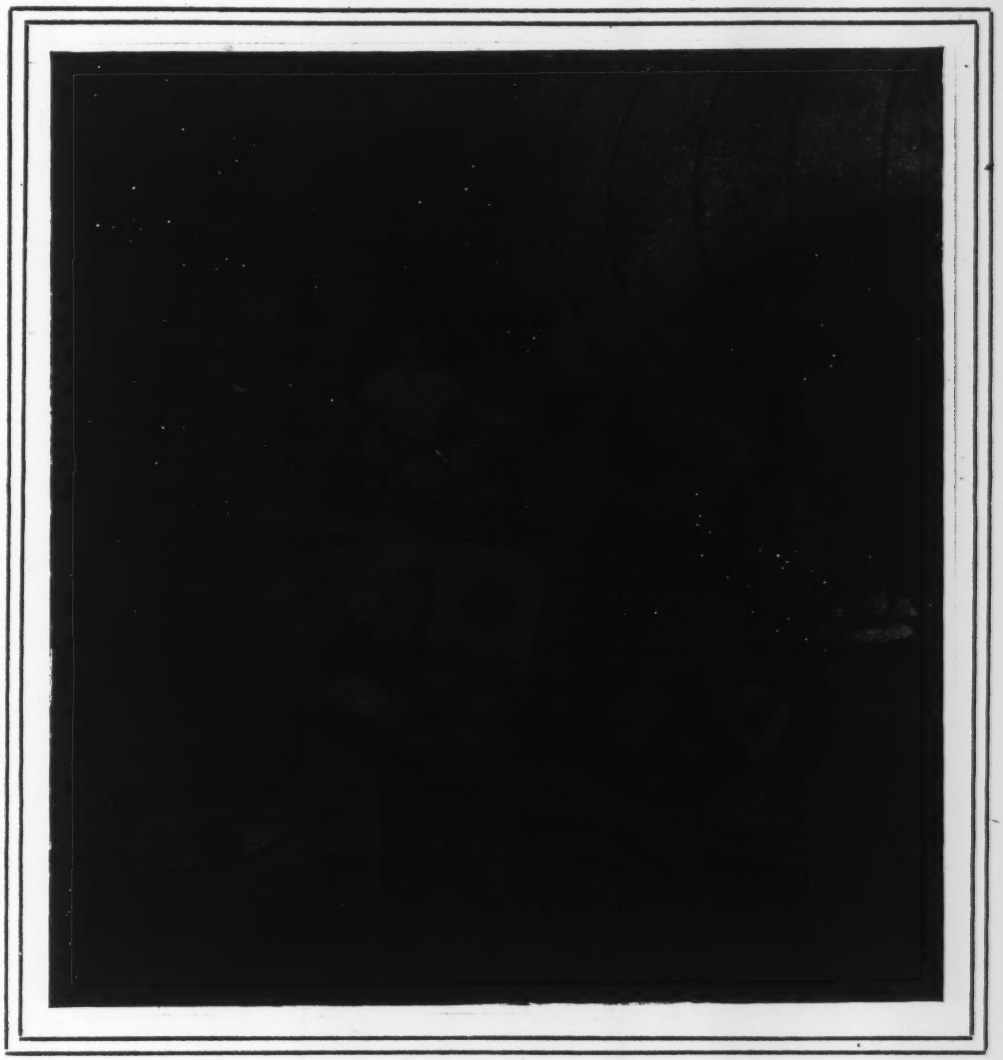

Jason appointed Tiphys to be helmsman because he was a star-gazer

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